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THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"With this key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart."

About the year 1583, a licensed company of comedians was first formed in London by her Majesty the Queen. She was at that time in the fullest pride of her womanhood, and walked amid the gallant service of the Sidneys and the Raleighs. But the endowment of this company of poor players turned out, beyond all these, the most graceful feather in her cap. High fellows they were; poor as a queen's servants may be, but proud as creators of kings and queens have a good right to be. Poverty had no vulgar terrors to them. The strolling player in "Gil Blas," who soaks his dry crusts in the fresh spring by the road-side, has been pointed to as a perfect picture of human felicity; yet theirs was far more perfect. They had always a spell in their wits, if not in their purses, to conjure up a cup of good wine with, and that is better than water. They drank it, and threw the lees away.

Now among these gentlemen actors there happened to be several from Warwickshire. Richard Burbadge, their great tragedian,—Thomas Green, their best comic actor and writer,—Hart and Heminge,—were all Warwickshire men. It may be supposed what a stir their new reputation must have made in their native county. Think of "no one being counted a gentleman that knows not Dick Burbadge!" What little emotions of ambition must not that have given birth to among the youths who heard of it! As for the women, no wonder it soon fell out that there was not "a countrywoman that could dance Sillenger's Round, but could talk of Dick Burbadge and Tom Green." But there were mightier results to follow. Green's native place was Stratford-upon-Avon, and at Stratford-upon-Avon young Shakspeare lived:—

"I prattled poesie in my nurse's arms;
And, born where late our Swan of Avon sung,
In Avon's streams we both of us have laved." *

As time passed, it had found the pleasant and light-hearted Green in deeper waters, through which his slight sail of mirth and wit was yet bearing him merrily. It is delightful to think that, as he then remembered his young townsman, and invited him to join the troop in London, he may have anticipated, with a beautiful unselfishness, the greater glories that greater genius would achieve. Suddenly, about the year 1586, William Shakspeare left his home at Stratford, his wife and his three infant children, and started for London alone—with what mighty, but indistinct, anticipations!

He joined the Blackfriars Theatre, and became an actor there. It is impossible to suppose that he had not now within his mind gleaming foreshadows of the creations with which he afterwards enriched and

* A prologue spoken by Green.

blessed the world. But their time was not yet come. His marvellous genius, which told him all things, told him to win his way quietly, modestly, unobtrusively. He offered to alter plays, to amend and rewrite scenes. One production was brought to him after another. Fancy the amazement of the poor original authors when their works came back with the touches of that divine hand! It soon fell out that plays altered by him had a surer market than plays written by others. Then sprang up envy, even in his modest and gentle way. "There is an upstart crow," says an ill-natured writer, alluding evidently to Shakspeare, "beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country."

This was in 1591. His fellow-actors were now prepared for him. In 1593 he threw off the restraint of labouring for others, and burst out upon the town in the full plenitude of his own power and genius. What he was at the end he was at the beginning. His youth knew no imperfection; his more advanced years knew no decay. When the bowl indeed was broken, it was broken at the fountain! Never did such a career open upon any of the sons of men as now opened upon young Shakspeare. He did, indeed, shake every scene in the country; and the naked room of every theatre, with the rough blankets that hung therein for curtains, became, under his divine influence, "a field for monarchs"—and for creatures, greater than monarchs, whose majesties were destined to outlive all chances of the world, and whose glories could never grow dim. Every passion he subdued to his use;—all the vices and all the virtues stood plain before him;—the world of Nature laid all her treasures at his feet;—the world of spirits revealed her most fantastic beauties and her deepest mysteries;—the oaks of Ardenne for him put on their green;—and at his bidding the circling spirits hovered round the ship in a tempest far at sea! But what seemed stranger than all, was the absence of all trace of "authorship" from these glorious writings. All the men of genius then had their separate characteristics. Shakspeare alone was universal. The various works of his contemporaries had always a certain personal stamp of style, and sometimes, through the shadow of imaginary forms, they painted but the secret workings of their own hearts. He alone stood above all reach of personal recognition. Like a God, and not "a man of our infirmity," he called forth A WORLD into separate existence, and set it spinning through the clear heaven of intellect, as one entire and perfect sphere of humanity. When its glorious creatures came successively in sight, men's thoughts were not of Shakspeare.

> "Oh wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!"

And the modest creator sat mean while, it might be, at the Mermaid, or fretted his hour upon the stage at Blackfriars, a gentle and an unassuming man! I have the strongest assurance that we must take the very glory of Shakspeare's genius, its wonderful universality, as the secret of his own want of entire appreciation among his great contemporaries. For surely, beautiful as some of the tributes are that they have paid to him, they cannot have been paid as to the author of the works on which

two centuries have set their seal as the rarest that ever came from man. Personal affection, as it seems to me, predominates in these tributes, rather than that higher feeling of reverent and loving homage which should have been his, and his alone. Else why, in addition to these, have we no personal records of the life of Shakspeare? No one cared to write about him even the scantiest records of his life, till the affectionate zeal of Betterton took him to Stratford, in the succeeding age, to make inquiries for the poet Rowe, who thereupon built up a biography, which Mr. Malone has laboriously thrown down,—writing a large book about Shakspeare to prove that nothing can be written, and adducing whole troops and squadrons of facts to prove that no fact can be stated with certainty, except those momentous two which are furnished by the register of Stratford and authenticated by Nature herself,—that he was born and died. Nor, in saying this, do I mean to impute any reproach to the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Generosity is natural to the generosity and strength of genius; and I believe them to have been incapable of any mean or sordid jealousy. They are themselves a divine portion of the "sons of memory—the great heirs of fame," and have themselves bequeathed to us a legacy of beautiful and immortal thoughts. They are of the same brood with Shakspeare, though he stands among them more proudly eminent. My meaning simply is, that the genius which gave birth successively to Hamlet, to Falstaff, and to Lear, was too universal for personal reference. Men thought of Nature, not of one of Nature's children. All sense of admiration and wonder of the higher sort went to the great spirit of humanity of which these writings seemed the pure emanation; and the only tribute which found its way to Shakspeare was one of personal affection. His success, however, as a mere worldly matter, gave him of course a higher place in society; and he no longer visits the Mermaid or the Mitre as a poor player merely, but with the acceptance and esteem of a successful writer. It is characteristic to mark what Ben Jonson says: "I loved *the man*" is his first fervent expression. "I do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any," is a nobler tribute, educed however by a counter reproach. He turns again too, it will be noticed, instantly after, to the more personal attributes of Shakspeare. "He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, *wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.*" The last touch is exquisite. It lets us into many a scene that must have occurred at the taverns then, and may now again be passing in the taverns of Elysium. The wit of Shakspeare must have proved too good a match for the learning of Ben! "It was necessary he should be stopped." We have no doubt of it.

"Many," says Fuller, "were the wit combats betwixt him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with an English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, would turn with all the tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." This is a very lively picture, and makes us long for an earlier Boswell to that earlier and greater Jonson. As it is, however, we have some notion of the footing on which Shakspeare stood. A personal welcome to begin with, his wit to answer all the rest, and not a word from either side to intimate

the divinity of his genius. No one "stands still with awful eye." It is hail fellow, well met—in the theatre alone men bowed before the agonies of Othello's passion, the sublime terrors of Macbeth's imagination—there alone they dreamt with the philosophic Hamlet over the riddle of life, to find in death the sole solution of its mystery!—Is he who now enters the Mermaid with that light and buoyant step the author of these wonderful creations? Is that the demi-god of genius, the master of spirits and of men? See how he enters, unconscious of any superiority, and open and unassuming as a child. It is only as the wine stirs, and the potent Jonson gets rather dictatorial, that those quiet flashes of wit glance forth against him. We may suppose, in addition, the quiet under-current of satire, half pleasant, half scornful, which must have run through the mind of Shakspeare as he saw the younger poets turn to Jonson, as the great arbiter of their fate; waiting for his nod, as the sign of doom; and leaping for very joy in their hearts, as, out of that oracular chair of his—the town chair of poetry, wisdom, and scholarship—he pronounced them, with affectionate conceit, his "sons," and proceeded to "seal them of the tribe of Ben." But this ran, we dare be sworn, an under-current merely. It never ventured itself to the surface in the shape of severity or scorn. The more learned assumptions of Jonson were those, we are to suppose he twitted him about, making all merry meanwhile, and adding to the sociality by his jests. It is by no means to be concluded from this that Shakspeare disrelished learning, or did not himself admit it in a gallant and airy spirit, and as a social grace. It was only the Jonsonian shape of it he thought a fair subject for quizzing. Hear him speaking for himself at the Mitre in a happy vein of festive wit,—

> "Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which was the Mitre's once, and now is mine;
> Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
> Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

And the worthy Richard Jackson, whose manuscript hands this down to us, inserts a dramatic direction in the second line at the end of the fourth word,—thus, "[drinks]." And so the life of Shakspeare passed, —according to the chance records of the time. He wrote the mightiest works that have been given to man, and sought no personal association with them. He received none. As each of these works appeared, they merged, as it were, into the general and universal spirit to which they indeed of right belonged—the spirit of humanity. They became a portion of the great heart of the world. He meanwhile, from whom they first proceeded, continued to walk through life's common way; laying on his heart the lowliest duties; assisting his fellow-actors to pass life merrily as they might; and,—secure of the everlasting existence of those shapes of beauty he had sent into the world to be to it "joys for ever,"—for himself, in the estimation of posterity, he betrayed no care. Mr. Lamb has said there is a magnanimity even in authorship. Is it not here? if the term of authorship can indeed be applied to Shakspeare. Posterity has certainly, in his case, taken care that nothing was lost by such noble modesty. Shakspeare is now only less than worshipped;—it is esteemed an honour to speak the tongue he spake;—and from the period of his death till now men have listened with untired ears to the music of his name, and have done little in their untired hearts but vary the music of his thoughts. *His* thoughts do we say? Which are his

thoughts? Those of Hamlet? most like they may be! for, of all the characters in those immortal plays, Hamlet's intellect comes nearest to our notion of that which must have given them birth; and it seems rather meant to express the workings of an individual nature, the variations of an individual mind, a picture of moral unity, than to shadow forth the interest of general life, of passionate events or passion. But yet what assurance can we have that the thoughts of Hamlet are *his* thoughts—that those of Sir John Falstaff are not rather his—or that Lear may not yet more sternly feature forth the gigantic proportions of his immortal mind, and the little vexations of his mortal temper? Alas! say the commentators, we have none—no assurance can ever be had now for the inquiring mind of posterity. Alas! said Mr. George Chalmers, what a pity that we are not let into any of the secrets of Shakspeare's domesticity, his friendship, his amusements, his private character! Alas! echoes Mr. Steevens, it is indeed a pity; we know nothing of him but that he was born in Stratford, married, and had children, came to London and wrote plays, went back to Stratford, made his will, and died. Are you sure you know all that? shrewdly asks Mr. Malone, setting to work to sap the foundations of even the few facts we have. Oh, these commentators, how heavy they do lie upon Shakspeare! The earth, it is to be hoped, lies much lighter upon them.

Dear reader, believe not the commentators. I have suffered this illusion of questioning to be carried on too long in this brief paper. An emphatic answer could have been given earlier. Shakspeare himself *has* written of himself; Shakspeare himself *has* told of his loves and his friendships, and of those inner thoughts that alone stamp the character; Shakspeare himself has described the wayward moods of his mortal mind, and the wayward turns of his mortal fate; Shakspeare himself has unconsciously left for the world's gaze a picture, to contrast strangely, but in deep truth, with his glories of the theatre, and with his gaiety of the Mermaid and the Mitre; Shakspeare himself, from the sublime solitude into which the very might of his genius must ever and anon have plunged him, has sent forth audible sighs which are breathing still, and may still be heard amidst the throbbings of his mighty heart! Shakspeare, in one word, has written down his confessions, AND THESE CONFESSIONS STILL REMAIN.

It was, I find, about the year 1598 that an allusion first appeared in some writings of Shakspeare, undesigned for publication. In that year a book named "The Wit's Treasury" was published, written by one Meres, who indulged himself in an allusion to the poet after the following strain:—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare." Witness, Mr. Meres proceeded, startling greatly all who had not heard of them, witness "his sugared sonnets among his private friends."

Now in those days there lived a certain bookseller of doubtful authenticity, a sort of Edmund Curll, in truth, whose ungentlemanly transgressions beyond the honour of the business greatly shocked the sober Lintots and judicious Tonsons of the time. But Providence selects its instruments, and Mr. Jaggard has found favour with posterity. As soon as he saw this "note of Meres," he set to work to ferret out these sonnets, and scrape them together for a volume. He succeeded in collecting several, and published them accordingly, in defiance of the author and of all remonstrance, the following year. I fear he would

scarcely have been incited to this but for some little matters of personal scandal that were in them, and for that the person whom they affected mainly was now becoming of some substance in the world, having just appeared as in part proprietor, as well as actor, of the Globe theatre. This I gather from a curious document produced lately by the ingenious and learned Mr. Collier, in which the name of Shakspeare stands fifth in a list of the owners and actors of the Globe. It was not till 1609 that another publication of these sonnets took place, when a certain W. H., as I take it, performed the office of collector to those that had been written between that year and 1599, and carried the whole to Thomas Thorpe, who, in gratitude, dedicated the volume to his nameless benefactor.

These sonnets, then, are the PERSONAL CONFESSIONS of Shakspeare. They record his loves, his friendships, and his character, as I have already described them. They express (as it has been finely said the sonnet is fitted to express) "some fee grief due to the poet's breast;" they are sighs uttered from the fulness of his heart, which breathe forth its secretest emotions; they record the sweetest pieces of self-denial, and of jealous self-watchfulness; they tell us a variety of personal anecdotes of all sorts; they are, in short, transcripts of the writer's own mind in all its changes from joy to sorrow, and in the loftiest aspect of its intellect as in the lowliest of its daily fortunes. Into what wonderful secrets do they not admit us, what strange incidents do they not disclose! Think of the very inmost feelings of such a heart—of the depths of such a peculiar and solitary spirit, solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies! If the reader may find it worth his while to follow me, I venture to think that I am able to derive from these sonnets such a series of personal experiences, and such personal lessons of exquisite truth and wisdom, as it has rarely been permitted to man to breathe to himself, or to leave unconsciously on record to succeeding men. And how recorded! With what disinterested sentiment, what profound thought, what refinement, what love of nature! What glory does he not add to his thoughts of love, with what exquisite beauty does he not redeem his sorrows! They tell of obstacles, of severe struggles, of poverty, of contumely, of neglect—yet they are not dark with tears. For see, beyond, even out of these splendid colours, these noble words, these lovely thoughts, the rainbow of hope springs up. At least the reader *shall* see it—if he will take me for his guide. I believe I have discovered many of the most hidden allusions in these poems, though there are many that must still remain impenetrable. For surely, in such a soul as that of Shakspeare, there must ever be unsounded abysses, which it would be but questionable philosophy to undertake very readily to fathom.

It shall be the object of a second paper to throw into succinct arrangement a most remarkable piece of autobiography (the most remarkable, perhaps, ever placed on distinct record), derived from these sonnets. Meanwhile, the space which remains shall be occupied with some remarks on a few of those thoughts and allusions that are in them, which I find explained even by the little that is known to us of the actual circumstances of Shakspeare's life. The most unbelieving of my readers may perhaps be content to exercise their reason, if not their faith, in arguing thus from the known to the unknown. It is proper perhaps to throw out this as a sop for Pagans, though it is not by any means for such as them that these pages are written.

The mention of these persons, however, reminds me to quote a passage of

authority on the subject, from a very eminent writer, which may probably induce many most reasonable readers to follow me with a more implicit and confiding faith through the task I have undertaken. The quotation is due also in justice to the writer. The passage, I should remark, however, has only come under my notice since I began this article. Augustus William Schlegel, in his masterly criticisms on Shakspeare, remarks on the extraordinary deficiency of critical acumen in the commentators, that none of them, as far as he knows, have ever thought of availing themselves of his sonnets for tracing the history of his life. "These sonnets," proceeds that great critic, "paint most unequivocally the actual situation and sentiments of the poet, and they enable us to become acquainted with the passions of the man." I had not seen this passage when I began to write, but I am most proud to follow in the steps of so great an authority; one which will have the effect, too, I trust, of bringing along with me all the more scrupulous order of believers. The remark, however, strongly forces itself upon me, that the conduct of the commentators, in this matter, is less surprising than that Schlegel, having thus expressed himself, should stop here. It is easier to forgive the commentators than to forgive him. The excuse of ignorance is at least something, and the commentators have it on their side in its most emphatic form. When Mr. Steevens says that the strongest Act of Parliament, framed on purpose, would never compel people to read these sonnets, we cannot help thinking Mr. Steevens an idiot on that point, and treating him accordingly. When Schlegel employs the language we have just quoted, and fails to follow it up with a realization of its own suggestion, we must even complain of Schlegel. He has left the task to very humble hands. What would we give to have seen it in his own!—that is now impossible. Above all, what would we not give, what sacrifices would we not make, to see it in the yet more Shakspearian hands of a countryman of our own—the deepest, the most apprehensive of critics—the noblest of humanists,—the purest, most modest, and most delightful of all prose writers—respected, admired, and loved Charles Lamb! *May that be possible still!**

As I write this, I have taken down a volume of Mr. Lamb's works, and opened on the following passage. It is the only one, I believe, in which he has alluded to the sonnets of Shakspeare; but it shows in how fine a spirit he would have treated the subject. I quote it for that reason, and because it has reference to one of the subjects I had intended to remark upon in concluding this paper. It occurs in the masterly essay on the tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation. (Works, vol. ii. p. 1.) Mr. Lamb is commenting indignantly on the circumstance of Garrick's having been called a kindred mind with Shakspeare's. "Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills and the Murphys and the Browns—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting sonnet of Shakspeare which alludes to his profession as a player—

> "Oh, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,

* This hope is vain. As I correct these sheets I hear from one of his most honoured friends that that fine writer is no more.

That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand—"

Or that other confession—

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view:
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear—"

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him, and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed?" These are, indeed, affecting passages which Mr. Lamb has quoted, and, with something of this sort, inexpressibly interesting and touching, the majority of the sonnets are burthened. What a thing it is to see a mighty and immortal poet, thus lighting to his individual existence on the common earth, and jostled by the mortal crowd! How touching, in all respects, are the circumstances! These two sonnets, I find, were published in Jaggard's first surreptitious collection, and must, therefore, have been written early; perhaps before he had thrown off any of his greater works, and while the dogs of necessity were still goading him on to common labours, already faded and panting in spirit from their worldly chace. But yet observe; he *performs* his duties—he plays at the theatre as usual—he does not shrink from that; he goes afterwards, perhaps, to the Mermaid or the Mitre, and keeps up the semblance of gaiety there—but the rack only stands still! In the solitude of his spirit, his spirit falls back upon itself, and its own mighty communings. I can fancy the horror with which the thought first crossed him, that as a mere task-worker he might cease to think his own thoughts—become subdued to the thoughts of others from daily working in them, and daily speaking them—and be at last unable to give forth those wonderful creations with the throes of which his breast must have been heaving then! There were moments when Raphael fancied himself no painter; there may have been moments when Shakspeare feared he could not write "Hamlet" or "Othello." The touching allusion, in the second sonnet, to his "goring" his own thoughts, and selling cheap "what is most dear," with the exquisite line which follows (omitted in Mr. Lamb's quotation),

"Made old offences of affections new,"

seem to me to intimate that, whatever may have been his success as an actor with the audience, in impressing on *them* the meaning of the scene, he most assuredly went for his acting to the only sure source—his own heart. Well might he say, he sold cheap what is most dear, since he "coined his heart for drachmas." His own thoughts he gored, that he might express the thoughts of others—his own affections, newly reaped, he turned into a harvest of profit for others, tampering with them, and changing them—and for what? How many shillings a week had Shakspeare for his acting?

But a more interesting question is, What sort of acting was it? I have a shrewd suspicion, from the evidences of these sonnets, and from other sources I will name, that it must have been fine—as far in advance, indeed, of his contemporaries and of his audience, as his writing was. At least, if this may not be conceded, Lingo's amusing plea will,

perhaps, be allowed: "A scholar! I am a master of scholars!" Shakspeare was unquestionably, if not an actor, a master of actors. Witness his noble advice to the players in "Hamlet;" that admirable dialogue on acting and "playing the big tragedian," between Richard and Buckingham; and a thousand other evidences throughout his plays. But this is not all. The author of the "Roscius Anglicanus" distinctly states, on excellent authority, that Shakspeare himself specially taught Taylor to play Hamlet, and Lowin to play Henry the Eighth: he himself was content with the Ghost. Rowe says it was his top performance: and a noble performance I imagine it to have been. What a sense of the poetry, what an awful and most imaginative impressiveness must have been there! I would venture much that, as Taylor in Hamlet described the "piteous action" of Shakspeare in the Ghost, the audience must have felt, as it were humanly in their hearts, even that awful visitation. Another of his parts, too, known to have been acted by him, was that of Adam in "As you like it." How characteristic of the heart of the man (as the other had been of his imagination) to select this piece of beautiful and pathetic devotion! How sure a proof that he was equal to its noblest expressions! Aubrey distinctly states indeed, that he "did act exceedingly well." I am very sure of it: but we have seen in what way his jealous self-watchfulness fancied acting might hurt his mind, and there may have been other reasons to disgust him with the profession. Honest John Davies, of Hereford, wrote to him jocosely,—

> "Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
> Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
> Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
> And been a king among the meaner sort!"

but there was truth in this jest; and it is impossible to think that it can have other than revolted his fine nature to exhibit himself "a motley to the view" of the fops who, in those days, had the privilege of sitting on the stage; to be hustled perhaps, and impertinently addressed by a noble pimp of a fellow with his "tobacco-pipe in his mouth," in "a jerkin cudgelled with gold lace," with "a hat scarce pipkin high," and "a poniard on his thigh,"—as they are graphically described for us, sitting on the stage laughing, it might be, in the face of Macbeth or Lear. Add to all this the suggestion I began with—that his acting was probably in advance of his time. And what is an actor without applause? The war-horse without the trumpet. An actor must feel his living triumph, for but a slight one can survive him. At all events, Shakspeare seized the first opportunity of quitting the stage. In 1603 he played Sejanus in Ben Jonson's play; and this is the last date at which I find his name. When Volpone was acted, in 1605, his name does not appear. The truth is, that, in 1603, he appears, from the license dated in that year, to have accomplished the purchase of a larger share in the Globe theatre, and the first use he made of his new power was to take his own name from the list of actors!

I had intended to close this paper with some striking proofs of Shakspeare's strong sense of the immortality of his writings, but of the uncertainty of his own name surviving along with them,—a feeling I have already strongly insisted on as entertained, in some degree, by his contemporaries, and in these confessions of his thus strangely corroborated by himself. But I find that for the present I must conclude. My task has been no unpleasant one, and I trust I have found in the kindness of the reader some encouragement to proceed with it.

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

In some remarks which we made a month or two since upon the changes which have taken place in the manners and habits of the metropolitan population, we took occasion cursorily to notice the establishment of Clubs in London. The subject appears to us worthy of a few more words in the way, first, of classification; secondly, in the way of description; and thirdly, by way of deduction as to the effects produced, by the springing up and success of the club-system.

A hundred, or a hundred-and-twenty years ago, the word club implied a select body of persons who met regularly every evening, or every week, to talk, and drink, and smoke; and the master of a family went as regularly to his club on that evening, as he went to church on the Sunday. In the dinner-room at Dolly's Chop-house may be seen, at this moment, the archives of a club, nearly a century old, which met in this methodical manner; the entries of fines for non-attendance, the amount of nightly expenditure, may there be seen. One peculiarity of that club seems to have been, that upon the principle we suppose that "two of a trade can never agree," each separate trade and occupation was represented by one individual. One "painter," one "haberdasher of hats," one "cordwainer," &c., and the rector of the parish appears to have been perpetual president.

Upon a similar principle have been established those clubs, known as "Benefit Societies," which we believe have been found extremely advantageous to the working-classes, and which exist, generally, in all large towns throughout the empire. But, with the exception of these, the idea, till within the last half century, conveyed by the word "Club," was a convivial meeting and a regular fixed party, the members of which were liable to fines for non-attendance*.

The three Clubs of London which first appeared in the character which so many more have more recently assumed, were White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's. White's is as old, under that name, as

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* In the City, we believe several regular dining-clubs still exist under odd, quaint names; and, at the west-end of the town, the Beef-steak Club continues to flourish under the auspices of a Royal Duke. The meetings of this society are distinguished by various forms and ceremonies, the adoption of singular costumes and strange paraphernalia, which savour of the olden time, and of its theatrical origin.

The Beef-steak Club originated in the year 1736, with Lambert, the scene-painter of Covent Garden, under the management of Rich, who, while working, was in the habit of broiling his beef-steak in his painting-room; thither his talents and agreeable qualities attracted the wits of the day, who occasionally partook of his dinner, until, at last, a club was formed to meet every Saturday, and dine in the Playhouse. Until the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1807, this continued to be the custom. The club, subsequently, met at the Lyceum Theatre, and continued so to do until *that* theatre was also destroyed by fire. This society, whose fare is strictly confined to beef-steaks, and whose beverage is port wine or punch, is the last relic of the school of conviviality, in which our forefathers, so much wiser, wittier, better, and more moderate than *we*, were wont to take delight.

There is, we believe, a sort of rival "Beef-steak" Club, which meets at Drury Lane Theatre, but it is a mere modern invention, and of a different class from the "old original."

the days of Hogarth, when it was known as "White's Chocolate-house." Brookes's was built in the year 1777, for the reception of an avowedly political Club, under the auspices of Mr. Fox; about which period, White's became the head-quarters of the Tory party, and so remained for many years. Circumstances, to which we shall presently allude, have more recently conspired to deprive it of its political character, and it is now distinguished rather as the best club in London—for one hour in the day—than for any exclusive system of politics.

Boodle's, the third of the *ancien régime*, was always considered the *juste milieu*—neither Tory, like White's, nor Whig, like Brookes's, and composed, for the most part, of country gentlemen. It maintains, to the present moment, its well-founded character; and taken, either as including in its list of members men of the highest rank, respectability, and ability, or as comprising within its establishment every comfort and convenience which could be enjoyed in the best private houses, it may, in point of fact, although not of date, be reckoned the first club extant.

In addition to these may be mentioned a club which, in other days, held its head high, and flourished greatly, but which has sunk into comparative desuetude—The Cocoa Tree. It was a favourite resort of his late Majesty, when Prince of Wales; and the circular room at the back of the house was expressly built for his Royal Highness's use.

At the beginning of the century, The Union Club was established upon an extremely splendid scale; and, in the first instance, occupied the present Ordnance Office in Pall-Mall. It then removed to the house in St. James's-square, now the Bishop of Winchester's, and there it eventually died.

The next club which was formed is one which still exists under the title of The Albion; situated in St. James's-street, next door but one to "Graham's," which is a most unpretending club itself, as far as appearances are concerned; but, with respect to card-playing, it

"Has that within which passeth show."

Some time after the establishment of the Albion, several members seceded from it, and established "Arthur's," or rather revived the old club of that name. They have since rebuilt their house, with great taste and liberality, and the arrangements seem to give great satisfaction to the members.

In the meanwhile let us not forget the Alfred, which, from being up at the corner of Grafton-street, in Albemarle-street, and out of the line of fire, had nearly slipped our memory. We well remember, however, when to be a member of the Alfred was thought a very desirable thing, and when the canvass for a candidate was most actively carried on. The Alfred lost *caste* some years since by the following circumstance, which, although generally known, cannot be passed over in the history of clubbery.

At the Alfred there is every day—or was—a house-dinner for twelve, open to every member who puts his name down before a certain hour. One day, the card being full, the party sat down to the social meal; but although the card was full, the table was not—that is to say, one of the twelve who had written down their names did not come; therefore, eleven members of this learned, philosophical, political, clerical, legal, and aristocratic body only were assembled.

Just at this crisis, a good-looking gentleman, wearing a brown great-coat, and carrying an umbrella, came into the coffee-room, and ordered some dinner as quickly as possible. Seeing his haste and anxiety, the waiter suggested that the house-dinner had just been put down, and that there was one vacant place at the table. The strange gentleman caught at the idea, and proceeded forthwith to occupy Banquo's chair in this select society.

The strange gentleman ate and drank—he talked—eloquently, playfully, wisely—politics, art, science, all seemed equally his *forte;* and when he departed, which he did as soon as possible, everybody—the whole eleven of his companions—were vexed and mortified.

"A monstrously agreeable man, that," said one.

"He knows a great deal," said another.

"I should think he must be in the law," said a third.

"I," said a fourth, "think, from what he said, that he must be in Parliament."

"No," said a fifth, "I think he is a physician."

"I," said a sixth, "thought at first it was Lawrence. I should say he is an artist."

"No," said a seventh, "a lawyer against the field."

"Let us ask who he is," said an eighth, determined to risk no further conjectures.

The ninth man rang the bell. The waiter appeared. "Pray," said the tenth, "waiter—do you know what that gentleman's name is, who dined with us?"

"Sir?" said the waiter.

"Yes;" exclaimed the eleventh, "what is he?"

"That gentleman, Sir," said the waiter, eyeing his masters with a mingled look of incredulity, astonishment, and contempt, "That!—why, Sir—the gentleman who dined here?"

"Yes," they all exclaimed.

"Mr. Canning, Sir," said the waiter, retiring and leaving the eleven members of the illustrious cabildo in a state of perfect amazement;—Eleven gentlemen of such a society not to know Mr. Canning, was a most serious blow at its prosperity, and the real fact is, that it has never entirely recovered from its severity.

The increase of clubs, however, has been most rapid and most general since the peace, and we now have the following in existence, which, in order to avoid any appearance of partiality, we have arranged alphabetically.

Albion,	Carlton,	Guards',	Union,
Alfred,	Clarence,	Oriental,	United Service.
Arthur's,	Cocoa-Tree,	Oxford and Cambridge,	Do. Junior.
Athenæum,	Crockford's,	Portland,	University,
Boodle's,	Garrick,	Royal Naval,	West Indian,
Brookes's,	Graham's,	Travellers',	White's,
			Windham.

Here are two round dozen of them—some of them with fifteen hundred members each; some with twelve hundred, and scarcely any under five hundred. Who then can wonder at the total desertion of coffee-houses and taverns, or, in fact, the disappearance from the streets

of such places? Wherever a coffee-house or tavern yet exists, it is because the house itself has become a hotel; for until sleeping-clubs are established, hotels and lodgings must still be in request.

Of White's and Brookes's, and Boodle's, the Alfred, the Albion, and Arthur's, we have already spoken. Next on the list is the ATHENÆUM, a club more completely mixed than any other in London. It has no political character; it reckons amongst its members Peers and statesmen of every degree, and several of the Bishops; it is the daily resort of men of science, literary men, the most eminent artists, and members of the learned professions. It has many advantages and very few faults; amongst the latter the principal one is, its being lighted internally with gas, which, in the dinner-room, produces, in combination with the breathings of seventy or eighty gastronomes, and the vapours arising from the dinners they are eating, an atmosphere wherein no animal ungifted with copper lungs can long exist. To remedy this evil, it becomes necessary sometimes even in December, to open, to its fullest extent, one of the large windows which give to the garden, and admit a rush of night-air into the apartment, which sends home some of the senior constant attendants with rheumatism in all its varieties.

The CARLTON, which has its head-quarters on Carlton-garden Terrace until its splendid new house in Pall Mall is completed, is exclusively political, and politically exclusive, and a more noble array of names does not grace any similar establishment in the metropolis. It is the very antipodes of BROOKES'S, and if a man could belong to both, it would be no bad diversion to hear at the one, how badly things are going, how certain the Conservatives are to be beaten, and how short a time they will hold office; and, in a quarter of an hour after, to be informed at the other, that the Destructives have not a leg to stand on; that the re-action in the country is unquestionable, and that the general election will give the Conservatives a positive majority of the new House of Commons.

The CLARENCE Club *was* the LITERARY UNION, but some disagreeable circumstances having occurred, which rendered it necessary, in the opinion of the majority of the members, to lessen their number, it was thought better to dissolve the society than mark the objectionable individuals by expulsion. It was accordingly dissolved, and a new club formed under its present title, which, on account of the object effected by the new arrangement, has, by a certain gallant naval Officer, been changed into the *Clearance* Club.

This society chiefly consists of literary men and patrons of literature; it is, however, yet young. It was founded by Mr. Thomas Campbell, who, however, has ceased to belong to it.

The GARRICK Club is as nearly theatrically exclusive and exclusively theatrical as the Carlton is politically. There, an entirely new interest is excited, and instead of the probability of war between Russia and France, or the difficulties of the Irish Church question, the agitated state of the West Indies, or the possible results of the first session of the new House of Commons, one hears of the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Lampandtrap in going off on the O. P. side in Shylock, instead of the P. S., and of the oppression under which that effective actress, Miss Singletop, is labouring, by being forced to play Alicia to Mrs. Humplebump's Jane

Shore. The fate of a farce is there considered more important than the perils of a dynasty, and the receipts of the "Lane" and the "Garden" are calculated with greater curiosity and stricter attention than the produce of the next budget, or the amount of the national debt.

The GUARDS' Club, as its name portends, is exclusively belonging to officers of the three regiments. The ORIENTAL Club is at the corner of Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, and is composed of gentlemen who have passed the bloom of life in the money-making regions of Bundlecund and Furruckabad, and who, like Rosina's morning—

——— return in saffron drest,

to wear out their calico in the north-western parts of the metropolis. They feed chiefly upon curry, and drink Madeira. The house is remarkable for nothing but the smallness of the windows. The tender plants within could not bear much of the London atmosphere to be blown upon them; the situation of the house is judiciously chosen—it is an easy drop-down from Harley-street and Baker-street, through Harewood-place, and the look out is full of agreeable reminiscences.

The OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE Club, so called instead of the Junior United University Club, is established at the corner of King-street, St. James's-square, under the roof where all the ministerial power of the late Lord Londonderry and all the social fascinations of his amiable and lovely Marchioness were once exercised so successfully in the world of politics and fashion. Of the Club we know little; the sheriff-like splendour of its liveries is somewhat remarkable taken in connexion with the monastic character of the society.

Of the PORTLAND Club we have no defined idea. It occupies the house at the corner of Stratford-place, some quarter of a century since famous for the hospitalities and gaieties of Mrs. Lind. We have never, to our knowledge, seen a member of it; but it is in a remarkably healthy situation, and we conclude is rather a local than general society. The NAVAL Club occupies the house, late Chambers's Bank, in Bond-street; it is exclusively professional, and extremely comfortable.

The TRAVELLERS' comes next—alphabetically, but soaring loftily, in point of fact, above most other clubs: splendour and comfort, agreeable society, conversation, and cards (without which, say what people may, no evening club can exist), combine to attract and attach its members. The fact, too, that the qualification for election itself ensures men "who have seen the world," is a strong one in its favour; we rather suspect, taking it altogether, the Travellers' may, in the present state of society, be considered the *leader*. We have already given the decided preference to Boodle's, for what may be called real comfort; but for general effect and a combination of materials, not elsewhere to be collected, the Travellers' is supreme.

The UNION is a worthy club. A good cook and a good cellar—a convenient house in a good situation—and a well-assorted, well-mixed list of members, make it an extremely desirable society to join. A gentle sprinkling of City men, who drift up so far from the eastward as salmon periodically quit the sea for the rivers, gives a sort of variety to the interest; and we believe we may safely say that there is not a more *comfortable* club in the whole list.

The United Service Club, as a specimen of Mr. Nash's talent for internal arrangement, is complete. The combination of splendour with good taste, and of good taste with accommodation, is admirable. It has recently been newly fitted up, and the addition of pictures of our greatest heroes, naval and military, and of battles by sea and land, give not only new lustre to its beauties, but add a "homeishness" to the rooms, to which our gallant heroes have an undoubted right after their services abroad.

The United University Club presents us with an agreeable little elevation, after the design of Mr. Wilkins, the author of the finest portico in England, which may be seen on the right of the North Road, near the top of Gower-street. The gownsmen of this erudite society gave a *soirée* shortly after their pretty little place was opened; and the weight of the company, and the heat of the room, made all the cornices tumble down. N.B. They have excellent iced-punch in the summer.

The West India Club is a small society of gentlemen connected with the colonies, but does not obtrude itself upon our notice either by the splendour of its elevation or the extensiveness of its pretensions.

The Windham, last on the list, congregates at the house of the late Lord Blessington, in St. James's-square, and has the use of his lordship's valuable library—to look at; the books are inclosed and locked in their glass cases, in the apartment which the members make their dining-room. This is the only club to which, at any time of the year, whether Parliament be sitting or not, a member can take a friend—and a pretty "take" it is. The friend is not permitted to mingle with the club, or to feel himself at home—not he—he is carried off to what is called the Stranger's Room, a kind of back parlour behind the shop, where he is fed and where he drinks, and then is turned out into the street. It was called the Windham in compliment to Lord Nugent; it is generally thought that, after the return of his Lordship from the Ionian Isles, it will adopt the name of that most excellent inn at Ipswich, "The Great White Horse."

And here have we gone through the list and come to W, and have not said a word of Crockford's—the gayest and the most fashionable of all clubs—a *cuisine* perfect, a house faultless, society the most agreeable, and conversation the most entertaining. The notion that Crockford's is a gambling-house—the very vulgar have a shorter word for it—betrays only ignorance of its real character and principle. That hazard is played there in the evening is true—so was it played by the Kings of England on the anniversary of the Epiphany, in St. James's Palace, in public, till within this half century or so; so may it be played at Brookes's, or at the Travellers', for all we know—if it is not, cards to an equal amount of stake are. But we should be glad to know how many hundred men belong to Crockford's who never play, or think of playing.

Crockford's is an admirable club, well appointed in every particular, assembling under its roof all that is gay, influential, and agreeable, without reference to politics, without distinction of party; and the prejudice which people who know nothing about it have attempted to create against it is as groundless and as absurd as prejudice ever was. Persons who have neither the means nor the desire to play will not play

because they belong to Crockford's. People that have both *will* play whether Crockford's hazard-table be open or not. The only difference is, that at Crockford's they play at the fair odds with their ordinary friends and associates round them; and that at the places to which their favourite, yet rash pursuit, might otherwise carry them, they would be the victims of designing rogues, and the companions of persons to whom, in any other sphere, they would not like to be convicted of speaking.

The effect of this club-law has been very powerful in society, but we do not believe that it has had any upon society in the evening. At White's, for instance, there is nobody at night. At the United Service, except the "peaceful slumberers" on the sofas, nobody. At the Athenæum, after ten o'clock, you would find at the fire-place at one end of the drawing-room, eighty feet long, an elderly gentleman with a cocoa-nut head fast asleep in an arm-chair; and upon the fire-place at the other end of the room, a ditto old gentleman, with a ditto head, equally fast asleep in another arm-chair. Where there are cards, certainly people congregate; but that applies only to the Travellers' and to Arthur's, where whist is done upon a great scale.

Drinking has been considerably abated under the club-law. At a tavern or coffee-house, a man felt a sort of obligation to swallow huge draughts of black and intoxicating wine "for the good of the house." In clubs, a vinegar-cruet full of sherry is considered a gentlemanly quantum; and the less you drink, the more obliged the society is, since upon the coffee-room account the funds of the club invariably lose.

Upon the whole, we must say we think the new *régime* an extremely salutary one—agreeable it decidedly is; there is a safety, a security, a certainty of gentlemanly conduct in a club, the habit of feeling which renders a chance visit to a public coffee-room in these days a disagreeable experiment. The consciousness that you are in your own house, in the society of persons who have, like yourself, been admitted to a similar sort of ownership, and the confidence which that feeling inspires, are extremely pleasant—the fact that the anxiety to belong to clubs is universal is the strongest proof of the generality of that feeling.

It is said that ladies complain of clubs, and Mr. Haynes Bayly (to whom the ladies are infinitely indebted for his numerous and varied talented compositions) wrote a song in dispraise of such associations. We have already said that we cannot see how they affect evening society; and as for married ladies complaining of their husbands for addicting themselves to such combinations, they should enforce their commands to Hubby to stay at home, and remind him that even Hercules himself gave up his *club* when he married.

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

IRISH RUINS.—PART I.

"Now, with all deference, it is suggested that there are monuments of antiquity in Ireland worthy of inspection; there is scenery on which the eye may rest with delight. We have woods, and waters, and glens, and mountains abundantly picturesque, and sufficient to call forth the exertion of the pen and pencil in their description." So writes Mr. Cæsar Otway; and his statement may be corroborated by all who have visited the country.

There *are* monuments of antiquity worthy of inspection; there *is* scenery on which the eye may rest with delight; and, withal, there are people, warm, kindly, and affectionate, to be met with in every dwelling. Within the mansion and within the hut, one vast spirit of hospitality presides. Whatever is possessed is shared, and shared by the heart as well as the hand. And YET,—alas! how sad it is that a single monosyllable should signify so much!—and YET, shine the sun ever so warmly, let the voice of mirth come upon your ear ever so gladly, there is fading in the beams of the one, and a wailing cadence in the last strains of the other, which says, "*This is a land of ruins!*"

"Irish Ruins!" The term is sadly comprehensive. It implies far more than the register of mouldering walls, or round, mysterious towers;—it calls to mind the ruined dwellings—the roofless cottages—the mismanaged farms—the improvident gentry—the trampled peasantry—in one sentence, *the ruined country;* the country over which foes triumph, and which "friends" betray,—whose worst enemies are of its own progeny,—whose sons may seek, and find, in every nation upon earth, except their own, prosperity and independence,—whose daughters, conspicuous for wit, beauty, and virtue, grace the courts of strangers, because the once gay and festive halls of Ireland are lone and desolate: the harps are hung upon the willows—the grass grows in the streets—the land is one of ruins! Little prospers, even in its chief city. The merchants have ample leisure for salutations in the market-places; and the young men squander time which, in well-regulated England, would be transmuted into gold. Yet, what heroes has this country sent forth to fight and conquer, that others might enjoy! What statesmen to regulate the affairs of Europe, and forget, in the magnitude of their employments, the little green speck that gave them birth! What poets, who founded songs upon her sorrows, and spent the emolument derived therefrom amongst aliens, and those who knew her not! And yet the skies above her are blue and smiling, and the earth—the fertile earth—teems with abundance. It seems a mystery that centuries should pass and leave her more desolate and more depressed;—yet, so it has been, and so—for aught I can see—so it will be for many a day to come.

I have often been asked why I do not more frequently quit the neighbourhood of Bannow, and sketch more at large throughout the country. My answer simply is, that I love smiles better than tears; that, blessed be God! cheerfulness and I are twin-born; and that, in the particular district I have loved to talk and write about, there is peace, prosperity, and contentment; that, were it not for the whim, the mirth, the frolic

of the people, you might imagine yourself in well-conducted, sober—stupid England; that the only—at least, *almost* the only—ruins in that pretty region of resident landlords and cheerful industry, are those of the ruined church and "one or two ould, ancient castles, that bate the world out-an'-out intirely for beauty." But alas! Bannow is not Ireland; and truth obliges me to relate what occurs beyond my own particular pet district, where I should like to colonize some twenty or thirty English families, with all the comforts of sea-bathing, cheap living, and hospitable treatment, for four months out of every twelve. If I were affronted with any of them, I would mount them upon an Irish jaunting-car, and set them off at full gallop to Taghmon. Those who have ever so journeyed will appreciate my kindness; those who have not, may imagine a dislocation of all limbs, combined with perpetual motion. If their imagination is very vivid, they will appreciate my intended treatment as it deserves.

It was a calm and cheerful day in August; but there was no breeze—nothing animating in the atmosphere—nothing bright in the sky; no music—no song swelling from the harvest-field. The bouchlawns, with their cold, stiff, yellow blossoms, were so erect, that a troop of fairies might have galloped over their petals without disturbing a single leaf. We were wending our way to the ruins of the Abbey of Dunbrody, leaving behind us the picturesque town of New Ross. By the way, there is a legend about that same ruined-looking town; how that some English king sent over a mandate, directing that all the monks of the Ross monastery should be murdered in their own garden; and how they were; and how their blood runs red in a stream, which I have seen myself,—*not* the blood, but the stream,—which I was assured was red; and so it was,—the gravel underneath the water I mean, not the water itself.

We soon overtook a very respectable-looking man; I was told he was a butcher—one who had stared ruin in the face, until at length he stared her out of countenance.

"I don't know how it was," said our guide, "but ivirything in the wide world went wrong with the poor craythur; to be sure he was overfond of the drop—what else have we to comfort us? He might have been *too* fond of it—the thing's possible—I have a laning myself that way, but only of a Sunday afther mass—bad cess to the taste ever passes my lips till then. Well, he was a gone boy—and what was harder than all upon him, the girl he loved turned agin him—and whin the Steamers come in fashion, with their great wigel-wagel claws, batin the brains out of the salt wather, Murtogh was done intirely, for all the calves were shipped clane and clever for England. 'I'm ruined like my counthry,' said Murtogh, 'and nothing can put us past our luck.' And the poor fellow grew worse and worse, until ne'er a man in the shambles tossed his little finger so high as Murtogh Delany. Well, one day, he wasn't so far gone as usual, not high toast—it was about ten o'clock in the morning—but any how, as he was turning a corner by the bridge, what should run up agin him but blind Kisheen and his pipes, and he fell right into the water; well the girl I spoke of, was passing at the same time, and without a word or a skreel (an' most women are mighty skreelish in general)—without a word, faith, she dashed in afther him, like a mermaid—and maybe he hadn't enough to do to save her—and then

when he got her on the bridge, she turned from him, without a word, only she said 'twas better to be drowned in water than die by whisky. Well, somehow the word took hould of his heart, and he pondered it over and over, and went that night into Lawrence Mulloger's store-shop, and stood the sight of the drams, and the smell of the hot whisky punch, without so much as tasting; and afther that he set off to the girl's house, and she was winding off a reel, and the clothes she had on in the morning; hanging drying still by the fire, and no stockings on her feet, for she owned but the one pair, and those she had put on for dacency when she had the luck to go into Ross—but well he knew that if she liked she might marry a boy who could afford her a dozen pair of the whitest in Belfast,—and that's saying a grate dale;—he stood before her on the flure, and he thought a light from heaven broke upon him, though she didn't spake, nor seem to heed him; he thought how good and quiet and tractable she was in her family—slaving like a negre; and how she had risked her life for him—and he saw the trouble he had given her traced out on her pale face—

" ' And Ellen, (her name was Ellen,) Ellen,' says he, ' if—I know I have chated many an oath against the whisky—but, if I join the Temperance Society, and remain faithful to it—say for a year or two—will you marry me then?'

" ' Murtogh,' says she, ' I'm not going to tell a lie—my heart has been crushed intirely through the drink—my father's lost his rason wid it, and the smell of it's never off my mother—it's the rale curse of the counthry—the ruin of ould Ireland. If—but oh, Murtogh, it's impossible—you never will give it up!'

" ' Didn't I stand the sight of forty-seven nagins going down about half as many mouths in less than half as many minutes,' said Murtogh, ' and the smell of Lawrence Daly's seven tumblers, gliding down his throat—and never touch'd it? And now, Ellen dear, smell the breath on me,' he added, as he placed his lips close to hers, ' and you can tell if the drop has passed here—through all my temptation—and then say if there's hope for me.'

" Ellen looked up, and clasping her hands earnestly, replied, ' God strengthen you, Murtogh; and if He does, there is——'

" ' A year—or two—Ellen?'

" ' One year is as good as twenty; and if you keep from it one year; this day—no, to-morrow—twelve months—for you tasted it this morning—neither poverty, nor sickness, nor sorrow shall hinder me from being your wife; and if—if—not, Murtogh—why there's no use in talking, but the green sods in the church-yard will make the young heart an' the broken heart asy.'

" Well, we all wondered what in the world had come over Murtogh—he grew so steady, and so sober, and we didn't think it was the same man was in him; he had more gumpshon* than ever, and somehow some of the calves stayed with him, instead of turning to English veal, and pigs an' the like; and the quality afther a while took to buying from him—and Ellen no longer looked crooked into the broken window of Lawrence's dram-shop, as she passed it on t'other side the way, for at last she had full faith in Murtogh's promise——"

" And they were married?"

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* Sense.

"Ay, in troth, and Ellen is one of the best and happiest wives in Ross, and he the most thriving man; and the world an' all wouldn't argufy Murtogh but what whisky is the *biggest ruin in all Ireland!* And, my lady, 'twas all owing to Murtogh's going to a good gintleman well known in these parts,—one Mister George Carr,—and writing his name in a book, promising not to touch a drop o' speerits, pure or mixed; and it seems this way is a dale surer than taking an oath agin 'em—for somehow or other we forgets our word, but we aren't mane enough to put our pen to a lie; and when we does what a dale o' the gentry done before us, why honour and shame are both pushing us on to stick to the word we wrote upon paper. Myself thinks I'll be after following the way of Murtogh Delany."

Our guide was a tall, stalwart man, firm set and muscular, with a round bullet head, garnished in thick, dark, crisp curls—his eyes were black, deep set, and sparkling; and he had a word and a jest ready for every passer-by. He was a guide *con amore*—for his father had left him some very small independence—enough, however, to enable Jack Laggin, as he said, "to do nothing in the world but take it asy, and amuse himself," which he certainly did. He knew every body, every nook, every house, every legend, and was not over-burthened with feeling for the distresses of his fellow-creatures. "Weren't they born to misery, what else could they expect?" was his continual observation upon the troops of half-naked wretches we occasionally encountered. Jack was in constant request by all who desired to hear local news, or see the country; not that I think his information as to particular persons or politics is much to be relied on, for Jack has a knack of cleverly finding out your sentiments before he imparts his own, and falling into yours with extraordinary facility. He does not pretend in the least to the rank of gentleman, and takes "the bit and the sup" anywhere that he can get it; he is in fact a "hanger-on," with sufficient tact and sufficient taste to sing a good song, tell a good story, be particularly civil to those who can serve him, and never uncivil to any one; in England he would have been exactly the person to make a sharp lawyer's clerk, or perhaps a smooth, clever, polite nuisance, called a shopman—

"Of such materials was Jack Laggin formed!"

"Do you see that cottage there, Ma'am, to the left? There used to be a cottage there onc't—though but little else than the walls are in it now—bare and naked walls! and yet I mind when they were roofed, and dacency within them."

"Who lived there?"

"James Tracey;—but there's a beautiful place upon the hill."

"Tell me of the cottage, Laggin."

"God bless you, Ma'am dear, you're cruel fond of hearing of cottages; sure the history of most of them in this country is alike;—a wedding, and little to begin with—a power of children, and little to give them—rack-rent for the bit of land, turned out, bag and baggage, for that or the tithe!—beggary—starvation—sickness—death! That's a poor Irishman's calendar, since the world was a world—barrin here and there—now and then—when he gets a sight of good fortune—*by mistake!*"

"But the cabin——"

"Ay—poor James—I mind when he built it himself and the neigh-

bours with him—and the ould landlord was over here, and gave him a promise of renewal of his father's lease, and we wanted James to get the promise in writing—but he put it off—'twas a way he had—the only fault I ever knew in James—he didn't like to be bothered about what was coming, when he was satisfied with what was come. Well, the ould landlord died, and after that, the young one raised the rint in course, to get all he could to spend away from us—and then poor James felt the want of the lease, for a dead man's promise is seldom thought of except by those who want to see it fulfilled; by this time he had a young heavy family about him, and he dipindid a good deal out of an old bachelor uncle of his dying and leaving him all he had—*which was more than would fit in a midge's eye*—and this hindered him from doing what he otherwise would have done: but it's ill waiting for dead men's shoes—sorra as much as would pay for a stone of praties did he ever get from that same man. Well, ma'am, gale day came and came, and he got time at first, and they do say he could have pulled up, but somehow he had got fixed in the way of putting off, putting off, and one thing went to rack and another thing to rack, and James got a hurt in his back from his horse, which he neglected to fasten in the stable; and he'd pass the length of a summer day, propped against a post which stood at the gabel end of the house, doing nothing only fuming with a neighbour or keeping the hens out of the cabbages; and so, in the long run, everything was distrained, and James turned into the road—himself and his children. It's little the landlord got by the distraining, for no one would buy, nor no one would take the land over his head—*for a reason they had*—until a north countryman ventured; and sure it wasn't for want of the warning that himself was shot one harvest night against the very post where James used to stand—if you turn about you can see the spot now, madam, though we're so far from it—there, against that post—and the house burnt—and three or four in it—and James himself, to crown the matter, and two more, hung for the same!"

"How dreadful! and all originated in the ruinous habit of procrastination!"

"Oh sure you're going back entirely to say that, though maybe you're in the right. What's left of the children are scattered through the counthry with one friend or another—and the poor mother—Christ defend us!—here she is!—now for God's sake don't gainsay her—maybe she won't speak—only don't gainsay her—she's wild mad."

A slight tall woman had ascended the opposite side of the hill from which we were looking down upon the cottage that had been the scene of such a horrid act, and she came upon us so suddenly that the narrative, united to her singular appearance, gave me a shock I shall remember to my dying day. She wore a petticoat of black stuff, and a short cloak and hood of the same material; her legs were bare, and her feet thrust into shoes much too large—they were strapped over her instep by leather thongs; she had on neither cap nor bonnet, and her hair, which once must have been beautiful, hung in grey matted tresses over her bosom; the hood was thrown back, so that her features were fully exposed—they were low and flat, but the expression of her large blue wandering eyes was fierce and fearful! She advanced, curtseying at every step, towards us—we had been walking up the hill—and though she did not ask charity, I placed a small silver coin in her thin hand.

Our guide was behind, or rather more to the right than we were, so that the maniac's eye, resting on him, would be led in a direct line to look down upon her once happy home.

"Save ye kindly, this fine morning," he said in a kindly tone. She turned quickly, looked at Laggin for a moment—then tossing her arms wildly in the air, uttered a long, loud, and appalling scream—I never before heard such a sound—it reverberated through the air like what one imagines would be the howl of those doomed to eternal agony—and then, as if exhausted by the effort, she sank on her knees on the earth, her right arm extended towards her cottage.

"Leave her alone—she'll come to presently; there's one of her boys—*an innocent*—an' he's not far off; he tends and tracks his mother wherever she goes."

The man had hardly finished speaking when a squalid, ragged youth of about fifteen crept from among some underwood—a copse of mingled furze and hawthorn—and without heeding us commenced turning her round. She appeared to have become rigid, for he moved her as though she were a kneeling statue, and having accomplished his purpose, which was to withdraw her from looking towards the ruined cottage, he sat on the earth beside her, staring up into her face with the calm quiet air of one whose feelings are deadened—yet who once felt. I never saw so affecting a picture of human desolation as that mother and son, in sight of their blasted, ruined home!

I rarely see an Irish beggar, and I never hear of an *Irish natural*, or *Innocent*, without calling to mind one of the most unoffending of the latter class, whose acquaintance I made amid the beautiful ruins of Dunbrody Abbey. This splendid relic of the olden time is situated in the barony of Shelbourne, on the banks of the river Barrow, and well repays the traveller for the trouble of visiting its extensive remains: the site is well sheltered, and possesses the advantages of inland navigation—those jolly monks had right good taste, and chose the situation of their monasteries with both wit and wisdom. The interior walls of the church are in a beautiful state of preservation, and on each side of the chancel are three vaulted chapels. The great aisle is divided into three parts, by a double row of arches, supported by square piers; the inside of those arches is ornamented by a rich moulding, which springs from beautiful consoles, and conveys an idea of the enormous care and expense that must have been bestowed upon the building. The tower appeared to be rather low in proportion to the extent of the whole, but it is supported by a magnificent arch: there is a sort of narrow walk on the summit of the walls, which commands a superb and extensive view of the adjacent country. The cloisters appear to have been spacious, but their foundations alone remain, and it was curious to trace them out amid the weeds and long grass which waved and triumphed in all the pride of summer existence over the relics of antiquity. Nearer to the centre of the abbey are a number of ruined walls, which indicate where the hall, the refectory, and the dormitory stood. I can fancy nothing appealing more powerfully to the imagination than these noble ruins.

"Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come, than the things before.

Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which must be,
What we have seen our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone raised by creatures of clay!"

We all value, while we mourn over, the ruins of the past—and the greater the desolation the greater our regret. The western window of this noble pile is of an uncommon form, and though nearly entire gives symptoms of a decay which a little care and attention on the part of the proprietor might easily prevent. The door immediately beneath it is very magnificent, being adorned with filagree open work, cut out of the solid stone, and so raised as to allow a finger easily to pass under its carvings. It was a fine day in August when we walked up the avenue leading to this time-honoured ruin; the dimness of the morning had brightened into sunshine, and the dark masses of ivy contrasted brightly with the grey stone and light green of the fresh grass, while the many-tinted mosses appeared like an exquisite mosaic of rich and curious tracery.

As we entered one of the outward courts, a troop of innocent calves, frightened at our appearance, crowded beneath a gateway, where, perhaps, Richard Earl of Pembroke had often stood in his shining armour, and looked upon the increasing walls that now crumbled beneath our feet. The silvery Barrow murmured on its way, and could have told us much of what its waters witnessed in the olden time of fray and foray, of banquet, fast, and stately pageant. While we paused and looked upon Dunbrody with that species of awe which enforces silence, the puny sound of a tin trumpet quivered upon the air, and would have made little impression upon us, had it not been followed by a shout of loud yet heartless laughter.

The church is protected by a gate; and as we wound round one of the towers to gain the entrance, we encountered the idiot, who had been making merry within the sanctuary. He was a tall, slight youth, with large, lustreless eyes, not unlike "poor Johnny, poor Jack," of Wexford memory, save that in his person he was delicately clean; and his dress was so fantastic, that I cannot resist the temptation of describing it.

He wore what are called Hessian boots, with white pantaloons. His jacket was tight; but, with the exception of the sleeves, it was impossible to tell what materials it was composed of; for behind hung a sort of rude, short cloak, made of the fur of hare, rabbit, fox, and, I really believe, every animal "that ever wore a hairy skin." Around his neck were suspended a tin trumpet and various baubles; amongst them shone conspicuously a huge leaden watch, upon which, poor fellow! his eye often rested. His flat fur cap was adorned with a number of long scarlet tassels, that floated over his shoulders as he moved restlessly from place to place. There was an air of gentility in his manner, a gentle courtliness in his salutation, and a tastefulness in his piebald costume, which conquered both the dread and dislike I feel towards "Irish naturals." We speedily became acquainted. He told me his name was Johnny Welch; answered every question I chose to ask. "Where did he live?" He lived here; he loved the ould Abbey; he knew every stone, every turn of it. It was a fine ould place—a *pleasant* place to live in.

"Where did he sleep?"

"In there," (pointing to a low vaulted room,) "in there he slept *with the dead men:* there was a heap of their bones."

"Was he not afraid?"

He laughed wildly. "No; what had he to be afraid of? Would he root up some of the dead men's bones for my honour to look at?" and before I had time to reply, he threw himself upon a heap of clay, and insinuated his long muscular fingers into the earth so effectually, as to bring up bone after bone with the rapidity of lightning. These relics of mortality he briefly descanted upon, as he tossed them from him, to "root" for others. "There's a skull—a fine skull—a big skull—hould a dale o' brain: the people long ago had a power o' wit! There's a bone—a thigh bone—a great soldier, maybe—a strong bone! I sleeps upon dead men's bones. The Abbey 's a pleasant place! There's a *weechy* bone—a lady's arm—a pretty bone! Shall I root more for ye? Another skull! There's a hole in it; a murdered skull. Hurrah for the fight!—hurrah for the fun! Shall I root more for ye?"

I felt my heart sicken; it was such a painful lesson to see that poor idiot boy sporting so fearlessly with the relics of mortality; to note the eagerness with which he disinterred those memorials of decay; to see folly and rags fluttering like a butterfly over what once contained the essence of God's own spirit.

I was really sick, and leaned for some moments against a pillar before I could leave the painful spot. At last he turned his head, and looking up kindly in my face, he exclaimed, "Lady grow pale!—bury the bones!" which he did so quickly and so effectually, that in three minutes the sun's rays rested only on a mound of fresh-turned earth.

Amongst other things that were slung round his neck was a fox's head. We wanted him to sell it. "No, he would not—Colonel Piggott and the gentlemen of the hunt would go mad with him if he parted with it—he loved hunting—he often went hunting with the gentlemen—they were very good to him—why then should he give away their fox's head?" Not even a bright shilling should tempt him to part with it. Poor fellow! I shall long remember Johnny Welch as the most pleasing fool (notwithstanding his taste for bones) I ever encountered. The generality of Irish naturals are the most disgusting specimens of humanity produced in any country; but Johnny was clean, and (but for the vacancy of look, and the universal habit that idiots possess of turning in their toes) exceedingly handsome, and even graceful in his appearance; he solicited no charity—pleaded neither hunger nor poverty—and though he followed us over the abbey, he did not speak except when spoken to, and evinced a mild and gentle temper.

I learnt from two shepherd boys that Johnny's mother was a respectable widow—that she would give "the world and all if her son would stop at home with her, which he was too fond of the ruins of Dunbrody to do—that he was born *innocent*—and that everybody liked him."

This I could readily believe, for as we were about to enter our carriage I felt sorry to think I should never see poor Johnny again. I turned to bid him adieu as he was seated on the wall which separates the lands of Dunbrody from the road, looking a fantastic figure to so magnificent a back-ground; there he sat, his broad flat watch resting on his open palm, while his gaze was earnestly fixed on its motionless hands.

ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. II.—St. John of the Island.

The monks were cunning caterers. The monastic estate appears to have originally taken for its emblem the green olive of the Scriptures, "planted by the running waters," and to have been bent on accomplishing among the Gentiles the promises spoken to the Jews, by framing a Canaan for itself wherever milk and honey abounded in the land. The progress of unreformed Christianity through heathen Europe was, in fact, marked by the erection of certain Caravansaries, wherein the wanderers, its disciples, might set up their rest; judiciously selected in spots where corn, wine, and oil were of almost spontaneous growth—where clear streams supplied the requisite material for their luxurious abstinence—where green pastures afforded herbage for their flocks and herds—where, in short, they were enabled to approximate themselves with ease to Heaven, by creating temporal existence where "paradise was opened in the wild!"

In how many lands of wide-spreading Europe do we find the ruined arch and crumbling altar-stone of by-gone conventual splendour, sheltered by lofty groups of forest trees, and scattered upon green and mossy turf, in the heart of some sequestered valley, through whose glossy stream the speckled trout dart gaily beneath the overhanging hazels, and where the remnants of the once fertile orchard lie basking in the sun, the musky fruit still sending forth from its moss-grown stumps an occasional sample of luscious quality. In such retreats, nature still proudly displays her warrant of abundance, till we cease to wonder at the extent of the ruined granaries, threshing-floors, cider-presses, wine-presses, and other offices connected with the extinct establishment. Plenty, as well as peace, seem to have abided with the chartered ascetics of ancient Christendom; and such places as Val-y-Crucis Abbey, in the Vale of Llangollen—Fountains and Furness, in green England—the Convents of Laach, in Rhenish Prussia—La Trappe, La Chartreuse, and fifty others in France, are manifestly calculated to "draw an angel down" to share their

> "Populous solitude of bees and birds,
> And fairy-formed, and many-coloured things!"

Among the fifty let us, however, especially distinguish a favourite spot—the Convent of St. John of the Island. About a stone's throw from the Seine, just where the double branches of the river Juigné pour their abounding waters into the metropolitan stream,—circumscribed by their fantastic course, so as to form a distinct island of verdure,—lie a series of beautiful water-meadows, enamelled by an infinite variety of wild flowers, and in part entangled by thickets of underwood, bequeathed to the land by many a stately stem, which had fallen under the axe of the destroyer. On the extreme verge of these, so that the toppling wall of its watch-tower overhangs the sedgy channel of the Juigné, stand the ruins of St. John of the Island,—an ancient Augustine monastery, converted to the service of the Order of Malta, and founded during her mysterious life of repudiation by Isemburge, the Danish wife so uncere-

moniously ejected from the bosom of Philip Augustus, to make way for fair Agnes of Merania!

And well and wisely did that royal devotee select the site of the dwelling she chose as the refuge of her earthly sorrows—her eternal rest. The monastery which for so many years concealed the tears of Isemburge, and subsequently, for so many centuries, her majestic tomb, lies niched within a verdant solitude, at that period uninvaded by the busy industry of the town of Essonne, or the rival prosperity of Corbeil. The stream which now imparts vitality to so many mills and engines (for the production of flour, floor-cloth, cotton, printed calicoes, and as many and as various items as might figure advantageously in a Liverpool or Bristol invoice), was then the lonely haunt of the kingfisher, and the abiding place of the reed-tit. The neighbouring groves of *Chantemerle* (dating their insignificant antiquity from the reign of the chevalier king, the chivalrous Francis I.) had not arisen to overtop the rustling abele-trees and flowering limes of St. John of the Island. The monastery stood alone in its glory, listening to the ripple of its circumfluent waters as they hurried in busy self-importance, to lose their identity in the Seine. At that period, the harmonious chants rising at day-dawn from its altars, were heard only by the vintagers as they plied their light labours along the *côte*, in the vineyards belonging to the neighbouring religious houses of St. Guénault and St. Exupère; and even when the Grand Master of the Order of St. John held his chapter, three ages later, in the monastery, it was still secluded—still intimately linked with the beauty and the solitude of nature.

Even now, though surrounded by human habitation, and invaded by commercial industry, how singularly does the place maintain that aspect of loneliness! Overgrown as it is with trees and luxuriant aquatic plants, silent, sad, secluded, the stranger wanders fast beside the ruined church, without dreaming of its vicinage. Having crossed the ruined bridge under which the stream has been widened into a modern canal, the banks of which are adorned with weeping-willows, dahlia beds, and summer-houses such as Batavia herself might envy, we saunter down a sombre avenue of limes, and behold only an ancient portal serving the daily use of an ordinary farm; nor is it till, attracted by shoals of fish, and thickets of alder overgrown by the wild hop, we follow the discursive channel of the brook into the fertile meadows, that we descry, between the lofty trees, the granite skeletons of monastic pomp—the ruined church and monastery of St. John of the Island.

Following the mossy bank, till the waters of the Juigné can be crossed by a plank dedicated to the temporary use of a mill recently erected at one of the extremities of the island, let us now step cautiously among the brambles and elder-bushes springing forth from heaps of rubbish, where strange rustlings and hissings apprise us that we startle some obscene reptiles from a long unmolested retreat, till, entering the *enceinte* of the deserted burying-ground, we look up with reverence to the monastic roof; or down, with solemn contemplation, upon the broken grave-stones—some inscribed with quaint German devices—some with abbatial and even episcopal emblems—some uniting with the mitre, crosier, and hour-glass, the ghastly impress of a human skeleton, surrounded by the symbolic insignia of ecclesiastical dignity. At length, having moralised our fill over the site wherein queen, monks, knights

—nay, even the memory of its dead, has disappeared—let us learn to invest those desecrated ruins with a new interest, derived from the following record of their modern fortunes.

Previous to the revolution of Eighty-nine, one of the finest aristocratic residences on the banks of the Seine was the Château de Mousseaux, situated some five miles from the confluence of the Juigné, and inhabited by the Duchess of Cossé-Brissac. Of the Duc de Cossé too much is known to posterity, as the lover who succeeded Louis XV. in the arms of the infamous De Barri—as the victim whose gory head was thrown by the triumphant populace at the feet of the royal concubine, as she paraded the terrace of her pavilion at Luciennes; but of the Duchess—the serene, the suffering, the solitary Duchess—something remains to be endited. Deserted by a worthless libertine, Madame de Brissac, instead of plunging into the dissipations of the capital, retreated with decent self-respect to her palace on the Seine; finding, or seeking happiness, in the cultivation of its beautiful gardens, and creating those lordly *charmilles* and proud arcades, which even now, divided and apportioned as they are, create an interest for the adjoining plain,—whence labyrinth and quincunx have disappeared, and where the colossal statue of Atlas, once forming the central point of their entanglement, stands in ludicrous isolation in the midst of a homely corn-field.

The Duchesse de Brissac, although deeply wounded by the neglect of her husband, was not in a position of life to fly to *utter* solitude. She had too many noble relatives, too many admiring friends, to be left alone; and the humility of true affection suggested that it were better to adorn her residence and enliven her society, in hopes to win back the truant to her presence,—to perfect, with his approving suffrage, the charms of her favourite retreat. The best society of the capital was accordingly invited to grace her coterie. At Mousseaux, Boufflers, Arguillons, Choiseuls, Birons, and Grammonts, forgetting their political animosities, daily abounded; all that was fair, young, gay, and graceful of the Court of Marie Antoinette was to be found in the circle of the Duchesse de Cossé-Brissac.

But there was one, unhappily, to be found there, whose presence was unconnected with court or courtier—one fair, even among its fairest—one graceful, even among its most accomplished—one ill-fated, even among the most unfortunate of its fore-doomed associates. Clarice (what other name she had is too ignoble to be recorded), Clarice, the hazel-eyed Clarice, was one of those victims of conventional tyranny, called *demoiselles de compagnie*. Her beauty had proved her bane; for her beauty was the means of making her the inmate of the Château de Mousseaux. Twelve years before, the attention of Madame de Brissac had been attracted, while rolling in her stately coach and six, on a visit to the Countess de la Tour d'Aubray, at St. Germain en Corbeil, by the loveliness of a little dirty, curly-haired brat, hanging to the apron of a woman, who bore on her back a vintage-hod, and with her brown right hand bestowed a sufficiency of cuffs and thumps upon the child, who was too much struck by the fine equipage of the Duchess to get out of the way of the trampling horses. Clarice, in short, was slightly injured by the carriage-wheel; and the Duchess, having ordered her servants to stop and bestow a small gratuity upon the little sufferer, was eventually

so captivated by her artless graces, as to resolve upon her permanent adoption. Regarding her as no higher in the scale of creation than the animals of her menagerie, Madame de Brissac conditioned for, and *ordered home* the child, as she would have done a clever monkey, or a parrot of handsome plumage, to increase the *agrémens* of the château.

But poor Clarice was unhappily organized for such a position. In defiance of Madame de Brissac's calculations, she had a heart to feel, a soul to reflect, as well as a sweet smile and graceful air, to captivate the admiration of beholders. The first of these superfluous faculties soon made itself apparent in the adoration with which she regarded her benefactress; the second, as she grew in girlhood, developed itself, only too acutely for her happiness, in her mode of contemplating the false position in which destiny had placed her. Admitted, in the loveliness and playful peremptoriness of childhood, to climb the knees and court the caresses of the illustrious visitors of the Duchess, she found, as she advanced towards maturity, that every additional day of her life drew her nearer to the menial degree. She was gradually recurring to her real situation in life; and the haughty servants of the condescending aristocrat, indignant at having been obliged to bestow their services on one whose birth was so inferior even to their own, took every occasion to mortify the village *parvenue*. Clarice found she must no longer aspire to the society of the great—that she was not allowed to descend to the society of the little—that she was alone in the world.

Her uneducated mother, with whom, once or twice a year, Clarice was allowed an interview, considered, and assured her, that she was the most fortunate of human beings; inasmuch as "Madame la Duchesse had promised to *marry her*, and give her a *dotation*." But although this absolute mode of settlement in life was the one in use throughout all degrees of French society, from the Duke to the artisan, the feelings of Clarice rebelled against being "married" after the fashion so satisfactory to her mother.

"They will give me to the steward's son, or some clerk of Madame la Duchesse's notary," said the high-minded girl, whose notions of independence and refinement had been fostered in the society of lords, ladies, and ministers of state. "And even these half-educated men will be aware that they are doing an honour to the peasant's child, who has been bought upon their acceptance with a dowry! Their friends, their relatives, will receive with scorn the village-girl, whom chance has raised out of the dust; and *there*, no less than *here*, I shall be alone against the contempt of those around me. Why have I not strength of mind to lay aside these fine clothes, and return to the humble station in which I was born? Why cannot I reduce my desires to nature's level? Alas! alas! why, rather, did Madame la Duchesse raise me from my apportioned sphere? Unfitted by my birth for my present station—unfitted by my present station for the sphere of my birth, the purposes of my Almighty Creator seem to have been wantonly frustrated. Yet, since it is his will to humiliate and chastise me, let me pray, at least, for a more Christian spirit of resignation, to reconcile me with my appointed trials."

But this spirit came not at her call. The rebellious tone of the supplicant who sought, as for her own merits, obtained no favour in the sight

of Heaven; while, as she grew in years, Clarice became only more susceptible to the irritations of her situation. At length, a bitter source of evil mingled with the current of her destinies.

Among the habitual and most favoured guests of the château, was a nephew of Madame de Brissac, a younger and orphan son of a sister to whom she had been tenderly attached. The Vicomte d'Arnonville was a model of the best order of the ancient nobility of the unregenerated Court of the Bourbons. Young, handsome, brilliant, ignorant, idle, vain, self-complacent, and egotistical, Adolphe possessed the redeeming qualifications of courage, a high sense of honour, and a chivalrous courtesy of demeanour, which became almost a virtue in one so selfish and so indolent. He was in every way endowed to fascinate the admiration of an inexperienced woman; and few were the women of the Court of Versailles whose attention he had not attracted. The young Viscount was not, however (for the times), a determined libertine. He was neither a Fronsac nor a Lauzun; perhaps because his self-love inspired him with a distate for the incessant embarrassments and annoyances entailed upon the vocation of *un homme à bonnes fortunes*. He allowed himself to be wooed, but was not *always* won; even his gallantry was tinctured with the listless but not uncalculating egotism of his mode of life. It sufficed, therefore, when, shortly after his return from a tour in Italy with his elder brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, he presented himself at Mousseaux, and first beheld the interesting *protégée* of the Duchess—it sufficed for his aunt to recommend Clarice to his forbearance, as a young person whom it was her intention to settle respectably in life, for Adolphe to limit his attentions within the bounds of common courtesy. He was more kind, indeed—more considerate—than the generality of those by whom the château was frequented; for the Viscount, naturally good-natured, was not in the habit of inflicting pain upon others, unless where his own interests or convenience especially demanded the effort; and he was often at the trouble of opening a door, closing a window, picking up a book, or even going in search of the Duchess's white spaniel, for the sake of receiving from Mademoiselle Clarice one of those bright sunshiny smiles with which she involuntarily recompensed his magnanimity.

It was not, however, these commonplace civilities which blinded the eyes of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* to his defects, or induced her to "fancy merit where she saw it not." But the lowly-born was, as we have already noticed, highly and finely organized. She possessed all the instincts of a pure and delicate taste; and the graceful manners of Adolphe d'Arnonville—his refinement of voice and conversation—the playfulness of his wit—his sprightly mode of relating and commenting on the anecdote of the day, rendered his arrival at the château as much a holiday to herself as to Madame de Brissac. In pursuance of the custom of disposing of the unportioned younger sons of the nobility, he had been engaged from his childhood in the Order of Malta, with a view to obtaining the Commandery of St. John of the Island, which, in former days, had been the appanage of his house. But he was not yet received a Knight. Certain irregularities of conduct were supposed to have placed a serious obstacle to his preferment; and it was rumoured in the household of Madame de Brissac, that the object of her nephew's deference and assiduity was to cause himself to be nominated heir to her

estates, and thus obtain a remission from his uncompleted vows. He was even said to have formed an attachment, rendering the prospects of a life of celibacy insupportable to his feelings.

All this did but augment the interest he had excited in the heart of Clarice. She now saw in him a victim—a victim like herself; and her whole sympathy connected itself with his fortunes. She had good reason to know that Madame de Brissac meditated no such disposal of her property as he was said to anticipate; and from the moment the tale of his passion, and its projects, reached her ear, she could scarce refrain, while she noted the patient devotion of his time to the caprices and exactions of her benefactress, to whisper, "Seek some other mode of exemption from the restraints that await you. Exert yourself elsewhere to secure your happiness. The inheritance of the Duchess will never, never afford you a pretext of release from your vows as a Knight of St. John."

Clarice had, however, sufficient delicacy to feel that it was not for *her* to seek the confidence of a man of the age and condition of the Viscount. He returned, therefore, a frequent guest to the château, still to be the companion of her rides and walks with the Duchess. On the river, in the beautiful forest of Lénart, among the lofty groves and *charmilles*, he was constantly by her side. He sang with elegance, talked with brilliancy; the very tone of his voice, and idiom of his discourse, betrayed the man of refinement. If Clarice might be termed a *chef d'œuvre* of nature, Adolphe d'Arnonville exhibited the utmost perfection of art. The commonplaces of life derived a tone of originality from his mode of utterance; the most ordinary actions appeared embellished by his sprightliness; and Clarice fancied she had formed as intimate an acquaintance with the court and courtiers of Versailles, from his frequent descriptions, as if she had passed her life in that region of splendour and futility.

With these sketches, there now began to intermix a thousand details which must have excited strong indignation in the mind of the Duchess, even had they not been related with the glowing energy characteristic of the political opinions of her nephew. The fermentation of the revolutionary leaven was beginning to be perceptible even at Versailles. The murmurs of the people had reached even unto the King's chamber; the eloquence of Mirabeau had roused the echoes of respondent Europe; and man was beginning to feel and assert himself man, whether festooned with a blue riband, or with the rags of humiliating penury. All this the Viscount related to admiration; sometimes with the bitter sneer of a courtier—sometimes with the angry eloquence of wounded pride. In all cases, the Duchess applauded with enthusiasm; and Clarice, though she did not applaud, was approvingly silent; for though her inborn soul was with the triumphs of the people, her heart was with the "*homme de qualité*" by whom those triumphs were held up to hatred or derision.

Meanwhile, the stir and tumult of the kingdom hourly increased; the emigration of the nobility commenced; and the King and Queen were held prisoners in their palace of the Tuileries. But the greater the danger incurred by the intemperate line of conduct pursued by young d'Arnonville, the more obstinate, the more chivalrous grew his adherence to the Royal cause. He adopted loyalty as a religion; and probably

without anticipating (for who *did*—who *could* anticipate) the fearful outrages consequent on the intoxication of freedom among the emancipated helots of the realm, already he denounced the liberal party as plunderers and assassins. In vain did Clarice, by a few incidental words of remonstrance, attempt to moderate the rash fervour of his zeal. To tell him that he was incurring personal hazard to no good end was but to inflame his anti-revolutionary ardour; and though she implored him to be prudent for the sake of those who loved him, if not for his own, the terms of the adjuration did not so much as excite his notice.

One circumstance, in all this, afforded some consolation to the *demoiselle de compagnie*. In the general disorganization which was beginning to confuse and confound all ranks of society, Adolphe was already brought nearer to her. The approximation was scarcely perceptible to any but herself. But *she* felt that he was now glad to secure a submissive companion—a patient auditor of his diatribes; *she* felt that his arm was now offered as her support during their prolonged promenades; since his favourite coteries had been broken up, and his idols dispersed, he was moved to perceive, for the first time, that the large hazel eyes which fixed themselves so sympathizingly upon his own while he related to the Duchesse de Brissac the humiliations of Marie Antoinette, and the afflictions of Madame Elizabeth, were far more expressive than those of the most fashionable beauty of the noble Faubourg. He had not, in fact, conceived that a *roturière* could be so graceful; and began to inquire within himself whether noble blood might not, by some indirect means, flow in the veins of the *Paysanne parvenue*.

At last came the trial of the King; and foremost among those imprudent partizans whose vehemence endangered his cause was the Vicomte d'Arnonville. But he endangered not alone the royal cause; his own life was now in imminent peril, and his name on the lists of proscription. His only chance of safety remained in flight. A prudent, or perhaps a generous inspiration arrested his steps. The Duc de Brissac was already a captive in the clutch of the Jacobins; as the nearest kinsman of the Duchess, as her heretofore assiduous cavalier, he felt, therefore, that he could do no less than offer his services to her protection. Already Adolphe had been compelled to desert his habitation in the now spoliated and confiscated hotel of his brother, the Prince d'Arnonville, in the Rue de Lille. The very atmosphere of the Faubourg St. Germain, where his person was as well known as the towers of St. Sulpice, would have been fatal to him; and he had even some apprehension of making his appearance overtly in the quarter where he might procure a conveyance to Mousseaux. It occurred to him, however, since disguise was now his only resource against detection, to make his way on foot to the village of Berey, under cover of night; and there, having procured the dress of a waterman, to seek a passage in the first return stone-barge or wood-raft making its way up the Seine towards Burgundy; whence it would be easy to gain the shore, at the ferry of Ris or Evry.

The autumn was already far advanced, and Clarice, dispirited alike by the fearful aspect of public affairs, and the impaired health of her protectress, which rendered all agitation perilous, and a long journey impossible, began to shudder as she listened to every shrill blast whis-

tling along the lofty arcades of Mousseaux. The lime-trees were already divested of their leaves; and the reddened foliage of the cloistral-looking avenues of chestnuts fell to the ground in crisp showers with every fresh eddy of the wind. Even the blue waters of the Seine bore against the opposite embankment of Soisy, in curling waves that imparted a chilly, comfortless aspect to the autumnal landscape. Three times since the commencement of the King's trial had the mansion of the Duchess been subjected to domiciliary visits on the part of the heads of the revolutionary committee sitting at Corbeil; and at the first of these, the beauty of the young *demoiselle de compagnie* had attracted the favourable notice of a certain citizen, Marc Antoine Delamarre, the son of an ex-steward of an ex-nobleman of the province of Champagne; who, perceiving that the denunciation of the Marquis, his seigneur, might afford a more lucrative return, than even the habitual malversations of his stewardship, had sent his master to the scaffold, and his son into the fiercest ranks of republican convention. But Marc Antoine, though sanguinary and unprincipled, had a heart open as day, or as his classic namesake, to the influence of the fairer sex. For the sake of the pleading words of Clarice, accordingly, and still more for the sake of her hazel eyes, he had rendered his interrogation of the "aristocrate" of Mousseaux more forbearing than altogether became his functions; on the second visit he had openly avowed to the lovely mediatress the motive of his unwonted humanity, inviting her to desert the cause of the titled fools, who despised her, and become the companion of an honest *sans-culotte;* and, on the third, finding his proposition treated with silent contempt, had burst into a tirade of injurious invective, which unluckily had the effect of rousing all the hitherto repressed energies of his Cleopatra. It was not what he said of herself, or *to* herself, that she resented; but his menaces against Madame de Brissac were accompanied by so gross and groundless a vilification of her character, that the grateful Clarice could no longer subdue her indignation. She knew that whatever might be the corruptions of the Court, the life of her benefactress was blameless; and boldly challenging the insolent accuser, excited against herself such a complication of rage and passion, that her danger was now equally urgent, from the love and hatred of her adversary. For that time, however, she was safe. The instructions of Delamarre were not such as to authorize him in the arrest of Madame de Brissac, or her *protég'e.* He therefore contented himself with uttering threats for the future.

It was on the day following this frightful scene that Clarice, having escaped from the heated atmosphere of the *boudoir* of Madame de Brissac, to refresh herself with momentary aspiration of purer air, and to collect her thoughts in solitary self-communion—was pacing, with agitated steps, the labyrinth adjoining the river, when she perceived one of the rush-rafts so common at that place and season, suddenly pause opposite the gardens, and steer towards the shore. A minute afterwards, a man habited in the vest and broad straw-hat of a fisher of the Seine leaped on shore; and while the raft was pointed back towards the current of the stream, she saw him descend into the fosse of the *saut-de-loup* surrounding the park, and having, with great agility, ascended the opposite wall, make his way towards the terrace. Clarice stopped short, and trembled. It was not that for a moment she dreaded to discover Marc Antoine in the person of this mysterious intruder. The eyes of affection have a

searching glance; and, in a moment, she had detected the gallant, gay Adolphe, under the sordid weeds of his disguise. When, therefore, he advanced familiarly towards her, and, trusting to the high espaliers of the labyrinth to screen them from observation, drew her arm under his, pressed the trembling hand that lay upon his sleeve, and whispered the tale of his danger—the tale of his devotion, in a tone very different from that of his usual sprightly impertinence, Clarice could scarcely refrain from blessing the misfortunes which seemed to have extinguished the painful inequality between them.

Dear as was young Arnonville to his noble kinswoman, his arrival, though prompted by such generous motives, seemed but to add to her perplexities. An ancient maître d'hôtel of her neighbour the Duchess de Bourbon had been despatched back to Petit Bourg by that considerate friend, to be the guide of her projected flight to the frontier; and she foresaw that a guardian so impetuous as Adolphe would but augment the perils of the journey. Nevertheless she could but gratefully thank his intended services, more particularly when they were again and again pointed out by Clarice to her admiration; and it was finally agreed among them that, on the following evening, the Duchess and Clarice, with the Viscount disguised as a postilion, should quit the château, *en calèche*, as if for an ordinary excursion; proceed with their own horses as far as Etampes, where their persons were unknown, obtain relays of post-horses, and proceed onward to the coast. This plan satisfactorily arranged, Madame de Brissac related to her nephew the eventful history of the insults they had recently undergone; enlarging with much eloquence upon the passion kindled by Clarice in the susceptible breast of Monsieur Marc Antoine Delamarre; and the burst of rage with which the announcement of his pretensions was received by Adolphe might almost seem to justify the flush of delight and triumph with which every flattering word that fell from his lips was treasured up by his devoted votaress. Mistaking the excitement with which the eventfulness of the times had animated his listless demeanour, for the first expansion of a more liberal frame of mind, she fancied herself becoming dear to him; she fancied that when the deluge of the revolution should subside, all things on earth would be found reduced to the level of nature, and that the frame of society in France could not again renew its artificial distinctions. Never had poor Clarice been so happy as on that evening of consternation; when, seated beside the sofa of Madame de Brissac, with Adolphe at her feet, they formed wild projects for the future, as if their destinies were inextricably interwoven.

But, at a very early hour on the following morning, a new alarm spread through the château. A young man employed in the *octroi* of Corbeil, whose appointment had originated in the interest of Madame de Brissac, had been moved by feelings of gratitude to give them furtive information that they were about to be subjected to a fourth domiciliary visit; and that Delamarre, forewarned of their flight, had determined to arrest them. The first idea of Clarice, on obtaining this painful intelligence, was the concealment of Adolphe d'Arnonville; for *his* name was actually on the lists of proscription;—*him* Delamarre would be amply justified in consigning to the hands of the law. Five minutes, however, sufficed to immure him in one of the vaults of the château, originally destined to receive the produce of the extensive vineyards formerly

attached to the domain; and when at midday Marc Antoine actually made his appearance at the head of his detachment, the poor girl felt satisfied that, whatever calamities might befall herself, the object of her affections was secure.

"Look you, *citoyenne* would-be-aristocrat!" cried Delamarre, seizing the arm of Clarice as she was about to take her station beside the Duchess, while the château was submitted to the ordinary search for arms and suspected persons, "I have obtained due warning of your projected emigration. If the examination now instituting by my people should afford any shadow of grounds for your arrest,—nay, should it not, but at my own hazard and instigation,—I will consign both you and your mistress to the revolutionary tribunal of Corbeil, which has already sent the decapitated carcases of so many titled traitors floating yonder into Paris, to rejoice the sight of the good patriots of the Grève. In pity, however, to your youth and folly, I first offer you once more the means of redemption. Be mine, and the old woman yonder may make her way towards her kindred in emigration, without obstruction or hinderance. You call yourself grateful, Citoyenne Clarice. I give you an occasion to save the life of her who from your childhood has fed you, clothed you, loved you,—and yet you hesitate!"

"My poor Clarice!" faltered the Duchess, casting a wistful eye upon the young girl, whom she affectioned as a pet and companion, but by no means so dearly as to overcome the selfish terrors of her own heart.

"Decide, young woman," cried Delamarre; "the alternative will not long exist to perplex you:" and, taking a roll of papers from his vest, he proceeded to fill up a blank warrant of arrest with her own name and that of the ex-Duchess.

"Grant me but till this hour to-morrow for decision!" cried Clarice, with a look of wan despair, and having already taken a desperate resolution. "Since I must needs part from my generous benefactress, afford me at least one day to gain courage for our eternal separation."

And Marc Antoine, better informed perhaps than she imagined, as to her motives for the request, jerked his papers back into his pocket with a significant smile; and after a moment's communication with the serjeant of the municipal guard, sneeringly announced his acquiescence in the demand of Clarice. He informed her, with an air half-tender, half-contemptuous, that at the meridian hour of the following day he should return to seek his bride,—or his victim;—and straightway departed, not judging it necessary to acquaint her that three of his men were posted in the premises, to keep due watch over the movements of the château.

At nightfall, accordingly, Clarice, satisfied that they were once more secure from observation, ventured forth into the corridors, and, escorted by the old steward, descended the concealed staircase to liberate her beloved prisoner. But lo! a rude hand was laid upon her shoulder as she placed her key in the stone door of the vault, and a gruff voice thanked her for having yielded a clue to the secret which the citizen Delamarre was so intent on discovering.

Having summoned, by a shrill whistle, his brethren in authority, the serjeant, whose *ruse* was now successful, had little difficulty in forcing the door against the resistance of Adolphe; and the promiscuous discharge of the pistols with which the prisoner had been provided by the

care of Clarice, unfortunately produced no other effect than that of inflicting a severe wound upon that generous protectress! The poor girl stood leaning against the wall of the vault, bathed in her blood, and half fainting from weakness, while Adolphe, overpowered by numbers, was captured and heavily ironed. The aid of the servants of the house was requisite indeed to remove her from the fatal spot,—not yet, however, so insensible to all that was passing around her as not to hear with distinctness the parting apostrophe of Arnonville,—"Clarice, dearest Clarice! make no sacrifice you are likely to repent. Let not the danger of your friends impel you into a rash and miserable marriage!"

"He is not indifferent, then, to my fate!" murmured she, as she lay writhing on the bed of pain, awaiting the arrival of the surgeon, who had been summond to her assistance. "Ah! when I thought he cared no more for me than for the spaniel sporting at his feet, even then I would not for a moment have placed my own happiness in competition with his safety; but now, what would I not do, what suffer for his sake!"

A few hours afterwards, and while yet labouring under the harassing effects of her wound, the immolation of Clarice was completed. She had signed an engagement with Marc Antoine Delamarre to become his wife so soon as her restoration to health might admit; and to accompany him to St. John of the Island, the ruins of which were converted by the Conventional Government into a *poudrière*, or powder-mill, under the direction of their good and faithful servant the Citoyen Delamarre, to whose domicile was assigned the adjoining mansion of the Knight Commander of the Order. Clarice scarcely shuddered when she reflected on the signature to this fatal promise; for, thanks to the promptitude of her self-sacrifice, Madame de Brissac and her nephew were already safe, on their road to the frontier, with the connivance of Delamarre. There had been no farewell interview between Adolphe and his kinswoman and the generous Clarice. The Duchess protested that she had not courage to witness the agony which was the price of her redemption from bondage; and Clarice scarcely desired to augment her own misery by the pangs of parting.

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A year from that afflicting moment had passed away. Arnonville was fighting with the armies of Condé, Madame de Brissac telling her beads in the gloomy walls of Holyrood; the Château de Mousseaux levelled with the ground; its gardens devastated; its fine woods sold for the benefit of the nation. Blood had been poured forth like water from one end of revolutionized France to the other; whole families were swept away; and the grave-yards of the *Madelaine* and *Les Innocens* of Paris were fattened with the multitudes of dead.

But Clarice still lived,—if life that could be termed which was estrangement from herself. From the day of the Duchess's departure, her mind had been never wholly coherent. She was aware, indeed, of the sufferings that had befallen her; but sometimes she appeared to know more, sometimes less than the truth. Yet, by some strange perversity, the passion of Delamarre seemed only to increase with her infirmity. He had consulted the best physicians in her behalf; and received an assurance that the mind disordered in its faculties by the strong emotions of some great crisis, is often, by a second crisis, restored to tranquillity. Clarice was about to become a mother; and it was augured that the strong excitement of her new position might suddenly recall her scattered

wits. She was what is termed "harmless;" betrayed her aberration of intellect only by an unmeaning, ill-timed laugh, or some disjointed apostrophe; and Delamarre, still cherishing a hope that she might one day recover and reward his forbearance and assiduity by becoming an affectionate and complacent wife, was too well satisfied to retain the power of gazing upon her delicate and now almost etherial loveliness, to suffer her to be removed to a place of confinement. Two rooms, overlooking the gardens of the Abbey, were devoted to her use; and a nurse appointed to watch over her movements.

The time for her deliverance approached, and at length a fair girl nestled in the unconscious bosom of the lunatic. But reason returned not with the formation of this new and potent tie to life and happiness. Clarice laughed as wildly and strangely as ever, when the innocent creature was tendered to her embraces; and when consulted what name should be enregistered as that of her daughter, she answered, with a vacant smile, "Call her Adolphe,—call her Adolphe!"

Delamarre was fortunately not present to witness this disappointment of his expectations with respect to the influence of the birth of his child upon his wife's recovery. For some previous weeks, indeed, he had been compelled to leave the direction of the *poudrière* almost entirely in the hands of his foreman, and absent himself from the island for the execution of other official duties. The Reign of Terror was at its climax; and every day he received rebukes from those in authority, for the mildness with which his crusade against the aristocrats was prosecuted. The names of Brissac and Arnonville were specially enumerated in the charges brought against his zeal in the good cause; and it appeared that his own sole chance of escape from denunciation lay in increased severity of creed and action. He began to foresee the probability of falling under a sentence such as he had often been the means of fulfilling towards others; and scarcely dared to return to the lofty shades and green meadows of the island-convent. He had seen Clarice indeed but once since the birth of their child.

It was remarkable that, although the invalid by a vague air of restlessness and inquiry demonstrated her consciousness of his absence, she never inquired into the cause. For many months past she had ceased to betray impatience of his attentions, and was evidently imperfectly aware of his identity. She knew him not as the enemy of her benefactress,—the captor of her lover,—the husband of her sorrow;—she saw in him only an assiduous friend, ever at hand to obey her summons and assuage her sufferings. She bore with him,—she almost loved him; not, it is true, as Marc Antoine Delamarre, but as the being kindest among those by whose kindness she was now surrounded. Yet among them there was one whose devotion was of no common kind, for the woman selected by Delamarre to watch over his afflicted Clarice—was her mother.

Ten days had elapsed since the birth of the infant, and Clarice was just able to totter round her apartment and look forth anew upon the face of nature. The summer was nearly at an end; but there was still perfume enough in the atmosphere of the gardens, and freshness enough in the foliage of the groves, to gratify her languid eyes. She began to miss something from her accustomed companionship.

"He is not here!" faltered she, gazing mournfully in the face of her mother. "It is long since he was here. When will he come again?"

"Of whom are you speaking, *ma cherie?*" inquired the old woman.

"Of *him*—of Adolphe!" replied Clarice (for she had acquired a habit of calling every thing and every one that pleased her by the name of Arnonville). "Doubtless they have discovered him—arrested him. He is in the dungeons of Mousseaux; mother, let us go in search of him."

Aware that the poor maniac adverted to her husband, and expecting from hour to hour the return of Delamarre, the old woman contrived to pacify her for a time; but towards evening, as she was sitting musing beside the open window, the bells of St. Spire and St. Leonard of Corbeil—then converted into infantry barracks—suddenly rang out, as if in proclamation of some occasion of public rejoicing.

"Something great and good has happened!" cried Clarice, starting up; "I hear at a distance the acclamations of the people! Adolphe has escaped."

"What can have occurred?" ejaculated the old woman; and, putting forth her head from the window, she called aloud to the workmen, who, although the powder-mill was closed at dusk, often loitered about the premises on errands of their own. But no answer! not a soul was stirring!

Again the bells struck up a merry peal; and, excited as she was by the joyous sound, the infirm mother of Delamarre's wife little suspected how glorious were the tidings which produced these public demonstrations. Robespierre was no more—the Reign of Terror was at an end! The intelligence had just reached Corbeil, and young and old were pouring forth into the streets and market-place, with mutual congratulations.

"She is quiet enough to-night; I will just step down to the offices and inquire the meaning of all this joy and tumult," muttered the old woman to herself, when even her imperfect hearing was startled by the shouts of the distant multitude; and, having uttered an imperative injunction to Clarice not to attempt to quit the apartment during her absence (the surest mode by which she could have pointed out to the maniac that she was accidentally at liberty), the old woman locked the door and stole down stairs, promising to return in a moment. But the offices to which she repaired were solitary—there was not a single soul on the premises; and having left Clarice musing and melancholy, safe in her nursing chair, the inquisitive old lady assured herself that no harm could arise from her hastening through the cemetery towards the mill at the extremity of the island, to prosecute her inquiries. "The poor child wants so sadly to know the cause of all this bell-ringing," was her apology to herself, for her indiscretion; and away she scudded under the trees, enchanted at the prospect of a moment's gossip with *la mère Pinson* at the mill.

The first object that struck her on arriving there (revealed by the light streaming from the windows, upon the little wooden bridge crossing the Juigné) was the person of her son-in-law.

"*Que diable fais-tu ici?*" was his instant salutation—an invocation which, but for her terror of the violence of her son-in-law, she might have been content to reiterate. "What was *he*, so long absent, doing there at last?"

"I came at the request of Clarice to ascertain what was going on," said she, checking herself; "and now, let us return to the house."

"At the request of Clarice? Heaven be thanked! She is then suffi-

ciently restored to feel an interest in what is going on around her! For once the doctors were right."

"Not altogether, I fear," faltered the old woman in reply; "our poor child can scarcely yet be said to enjoy the right use of her senses. Yet on such topics ——"

"You have not surely left her *alone?*" cried Delamarre, as they were traversing the young plantation of poplars leading to the boundary wall of the cemetery.

"She was so calm, so tranquil this evening, that I considered ——"

"*Did* you leave her *alone?*" persisted Delamarre, in a voice of thunder. "Speak out!"

"I *did* then; but ——"

"Infernal fool!" ejaculated the agonized husband, hastening his steps; "how dared you neglect my orders?"

But on reaching the wall of the churchyard leading to the commander's house, a spectacle was before him that suspended the words of imprecation on his lips!

Extending from the second story of his house to a range of offices—formerly the farm-sheds of the convent, but for some time past serving as a temporary powder-magazine—was a massive but ruinous wall, part of that portion of the Abbey of St. John which was demolished on the ejection of the monks. At the farther extremity was a tower, partly standing at the present day, and said to have been originally used as a prison for recalcitrant brethren of the Order; and on the summit of this wall, bending, or rather climbing, her way towards the dilapidated turret, stood Clarice, holding a lighted taper in one hand, and with the other folding closely around her the white draperies of her night-dress. On discovering herself alone, engrossed as she was by the fixed idea of going to deliver Adolphe from his imprisonment, she had escaped by a window leading to the wall; and, thanks to the aërial lightness of her attenuated figure, and the rash security of her unshrinking steps, had hitherto escaped destruction.

Delamarre perceiving in a moment that a miracle alone could save her, felt, with a sad and sudden conviction, that of such a miracle he was wholly undeserving! He dared not even raise his voice to Heaven to sue for its mercy in the preservation of his wife! All he could do was to seize the old woman with imperious violence, and clasp his hands over her mouth, to prevent the utterance of a single outcry, which might be fatal to her child.

The night was dark; and the taper burning in the hands of Clarice derived a sort of unnatural brilliancy from the contrast of its gloom; it was still, too, as it was obscure—scarcely a breath of air was stirring among the lime-trees; and Delamarre could distinctly hear the bricks of the ruined wall, displaced and falling to the earth at every step hazarded by the poor lunatic! Never had her sweet countenance appeared more lovely to him than now, when irradiated by the strong light of that solitary taper; for her looks were brightened by the sweetest of smiles—she was happy—she fancied herself once more in pursuit of Adolphe!

So entrancing was the perturbation of Delamarre, as he stood with his eyes fixed on that appalling apparition, that even had he not known that the preservation of Clarice depended upon her not being startled, he was incapable of the utterance of a single syllable. His heart was swelling with hope almost to suffocation, for already Clarice had attained

more than midway of her hazardous career; and she was now passing over the sheds serving as magazines: which, were she to fall, must necessarily break her descent and diminish her peril. But, mercy of mercies, a new danger now presented itself. The lighted taper! The powder!

Scarcely had this fearful notion occurred to Delamarre, when a shock as of an earthquake laid him and his companion prostrate on the earth; while, high in air—so high as to be perceptible as far as Choisy on one side and Melun on the other,—rose a burst of impetuous flame, reddening the heavens as with an announcement of the wrath of God,—an announcement spoken in thunders, even as when the Almighty communed on Mount Sinai with the rulers of his people!

Just as poor Clarice attained that portion of the ruins overhanging the magazine, the bells of St. Spire had unfortunately renewed their joyous peals, and her irrepressible start at the sound had proved fatal! Falling upon the very spot used by the workmen for packing canisters of powder, the overthrow of her taper among the particles had ignited them, and the ignition communicated itself to the vast store of barrels in the shed beyond; and, in an instant, the roar of the detonation announced that all was over.

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The blackened and defaced walls of the Church of St. John of the Island still announce the dread event by which their ruin was completed; and, in a gloomy corner of the old cemetery, overshadowed by the drooping boughs of an ancient chestnut-tree, is a small mound—greener than the rest of its turf—which covers the fair corse rescued by Delamarre, after many days' exertion, from the ruins. Horror-struck by the miseries provoked by his own ungovernable passions, Delamarre, immediately after the interment, sent in his resignation of the post of Director of the republican powder-mill of St. John of the Island, and departed, with his infant child, to a distant part of the country. When next he was heard of at Corbeil, he was married again—prudently—wisely—and the father of two sons.

And now that the events of the first Revolution are forgotten in the hopes and promises of a second, those sons, redeemed from their father's ignominy by the purchase of a *savonnette à vilain*, enjoy titles, wealth, distinction, in the gay circles of the French metropolis. They know nothing of the young sister, who lived not to share with them their father's inheritance; still less of the beautiful—the gifted—the sacrificed Clarice Delamarre—who sleeps in the secluded cemetery beside the waters of the Juigné. In the brilliant coteries of the Faubourg St. Honoré—in the *foyer* of the Italians—at Tortoni's—at the Salon—they sometimes meet the infirm Duc d'Arnonville, who, by the death of his brother, acceded some years ago to that title. Surprised by the eagerness with which the antediluvian libertine fixes his gaze upon them, they naturally attribute his inquisitorial glances to the excellence of their tailors, and of their own taste.

How could it occur to such men, that their importance in the eyes the favourite of Charles X. might be traced to a little heap of mouldering dust in the cemetery of St. John of the Island?

THE FEMALE OPIUM-EATER!

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

I.

THERE was a noble lady as fair as fair could be,
And when she did whate'er she pleased, a gentle dame was she;
But when controll'd, her dark eye told of rage within restrain'd,
And she ceased to be a gentle dame—until her point was gain'd.
Her lover in the city dwelt, full three long leagues away;
Her uncle bade her spurn the youth—oh! how could she obey!
She nightly wept, she never slept; at length she thought she'd try
An opium draught, which ev'ry morn her page went forth to buy.

II.

"Why daily goes thy page to town?" her noble uncle cries;
"To seek the doctor's shop," says she, "where opium draughts he buys."
"What need hast thou of opium draughts?"—"I'd fain forget the past,
And all my former foolishness is fading from me fast."
The uncle smiled, well pleased at this, and walk'd away content;
And unmolested to the town the page was daily sent;
And daily from the town he brought a bottle of small size;
His lady snatch'd it from his hand, and bore away the prize.

III.

She bore it to her secret bower, and then she turn'd the key,
And there were none her words to hear, and none her acts to see;
She daily round the bottle found a short sweet sentence traced,
She broke the seal, and then began unfolding it in haste,
And then she read with throbbing heart, (love's ardour never stops!)
Till she devoured the contents (the *writing*, not the drops):
And daily from her casement high the opium draughts did flow,
Till on a shelf stood fifty empty bottles in a row!

IV.

Upon that grim and ghastly row the lady's maid did gaze;
The footman to their hollowness a wondering glance did raise;
The page who saw them, simpering, said, "Alas! 'tis pretty clear,
If she takes so much doctor's stuff, *she will not long be here!*"
Her uncle saw the bottles, too, and saw them with affright;
He counted them—he scarcely could believe he counted right!
"The dose too strong—thou'lt dose too long; at counsel do not scoff;
Some night, my dear, a drop too much may chance *to take thee off!*"

V.

Next morn the page went early forth along the well-known track,
And soon with the composing draught composedly rode back;
A doctor, (it was rumour'd,) muffled up, was by his side,
But one beneath the doctor's cloak a soldier's garb espied!
That night (*by medical advice*) the dame tried *change of air!*
This bulletin her uncle read next morning in despair—
"The dear departed owns your warning words were true enough,
By bottle number fifty-one *your niece was taken off!*"

T. H. B.

NOTES ON NATIONALITIES.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"I HATE the French," says the one-legged sailor of Goldsmith, "because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes." This sentiment is not extravagantly portrayed, for there are a great many people whose patriotism is a horse of the same colour; and in these individuals I dare affirm the wooden shoes come in for a greater share of hatred than the slavery: such a perversity governs the passions of men, that they seldom love or hate one another for the right reason. I know not whether Beranger had the above expression in view when he penned his ironical *Anglomane*, but the introductory couplet furnishes quite a pendant to Jack's unsophisticated antigallican speech—

"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,
G—d dam moi! j'aime les Anglais."

Which I propose to translate—

John Bull you wear a shocking bad hat,
But, sacré! I don't dislike you for that.

Leaving it very plain that he thinks it fair not to like a man who insconces his caput in a felt of outlandish proportions. Some of these antipathies have been conquered on both sides, but the two nations have their own modes of thinking still. All men were sent into the world for the same end, yet it seems they will think differently on points where one would suppose they were made to agree. We know that mankind differ, and we have a thousand ingenious reasons to account for these differences, but I am not aware that I recollect a satisfactory one.

Human nature, according to the oft-repeated maxim, is the same everywhere. Now general maxims I hold to be worth very little: they are commonly either false or insignificant. It is true that all men have the same passions, but it is not true that they universally assume the same modes of operation, or lead to the same results, or exhibit the same moral phenomena in their progress and effects. It is a dangerous error to trust altogether to this crude principle in our calculations upon the conduct of men. When Augustine Iturbide returned to Mexico from his banishment, doubtless he expected the result would be an exact copy of Napoleon's return from Elba, on the strength of the popular maxim; but what was the consequence? Napoleon regained a throne, and Iturbide was shot for a runaway. Such are the miscalculations of those who confide in general maxims, and do not make proper distinctions.

Leaving this, however, for the moralist or the metaphysician to explain, I will only remark further, that let men differ as they will in their modes of thinking, they appear to be aiming at the same point,—they all wish to think right. All nations, however rude or savage, have some idea of a quality which they praise under the name of virtue, goodness, justice, or the like, although their habits may exhibit some points which strike our eyes as contradictions to such an idea. The South African, who lives by plundering the flocks and herds of his neighbour, has certain notions of property which do not precisely tally with the code of laws in which we glory. A Caffre chief was once put to his catechism

by one of the missionaries. "What is the chief end of man?" asked the divine. "To steal cattle," was the ingenuous reply.

Now the honest missionary, who looked, I dare say, for some refined theological subtilty in answer to his query, was much shocked at this strange answer, and fell straightway into some very dismal surmises as to the morals of a people who made such an open profession of thieving; yet do you think the Caffre might not be an upright man after his own fashion? In the matter of quadrupeds, to be sure, he is not a text for our handling, but in other respects he might be just, and veracious, and beneficent,—in short, an honest man, in spite of his kill-cow principles.

It is equally clear that the French may be a good sort of people in spite of their wooden shoes. The anecdote perhaps is yet remembered of the Englishman in a coffee-house who refused to sit at the same table with his neighbour because he never ate mustard with his beef. This difference alone completely occupied his mind, and under the impression thus created, he looked upon the mustard-avoider as a being of a distinct species. The thing was natural: in comparing other people with ourselves, we are struck vastly more by the differences than by the resemblances. How many there still remain among us, who in imagining a Frenchman, do not consider the thousand characteristics which he has in common with themselves, but think only of fiddling, frog-eating, and *parley voo!*

But let all that pass; my purpose is to specify a few national peculiarities rather than to account for them. Are the English more humane than the French, or the reverse? The French are allowed to be the more polite, and as politeness is the outward expression of good feeling, it follows that the French exhibit more external evidence of humanity. This, however, is not the question, as it is possible to do the most disagreeable things in the politest manner in the world. The French avoid sanguinary punishments, and their juries have the greatest aversion to convict capitally. The disregard of human life in street-accidents seems to be vastly greater in London than in Paris, or indeed than in any other city. Not even in the Toledo of Naples, where the whole city is out of doors, and horses and carriages are perpetually driving through the dense mass of population, is it possible to witness the hundredth part of those occurrences which meet the eye in the London journals under the title of "Cab and Omnibus Nuisance," or "Accident from furious Driving."

A Frenchman is more cheerful than an Englishman—that is, in company, for a Frenchman appears to be miserable when left alone. On this point the Englishman has certainly the advantage, as he is not dependent upon others for enjoyment. Nevertheless, the sociality of the Frenchman appears the more amiable: give him salad, soup, and chatter, and he wants nothing more to fill up the day. The Frenchman makes a parade of his feelings: the Englishman studies to conceal them. The one affects the enthusiast, and the other the stoic. A Frenchman does not forget that the world is looking on him even *à l'article de mort.* How many smart sayings were prepared for utterance at the last moment by those who fell by the guillotine during the reign of terror! The *perruquier* who, a few weeks since, committed suicide, because, according to his own account, he had calculated all his chances, and found he could never be so great a man as Napoleon, was perhaps quite sincere

in his grief; but was it not genuine French vanity, the ostentation of feeling, that induced him to make this display? The grief alone did not cause the suicide, but the opportunity of making it known to the world in this very striking and theatrical style was so tempting!

Another incident of a kindred complexion is still more recent. A little girl kills herself in the regular charcoal way, because she feared her parents did not love her! But mark the desire for exhibition and effect even in a child. This little creature had taken the pains to learn to write, solely for the purpose of leaving behind her a letter explaining her motives! She might have done this orally to her parents, her relatives and acquaintance; but this was not sufficient, the world must know it, and a suicide would not be regularly sentimental without a letter. Here again we have the *coup de théâtre*.

Are mankind ever likely to lose their national characteristics? New systems of policy reconcile those who have been accustomed to regard each other as hereditary enemies. The intercourse of travelling and trade, a more liberal interchange of thought by literary intercourse, the reciprocal adoption of foreign customs, and other similar causes, are in action, and not without effect. The Italians drink beer, the French are convinced that the *trottoir* may have its advantages over the *totalité de la rue;* yet is there any disappearance of what constitutes the real distinctions? Are not our neighbours the same in substance that they ever were? The age of chivalry is past among them, and a little alteration in outward behaviour may be remarked, yet they are in substance the men of the *fronde*, of Louis XIV., of the Revolution, and of the empire. Political circumstances have brought in the dynasty of the grocers; yet a Frenchman is a Frenchman still.

It has been remarked that, in times of great political excitement, the French theatres are the most crowded, while the reverse is true in the case of the English. A Frenchman is everything in a crowd, he is nothing alone: only persuade him that *tout le monde* will do this or that, and he is ripe for it at once. Under this excitement there is no excess, good or bad, of which he is not capable. But *sauve qui peut* is a sound that puts his self-possession to flight. Look at a French crew in a shipwreck; what panic, insubordination, blind precipitancy, confusion, and despair! How different from the cool presence of mind which an English sailor preserves in the same circumstances! It is here that the individual is everything. How many a British ship has foundered at sea, and gone down with every man at his post!

Why is John Bull so notorious a grumbler? Why does he grumble at home and grumble abroad?—grumble at his meat, and grumble at his drink? — grumble at sunshine, and grumble at rain? — grumble at Hardy's dishes, and the vintage of Ai?—and at roast beef and heavy wet?—grumble at the fog and smoke of London, and at the sky and landscape of the Campagna Felice?—grumble at quick time, grumble at common time, and grumble against time?—for he confesses to all this, honest man! Is it that John cares more for his personal comfort than other people, or that he only wishes to make a show of this super-serviceable egotism?

Fogs, rain, and raw winds keep the English within doors; hence their occupations and amusements have a fireside character: but the French and Italians are an out-of-door people; they are of the air, airy. An

Italian must have sunshine as a fish must have water; his nature must be changed ere he can live without it. Yet there are strange contradictions here. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," appears to be the motto of the Italians, yet this sensual people produced Dante and Galileo, Tasso and Buonarrotti.

A little girl of my acquaintance at Florence surprised me one day in a pensive mood.

"What are you doing here all alone?"

"I was thinking of something."

"Think! Holy Virgin! *you* think! a *giovanotto* without wife or child! What can you have to think about?"

Now there spoke the true Italian, for without wife or child, which, according to Corporal Trim, are the only things that can make a man sorrowful, one may sit in the sunshine all day, and practise that "sweet do-nothing," which is the *summum bonum* with these people; and while he can do this, no Italian it seems can imagine an inducement to subject himself to the labour of thinking.

Englishmen are proud, Frenchmen are proud, but the Italians are not proud. I must make an exception in the case of the Romans. "*Sono Romano Io*" is an expression that comes forth as majestically as "*Je suis Français moi*," or "Do you know, Sir, I am an Englishman?" But the Roman pride is different from that of the two others: an Englishman's or a Frenchman's pride rests quite as much upon what his nation *is*, as on what it *has been*, but a Roman is proud only of the past, for how can a Roman be proud of anything present except the *materiel* of which his city is composed, and which of course is not the work of his hands? The populace, however, may still believe, for aught I know to the contrary, that the eternal city yet gives laws and legions to the world, since the regular clap-trap at the theatre is the expression, "*Roma invincibile sempre sara.*"

The old caricatures of meagre, starveling Frenchmen are, after all, not without truth. It is impossible to mistake their faces for English—there is a thin, unsubstantial, soup-and-salad appearance about them, which contrasts strikingly with the roast-beef robustiousness of the sturdy *insulaires*. Any one who has seen a French regiment under arms must have been surprised too at the diminutive stature of the soldiery; they are mere boys in height. The newspapers recently furnished us with an account of a decently tall recruit being sent home as unfit for a soldier on account of his height. Some ingenious reason was invented for this, but the true cause was, his comrades could not bear to be reminded of their diminutive looks by comparison with him. If you ask a French officer, he will endeavour to persuade you that short men are selected from choice, because they move quicker, and everything with the French soldiery depends on celerity of movement!—so reluctant is a Frenchman to allow his inferiority in anything. Napoleon's victories have cost the male population three-quarters of an inch of their altitude. The English are an inch taller than the French, but the Yankees are taller still, for they are on an average nearly an inch taller than the English.

The politeness of the Parisians is less the expression of any real amiability of feeling, than a consciousness that it behoves them not to lose sight of the fact that *Paris est le centre du bon gout*. In truth, they are for ever obtruding upon your notice the substance of the old inscription in front of the Louvre—

" Earth no such folks, no folks e'er such a town
As Paris is—sing derry derry down."

One is surprised to remark the interest which old people among the French retain to the last for the amusements and pursuits of their youth. It is common to see aged and grey-headed men as hotly engaged in discussing theatrical affairs as the most hair-brained youngsters of seventeen; and it is quite amusing to note the nicety of their criticisms upon the coiffure of Mademoiselle Mars, or the twirls of Taglioni's toe, when, from the marks of time upon their visages, you would imagine they had little to think of but to make up their accounts for the other world. In scientific pursuits it is the same; the chemist, the geologist, the naturalist, will debate with one foot in the grave, about acids, and strata, and genera, and species, with all the ambitious heat and dogmatism of youth. The Italians have much the same characteristic. Canova, in his last sickness, was told by his physician that he could live but two or three months longer—" *Dunque non faro piu Venere* " was his reply. What a sad reflection, that he should " make no more Venuses !"

What is the main object in life of a Frenchman ?—*Faire claquer son fouet.* Of an Italian ?—*Dolce far niente.* Of an Englishman ?—To be comfortable. The others know not what manner of thing comfort is; they have no word for it, as they have no word for home. What is comfort? It is not pleasure, though it is pleasant—all languages have a word for that. It is the agreeable sensation we have of the absence of some particular distress, or annoyance, or incommodity. A fire in cold weather is comfortable; dry clothes, after we have been wet to the skin, are comfortable; sunshine, after fog or rain, is comfortable—in short, all comforts, properly so called, seem to belong to the ungenial climate of the north, because the discomforts are sufficiently numerous to give rise of necessity to the correlative term. There is therefore a physical reason for the existence of the thing, and a philological one for the existence of the word, among the people of the north exclusively.

Many people find it difficult to account for the difference between the English and the inhabitants of southern Europe, as to temperance in drink. Wine countries, say some, are proverbial for temperance. England produces no wine, therefore the English are not temperate. It is true that in the south of Europe drunkenness is uncommon, but if England produced wine, the habits of the people would nevertheless, I am of opinion, be much the same on this point as they are at present; though wine may be less hurtful than spirit or malt liquor. The truth is, the desire for strong liquors, so common to all northern nations, is owing to peculiarities in their climate and food, rather than the lack of vineyards. These peculiarities are the coldness and moisture of the air, and the use of animal food. Under the soft and genial sky of the south, the native feels no want of that internal stimulant to fortify him against the severity of the elements. His food consists wholly or in a great measure of vegetables—he performs little labour: in both cases you find a reason for his refraining from strong drink.

On the contrary, the inhabitant of the north finds himself perpetually exposed to the unfriendly action of cold and moisture, and the necessity of cordial drinks to counteract their influence seem a part of his constitution by nature. The soil he cultivates is less productive; he labours more, and requires more solid and nourishing aliment than the native of

the south. Animal food is not only a provocative to drink, but, to a certain degree, renders strong liquors necessary to help its digestion. All the northern nations among whom animal food has been common have ever been addicted to the use of strong drink. Beer and mead constituted the nectar of the Scandinavians long before the art of distillation was discovered, or the juice of the grape had been carried into the north. The Tartars, who subsist upon animal food, and can procure neither spirit, wine, nor beer, in the pressure of their necessity for a beverage agreeing with their victuals, will brew an intoxicating liquor from milk: so difficult is it for a flesh eater to be a water drinker.

People have speculated much on the influence of literature upon society. It appears to me that they run the scent the wrong way. We are told that literature forms the manners of a people. This is a mistake. Manners create literature, and not literature manners. The Italians are not sensual and dissolute because Boccaccio wrote licentious tales, but Boccaccio gave free descriptions of free manners already existing. The Voltaires, the Diderots, and the D'Alemberts did not bring about the French Revolution by their writings, according to the vulgar belief; for as Lord Byron truly remarked, the encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without producing a revolution, had not the remote causes previously existed in the social and political institutions of the country. The literature of any age or country will always reflect to a certain degree the manners and opinions current at the time, but the causes which mould a national character lie deeper than in the pens of individuals who sit in their closets to write, for the amusement of those who sit in their closets to read.

The most polite, good-natured, and amiable among the Italians are the Tuscans. The politeness of the Parisians is, in a great degree, mere grimace; but the civility of the Florentines is the expression of much real kindliness of feeling. The Romans are notoriously surly and suspicious, in comparison, let it be understood, with the other Italians. The Neapolitans exhibit great extremes: nothing can be more cringingly servile than the behaviour of some, nothing can exhibit more impudent effrontery than the behaviour of others. They are utterly devoid of any sense of that quality with which we are so familiar by the name of *impertinence*. A fellow will pick your pocket while you are buying an orange of him in the street, and if caught in the act he will laugh in your face, and expect a continuance of your custom as if nothing had happened. A cicerone whose services you decline will dog you, nevertheless, the whole day long, though you threaten to knock him down an hundred times; he pursues you round every corner, follows you into every shop, thrusts himself, covered with tatters and dirt, into the faces of your companions, male or female: no place is sacred from his intrusion: you may thrust him out of your bed-chamber, and he will continue to lie in wait at the door.

The impudence of a Neapolitan coachman may be considered as the beau ideal of that quality for which this class of worthies has been long celebrated. It is quite a perilous enterprize for a stranger on his first arrival at Naples to venture into the Largo del Castello, a place where jarvies most do congregate: he cannot take a step without having a whip cracked in his face with the cry of *a carroz! a carroz!* for such is the way these fellows beat up for custom: they sit upon the boxes,

and horsewhip every gentlemanly-looking person that comes within the reach of their whiplash. They may put out your eyes, but any one of them would be astonished should you refuse to employ him on that account. Whenever I have been passing down a narrow street and chanced to espy an empty carriage a-head, I have always been certain that the driver would stretch his vehicle across the street from wall to wall, shutting up all passage, unless I chose to walk into the door of the carriage, which he took care always to hold open for the purpose. A stout stick was commonly my only means of raising the embargo.

"What a blundering fellow is that brother waiter of yours," said I one day to the attendant of a *café* in Florence.

"True, true," he replied; "but what else can you expect from him? he is a Roman!"

These antipathies, for they are nothing more, are not, however, so strong as they were during the middle ages. The Romans are slothful in comparison with the Tuscans, yet their intellect is regarded as not at all inferior by the other Italians. It is remarkable, notwithstanding, that Rome has given birth to so few men of genius, and Florence to so many. What great name of modern times belongs to Rome? I can recollect not one. Even going back to classical ages, I can call to mind only Julius Cæsar. But Florence, "little Florence," has had for her sons Dante, and Michael Angelo, and Galileo, and Macchiavelli, and a host of others, if others need be named after these.

Different nations charge one another with being proud. John Bull formerly laughed at his neighbour across the Channel for the airs he gave himself on account of *le grand monarque*, and latterly for the same behaviour on the score of *le grand empire*. It is true the Frenchman has always been a great propagandist, but is the excess of pride really so much on his side? Is not John Bull quite as self-satisfied as his neighbour? Has he not engrained this feeling into the very idiom of his vernacular tongue, being sure thereby to remind himself by contrast of his own accomplishments when he speaks of taking "French leave," drinking "Dutch courage," "walking Spanish," and the like? It is very easy for him to apply the epithets of boastful and vain-glorious to the French, the Spaniards, or the Americans, when they take the liberty to praise themselves in a style which he thinks not to be in the best taste; but if he were aware of the truth, he would know that he is apt to crow in as high a note as any fowl there is flying. National pride is not a difficult thing to discover in any quarter, for all nations have something to be proud of.

National pride or vanity gives rise to strange misnomers. "Merry England" and "Notre belle France," are household words in the two countries, while all the world knows that England is not merry nor France beautiful. But *ad ogni uccello suo nido é bello;* even the Dutch believe that Paradise was situated somewhere upon the Zuyder Zee. These things, after all, only prove that the people are attached to their respective homes; and to complain of others for their expressions of national pride and self-esteem, is to complain of the proper and natural operation of things.

National antipathies appear to have exhibited themselves in ancient times pretty much the same way as at present, in incorporating opprobrious expressions with the vulgar language. The Roman literature has made us familiar with the *Punica fides*, but had we Punic au-

thority instead of Roman, doubtless the charge of mendacity would lie as strongly the other way.

The Americans are proud,—prouder than the English or French, just as a child is prouder than a man. This I say not in their disparagement, but the contrary: the thing is perfectly natural, and is an indication of the right sort of character. What hopes can we entertain of a man who has no pride? Who can be worse off than he who cares nothing for what is said of him? The Italians, generally speaking, as I have said before, have no national pride. You may abuse his country, and government, and social institutions, and men and women, and all things therewith connected, moral, political, mechanical, or metaphysical, to the face of a Neapolitan, and he will make no gainsaying or denial: what does he care? He is not proud, and, not valuing your praise, he will not study to deserve it. Here is the secret: did he feel any concern for what others say about him, he would strive to amend his condition.

"Ahi! serva Italia, di dolore ostello!"

Now, there is not a people in the world more sensitive to the opinions of others than the Americans; no people are so solicitous to know what is said, and thought, and felt respecting them by other nations. Nothing can be written of them in an European journal, that is not copied into their newspapers and read by every man in the republic: be it praise or blame, the interest is of the same degree. No people are more elated with praise, and none more sensibly feel the malice of their detractors. This is good evidence of a sound and healthy moral feeling among them. It is false that they are possessed with a blind and indiscriminate admiration for everything good and bad in their institutions: *experto crede*, they are sensible that all political institutions are imperfect, and that they have yet much to learn. Proud let them be; it will do them good, for he who values the good opinion of the world will study to deserve it.

The English are, in a manner, full and satiate of glory; they have a literature and a history to which nothing need be added. Their island is filled with people, and the four quarters of the earth bear witness to their renown. America is in her infancy, and has all these objects yet to struggle for. The Englishman may afford to be very calm when the intellectual character of his countrymen is depreciated, for he knows that Shakspeare and Newton cannot be stolen from him. He may honour with a disdainful smile the imputation that is hazarded against their bravery, for he is conscious that, if Waterloo and Trafalgar are not sufficient, there are Blenheim and Ramillies, Cressy and Agincourt. The Englishman may therefore be forgiven if he is apathetic on many points where the blood of one belonging to a younger nation, with a fortune and fame yet to be made, would be up with becoming promptitude and spirit.

But, after all, does it in reality become John Bull to take such frequent occasion of charging Brother Jonathan with being *thin-skinned?* Is John himself altogether stoical and silent when travellers in England write saucy or stupid books? His country, it is true, is so well known that the absurd misrepresentations of foreigners have less effect abroad than in the case of America; yet, when assailed, we find he never hesitates to take up the cudgels with becoming wrath. We have not yet forgotten how severely Puckler Muskau and D'Haussez were taken in

hand by the reviewers, for their fancy sketches of men and manners in England; yet these gentlemen, the reader may rest assured, never made a fiftieth part so near an approach to the graces of Mendez Pinto, as that ingenious race of romancers beginning with nobody remembers whom, and ending with Mrs. Trollope, whose work, says the equally ingenious and ingenuous "Quarterly Reviewer," "is just the book we have long desired to see." Much good may it do him.

In spite, however, of the inventions of a multitude of travellers of questionable motives, and of the exertions of reviewers and journalists, whose motives are un-questionable, I think I may safely affirm that the endeavours to breed an ill feeling between the two nations have been hitherto unsuccessful,—at least on the other side of the Atlantic. In the first place, the Americans are a people not easily made angry; they are touchy, they are sensitive, as I have already remarked, but they are too shrewd, too prudent, too calculating, to make a serious business of being angry without knowing a sufficient cause for it, and what good it will do them in the end. Travellers may paint them as Yahoos, but ere they wax warm upon it, they sit down and consider whether Gulliver has many believers now-a-days. Individuals on whom the whitewash of philanthropy is not yet decently dry, may fling slavery in their teeth, but they are aware that the world knows to whom they are indebted for the institution, and that it is a thing not to be got rid of in an instant. Jokes may be uttered against them, but they know that the hardest joking breaks no bones. In short, they are sensible that all men must pass for what they are worth,—that truths must be put up with, and lies may go for what they will fetch;—that if they have a tender spot they must allow themselves to be touched there as well as elsewhere, being well persuaded of the good sense of Don Quixote's remark, that "it would be absurd if the inhabitants of Reloxa should knock every man on the head who asked them what time of day it was."

On this subject they exercise more discrimination than probably the English give them credit for; they distinguish between the writer of an abusive work and the great body of the English people, to whom they believe such works are addressed ineffectually. The most recent publication of this sort that has attained any notoriety, is one in which they are severely handled, yet the *malus animus* of the whole work is so apparent, that it can influence none but those who have a previous bias toward such an influence. This they are aware of, and here lies the pith and marrow of the subject; if the English quarrel with the Americans it must be their own fault, for the Americans do not wish to quarrel with the English. Why *should* these two nations quarrel? No two people in the world have better opportunities of understanding each other, and what is the synonym to *quarrel* but *misunderstanding?*

The perversity which certain people display in catching at everything that can be turned to the discredit of the Americans is surely a most un-English feeling. The prosperity of that nation can reflect nothing but honour on the English character, for the substance of their social and political institutions belongs to the mother country. Englishmen may persuade themselves that they have neither part nor lot in the matter; but the truth is, that the fate of their brethren in the west, whether for weal or woe, is of no small practical importance to them. In spite of the declaration of Independence, either of the two parties

may say, with a modification of the old maxim—"Anglicus sum, nil Anglici a me alienum puto."

The condition of the Irish in America is peculiar. Other emigrants, as the English and the Scotch, disperse throughout the country, settle upon farms, or dive into the wilderness. But the Irish herd together in the large cities. Other emigrants become incorporated with the native population, get rich, and lose their nationality. The Irish keep themselves separate from the Americans, and swarm together by thousands in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where they exercise the same instinct that may be remarked among the Jews in the European cities, that of selecting the most filthy, confined, and incommodious quarters for their residence. Here they are content to vegetate rather than go into the country, cultivate farms, and become thriving landholders. Nothing can induce them to separate, and each of the large American cities seems destined to have its Irish quarter, where broken heads and the brogue are to be perpetuated from generation to generation.

The largest number of the Irish is at New York, where their turbulence is at times quite formidable. At Boston the proportion is small, yet there are sufficient numbers to render it necessary at times for the citizens to look sharply after them when their festivities wax boisterous. They agree perfectly well with the Americans, but their disposition to brandish the shillelah among themselves is what the salt sea has not been able to wash out of them.

"Cœlum, non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt."

The Bostonians have found that the best method of cooling their courage on these occasions is a dose of cold water "fresh and fast applied," and their fire-engines have been found singularly efficacious in quelling a riot among these heathen.

The people of Great Britain, in fine, have greater inducements to wish well to the Americans than any other nation on the globe, for surely no two people are more alike. The time is past when men can be made to believe that the human race deteriorates on the other side of the Atlantic. They are the same people in all the essentials of character with those of their father-land; their conduct is marked with the same courage and enterprise, the same old Saxon stubbornness and energy.

The English are perhaps not aware how much interest the present condition of their country excites in America. The Americans are far better informed respecting the political institutions of Great Britain than the English people are respecting those of America. The gentlemen of the London newspapers not unfrequently knock matters out of joint in Trans-Atlantic politics after a fashion which, if imitated by one of their class in America in touching upon English affairs, would spoil him as a political oracle as long as it was remembered. The journalists, indeed, on this side the water, have a way of their own in looking through the right or wrong end of the telescope, accordingly as they point it to this quarter or to that, which is quite striking to one who knows how the land really lies. These directors of the press witness the broken heads that enliven the scene at the English hustings, hear of riots, rick-burnings, agitations, Irish murders and massacres, and the whole diablerie of disaffection and misrule; all these pass before their notice, and they make nothing more of them than every-day occurrences; but if they hear of a bloody nose at an American election, they cry out "the republic is at an end!"

Q. Q.

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter XIV.

The sequel to this pleasing adventure is, perhaps, equally worthy of record, since it tends to exhibit the assurance and confidence of men under different circumstances in life.

Having been received, as I have already said, with "all the honours" at Portsmouth, and taken my leave, still perfectly maintaining my unconscious *incognito*, I quitted the Crown—not under a salute, for the pretty bar-maid was well watched—but with every mark and demonstration of untired ceremony and unabated civility, and found myself located in the Rocket Coach, in company with a middle-aged gentleman, whom I then thought old, but in whose countenance I saw some favourable indications "of a mind within;" and although, at that period, people of sense had not *be-deville-d* themselves with the solemn absurdities of phrenology, I fancied that, without being either as civil as Spurzheim, or as bitter as Gall, I might calculate upon enjoying what, at that period of my life, I was not averse from (in hopes of picking up information and knowledge),—some rational and agreeable conversation with my companion during our journey to London.

The ice of English formality was upon this occasion, as usual, broken by the English absurdity of a trite remark upon the weather. "It is very wet to-day," said by one man to another, while the rain is pattering down upon the roof of the carriage which contains them, and the bubbles in the puddles are hopping up like so many fairy water-sprites is, as everybody acknowledges, both superfluous and absurd; but it leads to other things, and the assenting "very" to the obvious remark, sows the seed of future conversation. So it happened then, and is less than half the distance to Horndean, I had received from my companion the information that he was an army surgeon, who had come home on leave of absence from Jamaica, on account of ill health; but that, although he had been sufficiently unwell to justify the permission he had obtained, his main object in coming to England was to make arrangements for carrying out his wife upon his return to the West Indies: her situation in this country, alone, and as it were widowed, she having represented to him to be beyond measure irksome and distressing.

He accounted to me for not having taken her with him in the first instance—for he spoke of her in terms of such devotion and affection, that I could not help asking him why she had not been the companion of his voyage—by describing her health to have been extremely delicate, and by the fact that he had exchanged from the regiment to which he then belonged, and which had returned home before the period at which we were speaking; so that by the exchange—which was a favourable one to him—his plans had been considerably altered, and his probable residence in the colonies very much protracted.

I liked him extremely, and was almost vexed when, at Liphook, a rather pertish, forward-looking young man—about my own age at that time—stepped into the coach, and disturbed our *tête-à-tête*. Upon the accession of our third member, we relapsed into silence; and, except upon the occasion of seeing a man thrown from his horse between Milford and Godalming, little occurred worthy of notice, till we reached

the Crown at Guildford, where we found the cold round of beef, the hot leg of mutton, and the pickles and potatoes, ready for consumption; the work of devastation having been, previous to our entrance, commenced by a gentleman, who soon informed us that we were to have the pleasure of his company to complete the *parti carré* of the Rocket.

There is something extremely socializing in the community of interests of a small party on a cold day round a good fire, and at a luncheon. We drank ale and port wine, and hot brandy and water—offered each other snuff—cracked jokes, and began, as the warmth of the room thawed us, to feel ourselves sufficiently at home and comfortable, to regret the call of the "Faulkner" of his day, couched in the emphatic words, "*Now*, gentlemen, if you please," which was to remove us from the magic semi-circle formed round the hearth of mine host of the Crown.

We re-entered the coach, evidently pleased with each other, and in as different a humour from that in which we were, when we got out of it, as can be well conceived; I felt quite at my ease, and had no scruple in relating my adventure of the preceding day, which appeared to my companions nearly as inexplicable as it then was to myself.

"I," said Mr. Dillington—so was our last acquaintance named—"I, too, have been engaged in an adventure; but mine is a more straightforward, matter-of-fact affair—to me of the most agreeable nature, I admit. I came into this neighbourhood only the day before yesterday, meaning to remain here some time, but the magical influence of a pair of the brightest eyes I ever beheld has upset all my projects, and carries me to London, in spite of all the pressing entreaties of my hospitable friends in Surrey."

"Yes," said I, "such things are irresistible. I conclude by your outline, that yours is a love-at-first-sight case."

"I flatter myself," said Dillington, who was extremely well qualified for a lady-killer, "I flatter myself that it is so, on both sides. All I know is, that I am speeding my way to town, to meet my adorable Dulcinea at the Piazza door of Covent Garden playhouse, where I am to have the happiness—at her own suggestion—of accompanying her to witness the performance of the play, 'blest as the immortal gods,' fondly sitting by her side, to

'Hear and see her all the while
Softly speak, and gently smile.'"

"Rather an easy conquest," said the army surgeon; "is it to be a *tête-à-tête?*"

"I rather think not," said Dillington; "I think she talked of some elderly body, in the shape of an aunt, who was to accompany her, and play propriety; however I fancied that, by way of a *premier pas*, I had succeeded capitally. She positively refused to tell me where she lived, and, I think, has made the assignation rather to try the extent of my earnestness and anxiety about her, before she reposes a more extensive confidence in me."

"May I ask," said I, "is she maid, wife, or widow?"

"I did not trouble her with any questions on that point," said Dillington; "she wore a wedding-ring, which she flourished before me two or three times during our journey together, while drawing the whitest of hands over the brightest of eyes. I had not more than an hour and three-quarters to make my play; I got into the coach this

side Petersfield, and was forced, *malgré moi*, to stop at Godalming to fulfil the engagement, which was to have lasted ten days; but which, although I lost her at the moment, has been curtailed of its fair proportions in order to regain my adorable *incognita;* and, to tell truth, I think I lost little by that, for a robust, healthy-looking female, 'a nursing mother,' with a baby and a boy of eight or nine years' old, were crammed into the coach at Milford, booked all the way to London, so that all confidential conversation in the way of business must have ceased at that point. This evening I shall see her again, and all will be well"

"Oh!" sighed my opposite neighbour, a plain pale man, with white whiskers and a short nose; "if you could but guess the pain, Sir, that your success gives me, you would not speak so thoughtlessly of your happiness. I, too, am in pursuit of a lady—one to whom I am heart and soul devoted—who has treated me hardly and harshly—I never fancied I could be so weak and silly, but, as you say, man is not master of himself, and

'When a lady's in the case,
All other things of course give place.'"

"Then, Sir," said I, "I suppose you are actually on your road to the Barley Mow?"

"Barley Mow!" said Mr. Lackington; "No; I am on my way to a village near town, in which my charming, capricious devil of a widow lives; but whether she will be in a sunshiny humour or a cloudy one, is a matter of great uncertainty."

"But I conclude," said Dillington, "you don't allow yourself to weep and wail without some consolation?"

"No," said Lackington, "I had the pleasure of her exclusive society at Eastbourn for a fortnight last autumn, when we were as happy as two turtle-doves, until something crossed her mind—and, I *may* say, her temper—and she started off for London, leaving a short note behind her, telling me it was no use my following her, for she had resolved utterly to cut my acquaintance."

"The most unkindest cut of all," said I. "And yet your lingering, longing love remains, and you are determined to try your fortune at a reconciliation?"

"Even so, Sir," said Lackington, heaving a deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart.

"Upon my word, gentlemen," said the army surgeon, "I have been listening to your conversation, and I *must* say that the morals of my countrymen and countrywomen do not appear to have improved during my absence from England; assure yourselves that the pursuits in which you seem both to be engaged, however exciting at the moment, bring with them anything but solid gratification—independently of their actual impropriety, they generally produce causes for repentance and sorrow. If a man fail in the object of his heart, he becomes miserable himself—if he succeed, the chances are he makes another more miserable still; rely upon it, that wrong never comes right, and that no man is truly respectable until he marries, and devotes his cares, his anxiety, and his attention to a gentle and confiding partner, whose virtues and merits soothe him in adversity, and give new brightness to prosperity."

"I presume, Sir," said Dillington, "you are yourself a Benedick."

"Thank my lucky stars I am," said the surgeon, "and am returning to a happy, humble home, to carry with me to the sphere of my duty as amiable a being as ever drew the breath of life."

"Perhaps," said Dillington, "your absence has given new zest to your feelings, and if you had not been separated from the lady, the sameness——"

"Oh no," interrupted the surgeon; "rely upon it, habitual attachments are always the strongest and most lasting.

'True affection lasts the longer
When its brightest hours are o'er;
Parting sorrows bind it stronger,
Mem'ry but endears it more.'

I have been wretched during the year and a half I have been absent, and have now, as I was telling this gentleman before you joined us," pointing at the same time to *me*, "made my health a plea for getting leave of absence to surprise *her* with my arrival, and my resolution of taking her abroad with me; unless I should eventually be able to exchange again into some other regiment."

"I can easily conceive the delight of such a meeting," said I. "In every man's life there are a few moments of unqualified happiness—you, I suspect, are destined to enjoy such to-day."

"Not to-day," said the surgeon, "for I have to pass through town to my cottage, and must report myself at the Horse Guards before I start; but to-morrow by this time I shall again be at home—and what a word is home!"

Dillington seemed much struck by the earnestness, almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which our medical friend eulogized the "blissful state," and I began to think he would give up the pursuit in which he was engaged, in deference to the opinions and principles of the surgeon. Lackington listened with admiration at the picture our friend painted of connubial comfort and domestic happiness, and every now and then I am sure that his thoughts reverted to his capricious widow, and that even *he* was beginning to think he might as well rivet her heart, by making her his wife, provided always, of course, that she would accept his offer.

The conversation which had passed produced an increase of confidence, and, voting ourselves to be a very pleasant party, we agreed, after we had passed Kingston, to dine together at some coffee-house in London—a proposition to which Dillington most willingly acceded, provided we dined early, and near the theatre. By this condition I ascertained that his intentions as to the fair lady with the bright eyes remained unaltered; and as I had no responsible authority over his morality, I suggested the Piazza Coffee-house as the most suitable and convenient scene of action—nothing could be better for all parties, for the surgeon was to sleep at the Hummums, and Mr. Lackington at the Tavistock (corrupted by the market-people into Cabbage-stalk) hotel; and Dillington, who was to be set down at the corner of Berkeley-street, would, after dressing, proceed to the coffee-house, the door of which adjoined the door of the theatre, at which, precisely at seven o'clock, in a hackney-coach, the lady, or ladies, as the case might be, would arrive in fulfilment of their appointment.

I undertook to order dinner and secure a table—a proceeding which, in those times of taverns and theatricals, was absolutely necessary; and having done both in a most judicious manner, I awaited the arrival of my new acquaintance, who had agreed upon six punctually—Dillington, of course, not caring for the shortness of the time allowed him to drink

to his fair one's health, nor hesitating a moment between the allurements of Venus and the attractions of Bacchus.

I thought while I was waiting for my company that I had been somewhat precipitate and incautious in selecting so popular and populous a place as the Piazza for the exhibition of myself in company with three persons of whom, in fact, I knew nothing—of whom two, by their own confessions, were professed libertines, and the third might not be what he professed himself: however, in those days, I generally acted upon the impulse of the moment, and sought amusement without very particularly investigating the source whence it was derivable. However, upon this particular day, I became, I scarcely know why, more scrupulous than usual. I saw the coffee-room filling with persons of consequence and character, who, in those days, went to see plays and dine early in the neighbourhood of the playhouses; and feeling that it might be disadvantageous to incur the responsibility of the manners, conduct, and conversation of my new friends, I called a waiter, and inquired if we could have a private room to dine in, to which he civilly assented, and in less than ten minutes I found myself snugly established in the small dining-parlour which opens into the hall.

Scarcely had the clock struck six when the trio appeared nearly together—Dillington, dressed evidently to the best advantage, and displaying unequivocal confidence in the tie of his neckcloth and the curl of his whiskers; Lackington in the dishabille of desponding affection; and the surgeon, who was married and settled, and whose heart-catching days were over, in his morning costume, having only refreshed himself at his hotel.

The luncheon at Guildford had considerably damped the anxiety for dinner, which, however, was put down and eaten, the wine passing somewhat rapidly in compliment to the expectant lover, who kept his eyes attentively on the dial of the clock, in order that he might be punctual to the moment; and Lackington exhibiting a good deal of feverish anxiety to tell us something, which modesty, or delicacy, or some doubt as to the prudence or propriety of making further confidence with strangers, appeared to hinder him from imparting. At last, however, after a few glasses of sherry, which Dillington denounced for its resemblance to lamp oil, and one or two of champagne, which the same unquestionable authority proclaimed to be indubitable gooseberry, he resolved upon communicativeness.

As far as the affected airs of Dillington about the wine and the cookery went, I cannot help saying (*par parenthèse*) that they gave me no very favourable opinion of either his taste or character. The swaggerer is invariably an impostor—the man who calls loudest for the waiter, who treats him worst, and who finds more fault than anybody else in the room, when the company is mixed, will always turn out to be the man of all others the least entitled, either by rank or intelligence, to give himself airs. People who are conscious of what is due to them never display irritability or impetuosity; their manners insure civility, their civility secures respect; but the blockhead or the coxcomb, fully aware that something more than ordinary is necessary to produce an effect, is sure, whether in clubs or coffee-rooms, to be the most fastidious and captious of the community, the most overbearing in his manners towards his inferiors—the most restless and irritable amongst his equals—the most cringing and subservient before his superiors.

Poor Mr. Lackington had not an atom of swagger in his composition; he therefore drank his sherry and champagne, and his heart warmed, and his lips opened.

"I am sure," said he, "that it must seem very strange in *me* to fancy that my affairs can interest three gentlemen whom I never saw till to-day; but as we have acted hitherto upon the give and take principle of community in our prospects and pursuits, I think I ought to tell you, as a sequel to what I said on the journey, that I have received a letter from my Fanny——"

"What," said I, "your bewitching and bewitched widow?"

"Exactly so," said Lackington; "and if you really *do* care about the *dénouement*, you will be glad to hear that she is to be in town the day after to-morrow, and expresses a wish to see me, to be reconciled, and to cast into oblivion all that has passed between us of a disagreeable character."

"I rejoice," said I.

"I echo your congratulation," said Dillington.

"And so do I," said the surgeon, "with this proviso—that you marry her. Recollect my advice in the earlier part of the day—the fact that she desires a reconciliation is a proof that she is really attached to you. Put an end to all these ungentle and unnecessary agitations of temper and feeling—make her your wife."

"I would—indeed I would," said Lackington, with something like tears in his eyes—"but I cannot."

"What is the nature of the impediment?" said the surgeon.

"That," said Lackington, "which you so earnestly recommend—matrimony!"

"As how?" said I.

"I am married already," said Lackington.

"Married, Sir!" said the surgeon; "married!—and yet—why this is worse and worse. *That* gentleman's libertinism" (pointing to Dillington) "shocked me, but he is a single man, and——"

"I wish with all my heart I had his excuse," said Lackington, "but I have one for what may seem gross impropriety and immorality. I will explain—my story is short but really affecting."

Saying which, he "called up a look" which he meant to be pathetic, but which, owing to the peculiar formation of his features, and the particular cast of his countenance, exceeded in comicality anything I had ever seen, except Liston when melancholic.

"It must be short," said the triumphant Dillington, "if I am to hear it; I have but twenty-two minutes and three seconds left."

"It will not occupy half that time," said Lackington; "and I should like to justify myself in Dr. Martingale's eyes for what must appear extremely heartless conduct in roaming and roving, having a wife of my own."

"I shall indeed be glad to listen," said Dr. Martingale, such was our surgeon's name; "for I have very decided opinions upon the particular point of matrimonial obligations."

"Well then," said Lackington, "I will be as brief as possible, and you shall know all. When I was nineteen years old, which is now ten years since, I did what a great many—indeed I may say most young men do at that age—I fell in love, and with such a girl as nobody ever saw: her eyes ——"

"Never mind her eyes," said Dillington, "don't stop to particularize her points. I have but nineteen minutes and a half, and if you go into details I must run away."

"Well," said Lackington, "she was everything a man could desire in a wife; and, above all, she was kind to me, reciprocated my feelings, and, after some few weeks of feverish anxiety, I proposed, was accepted, but referred to her father, who, without hearing me out, ordered me out, and declared that his intentions for his daughter were of a character wholly incompatible with my means or situation, and desired that I never would mention the subject to her or himself again, or even make my appearance at his house any more.

"The consequence of this rebuff was," continued Lackington, "as you may suppose, an increased affection on our parts, and a determination, *coûte qui coûte*, to elope. A scheme was planned, which would have been most effectually carried into execution, if I had not, by some misfortune or other, pounced into the old General's room by mistake for his daughter's, who was waiting, bundle in hand, with her mind made up, and her maid beside her, all on tiptoe to bound down stairs to my post-chaise, which was in waiting. The consequence was, a discovery of the plot; a severe remonstrance to my father from the General; and close confinement for six months to my gentle Adelgitha."

"Pass the wine," said Dillington. "A thousand pardons. Waiter, get the bill. Pray go on."

"My father," said Lackington, "entering strongly into the General's feelings, sent me abroad, where I remained, pursuing my studies, for three years, which I admit I felt to be a terrible waste of time."

Herein I tacitly agreed.

"At last," continued the unfortunate gentleman, "I returned home; and the first act of my life was to discover whether my Adelgitha was unmarried. I succeeded in ascertaining that she was still Miss Rowbottom. I felt secure of success, now that, of course, all suspicion of my intentions would be lulled, and convinced, by her remaining single, that I was still dear to her. Of course, my inquiries about her were made with great caution and circumspection. I had learned enough—I sought no more; but, proceeding to the neighbourhood of her father's house, soon contrived to convey a note to her, couched in terms of unabated affection, and conjuring her to let me know the state of her sentiments as regarded me. I received her answer: her feelings towards me were the same as they had been three years before, so were her cruel father's. 'Circumstances which had occurred,' she told me, 'as I must naturally suppose, had rendered her life more unhappy, and her confinement more rigid; still, if I held in the mind to rescue her from her thraldom, she was prepared to renew our plan now of three years' standing.' Her note ended by conjuring me to weigh well what I was undertaking, as a diminution of my affection would break her heart.

"Everything was arranged: two notes more settled the business; and on the third night after my arrival in the neighbourhood, I lifted my gentle Adelgitha from the library window of her father's house into my carriage. She was so agitated at our meeting, and at the excitement of the whole affair, that she could not stand, and I deposited her myself in the vehicle which was to convey us to happiness *viâ* Dover, whence we were to proceed to Boulogne to be married—a scheme proposed by me

to obviate the necessary delay for residence, in order to obtain a license; and as Adelgitha was out of her nonage, I thought Gretna would be carrying the joke a little too far."

"Despatch," said Dillington, whose eye was as attentive to the dial as his ear to the dialogue.

"I will," said Lackington; "but I know you'll laugh at me, although it is, indeed, no laughing matter. As we proceeded on our rapid journey towards the coast, I made ten thousand inquiries as to the sufferings my dear girl had undergone since my departure, and received every assurance of affection and kindness from the dear object of my heart; but in the midst of my anxieties and endearments, I every now and then heard a knocking against the bottom of the carriage, which, to a nervous man, sounded very like a growing failure in the vehicle; but whenever I attempted to listen, my dear Adelgitha diverted my attention from the sound, by fresh professions of affection and esteem.

"'I scarcely expected, dear Frederic,' said she, 'that you would have remained constant: I thought perhaps the news of the dreadful occurrence might have induced you to retract; and that you might have considered it a perfect justification of your withdrawal.'

"'What accident?' said I. 'Tell me, my beloved.'

"'Don't you know, Frederic?' said my affectionate companion.

"'Indeed I do not,' said I; and at that moment I heard the same noise which had so frequently attracted my attention, and interrupted her for a moment by asking her if she did not hear the thumping, as I thought, on the perch of the carriage.

"'Oh, Frederic!' sobbed the agitated girl, 'that's *it*.'

"'It!' said I; 'what, my angel? Do you really know what it is?'

"'Don't be alarmed, Frederic,' said Adelgitha. 'I wish you had known it before.'

"'Known what?' exclaimed I.

"'Known IT, dearest,' said she, crying afresh.

"'What is the noise?' said I; 'and what has it to do with our destinies?'

"'I feared it would have had a serious effect upon you,' replied Miss Rowbottom; 'but no! your mind and feelings soar above it.'

"'It!' cried I impatiently; 'what is it?—what does it mean?—what is the noise?'

"'*My* leg, Frederic,' said Adelgitha, dropping her lovely face upon my shoulder, which I declare, upon my word, gentlemen, was as wet through with her tears as if I had been caught in a shower of rain.

"'*Your* leg, dearest!' said I.

"'Yes; the result of that dreadful fall from my horse, of which you were, of course, aware,' said Adelgitha. 'The torture of amputation was nothing, to the dread I felt lest it should alter your affection for me; but I thought I knew you better.'

"I thought, gentlemen," said Lackington, "I should have died. I thought perhaps she was joking, or trying the strength of my affections; for I know what women will do in that way sometimes. However, as it was quite dark, and we were peculiarly situated, I ventured, with the greatest delicacy and decorum imaginable, to ascertain the fact forthwith, and then, sure enough, my hand lighted upon a stumpy stick, of the Greenwich Hospital regulation cut, and which, whenever my bride

elect had become at all animated or energetic, had bumped and knocked itself about against the bottom of the chaise.

"I would have given the world to have known of the accident, to which, up to that moment, I was a perfect stranger. I should have, I dare say, loved her the more for her misfortunes; the loss of a limb in a man is nothing; on the contrary, it constantly brings to our hearts and minds the gratitude we owe to those who fight our battles by sea and land; and even though Miss Rowbottom might not have claimed my sympathy upon that score, I felt quite sure I should have overcome all the foolish prejudices which a man has about the symmetry of a sylph of seventeen, which she was when I last quitted her, in gratitude for her attachment to me. But the surprise, the suddenness of the thing, gentlemen, to find, instead of the beautiful tapering ancle and miniature foot I had left, to find no foot, no ancle, no nothing, but a small black balustrade—I *do* declare I was completely taken aback."

We could scarcely contain our laughter at this recital, which was delivered by our white-faced friend in the most plaintive tone of voice, and in the most melancholy manner. Dillington himself had not looked at the clock for three minutes, and the hand was on the quarter; but the tale was "wondrous moving."

"Well," said I, "how did you proceed?"

"Why, Sir," said Lackington, "I withdrew my hand, of whose presence the leg I had indeed touched had not been conscious, and turned to my weeping companion for some explanation of the incident to which I was yet a stranger. Adelgitha gave a long description of the terrible accident which had produced the calamity with which I had just been made acquainted, and I felt deeply affected by the recital. However, gentlemen, you will perhaps imagine my sensations, when she wound up the history by telling me that what I had now discovered was a trifle to what I should see in the morning.

"What she meant, I could not, for the life of me, comprehend; and I waited for daylight with the anxiety of a shipwrecked mariner, but without any of his hopes.

"The excess of Adelgitha's agitation had worn her out; and, some time after the conclusion of her narrative, she fell asleep, with her head upon my shoulder, with her hand clasped in mine. *I* could not sleep: I sat and watched the coming dawn; till, at length, the first ray of morning beamed through the glasses of the carriage. I won't attempt, gentlemen, to describe the dreadful effects which the accident had actually produced upon her once beautiful countenance, nor the effects those effects produced upon *me;* nor will I endeavour to disguise my horror at the discovery. I give you my word that I thought I should have died. And here was the daylight come; and I should have to hand her out of the chariot, and into the packet; and I should have to attend to her, and talk to her, and at last to marry her, and be her constant companion for life. I could not refuse—I could not hurt her feelings, or practically acknowledge the revulsion produced in my own, by any exhibition of disinclination to fulfil my promise and redeem my pledge.

"The sun was quite up when she awoke; and opening—would I could say her eyes!—for when one beamed upon me, I found the other was gone. It looked at me as much as to say, 'Well, what do you think of

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elect had become at all animated or energetic, had bumped and knocked itself about against the bottom of the chaise.

"I would have given the world to have known of the accident, to which, up to that moment, I was a perfect stranger. I should have, I dare say, loved her the more for her misfortunes; the loss of a limb in a man is nothing; on the contrary, it constantly brings to our hearts and minds the gratitude we owe to those who fight our battles by sea and land; and even though Miss Rowbottom might not have claimed my sympathy upon that score, I felt quite sure I should have overcome all the foolish prejudices which a man has about the symmetry of a sylph of seventeen, which she was when I last quitted her, in gratitude for her attachment to me. But the surprise, the suddenness of the thing, gentlemen, to find, instead of the beautiful tapering ancle and miniature foot I had left, to find no foot, no ancle, no nothing, but a small black balustrade—I *do* declare I was completely taken aback."

We could scarcely contain our laughter at this recital, which was delivered by our white-faced friend in the most plaintive tone of voice, and in the most melancholy manner. Dillington himself had not looked at the clock for three minutes, and the hand was on the quarter; but the tale was "wondrous moving."

"Well," said I, "how did you proceed?"

"Why, Sir," said Lackington, "I withdrew my hand, of whose presence the leg I had indeed touched had not been conscious, and turned to my weeping companion for some explanation of the incident to which I was yet a stranger. Adelgitha gave a long description of the terrible accident which had produced the calamity with which I had just been made acquainted, and I felt deeply affected by the recital. However, gentlemen, you will perhaps imagine my sensations, when she wound up the history by telling me that what I had now discovered was a trifle to what I should see in the morning.

"What she meant, I could not, for the life of me, comprehend; and I waited for daylight with the anxiety of a shipwrecked mariner, but without any of his hopes.

"The excess of Adelgitha's agitation had worn her out; and, some time after the conclusion of her narrative, she fell asleep, with her head upon my shoulder, with her hand clasped in mine. *I* could not sleep: I sat and watched the coming dawn; till, at length, the first ray of morning beamed through the glasses of the carriage. I won't attempt, gentlemen, to describe the dreadful effects which the accident had actually produced upon her once beautiful countenance, nor the effects those effects produced upon *me;* nor will I endeavour to disguise my horror at the discovery. I give you my word that I thought I should have died. And here was the daylight come; and I should have to hand her out of the chariot, and into the packet; and I should have to attend to her, and talk to her, and at last to marry her, and be her constant companion for life. I could not refuse—I could not hurt her feelings, or practically acknowledge the revulsion produced in my own, by any exhibition of disinclination to fulfil my promise and redeem my pledge.

"The sun was quite up when she awoke; and opening—would I could say her eyes!—for when one beamed upon me, I found the other was gone. It looked at me as much as to say, 'Well, what do you think of

this?'—it did, upon my word, gentlemen; and I am afraid I could not conceal my agony of mind from Adelgitha herself. She, however, appeared—as all women do—to bear the evil with resignation and good-humour, apparently careless as to the effects it had produced upon herself, and only valuing it with reference to those which it might be supposed to have upon *me*. I could not speak. What could I say? Could I tell her that she looked as well with one eye as she had done with two, or that a nose broken across the bridge was more lovely than a delicate aquiline? I could not say *that;* so I had recourse to the silent eloquence which is all-powerful in love, and caught her to my heart with a sensation of affection and compassion. The moment I did so, I heard the infernal bumping at the bottom of the chaise again: it destroyed all the sentimentality in a moment."

"Push on," said Dillington; "I have but five minutes, and we have to pay the bill. Well, tell us what did you do?"

"Persuaded her," said Lackington, "to alight at the next stage, and get some coffee, and take half an hour's rest—a proposition to which she readily acceded; and we were ushered into a very comfortable room on the ground floor, selected by the considerate waiter on account of its more convenient position to a lady under Adelgitha's particular circumstances.

"When she had retired with her maid, and I was left alone, I began to consider what was best to be done. I knew enough of the generosity and disinterestedness of female hearts to believe that she would not think of holding me to my bargain, if I candidly confessed how I felt; but how could I explain the sensations which occupied me without wounding her almost to the death? for what appeared very singular to me, and which I believe is not singular at all, was, that from habit, (the accident had happened two years before,) and that happy reconcilement of our minds to what must be, and is, she appeared to me, in spite of her lamentations, practically to consider herself very much the same as she was before the event happened; for when she entered the room into which we were shown at the inn, she stumped up to the looking-glass, and setting her curls in order, exclaimed, 'How hideous this night travelling makes one look!'

"I stared," continued Lackington, "but said nothing; and when she returned from her half-hour's rest, I thought she fancied all my surprise was over, and that I saw her now just as she was when we parted. This mortified me: she seemed to allow me no credit for my efforts to be honourable; and I gave orders for 'horses on,' resolved to impress upon her mind, during the next ten miles, in as delicate a manner as possible, the real state of my heart.

"While we were waiting for the coming steeds, a travelling carriage and four drove up to the inn gate at a slapping pace. The noise of opening doors and falling steps attracted my eye, when, in an instant, who should appear before us but General Rowbottom and the Major, his son—the father and brother of Mrs. Lackington elect.

"'So, Adelgitha,' said the General, stalking into the room, 'we have caught you.'

"Adelgitha made no reply; her surviving eye filled with tears, and she sank into her brother's arms; and I felt I can scarcely tell how. I am afraid I rather rejoiced that we were overtaken.

"'Mr. Lackington,' said the General, turning to me, 'what is the

meaning of this rash and foolish step? Three years ago I forbade you my house. I believed your attachment to my daughter was a pretence to possess yourself of the fortune she then expected from her aunt, Lady Swivelscombe, and I shut my door upon you. You return three years afterwards, and you precipitately and unadvisedly enter into a clandestine correspondence with my child, and eventually carry her off, in a state of health and under circumstances which require the greatest care and attention.'

"'General,' said I, 'I admit the fact; but allow me to be heard in my vindication.'

"'Certainly,' said the General, calmly and temperately.

"'I admit the constancy, and sincerity, and disinterestedness of my attachment to Miss Rowbottom,' said I; 'I disclaim all view to her fortune—I acted upon the impulse of a long-cherished feeling; but,' added I, with a degree of diplomatic dexterity for which you may not give me credit, 'sooner than cause her a moment's unhappiness, or the entailment of a parent's displeasure, I am prepared this instant to give her up. Yes, Sir,' said I, in what I considered a magnanimous tone of voice, '*I* can make sacrifices as well as others.'

"'Give her up!' said the General; 'by Heavens, Sir, you shall do no such thing. I and Charles have followed you on your route in order to stop your needless career. If you had written to me—if Adelgitha had spoken one word to me—now that you have proved yourself worthy of her, I should not have hesitated for one moment to receive you into my house, and welcome you as my son in-law.'

"'Sir,' said I, amazed more I believe than delighted, 'this is strange!—this total alteration of your sentiments towards me I could not be prepared for—I am but what I was—I am as unworthy as ever.'

"'Excuse me, Lackington,' said the General, 'your affection has been tested not only by time but by circumstances; you proffered your suit when Adelgitha was lovely, and you, I thought, were captivated by her person rather than her mind and qualities—you made your offer when she was the expectant heiress to a fortune of eighty thousand pounds from Lady Swivelscombe—an accident has marred her beauty, yet you still pursue her—Lady Swivelscombe's second marriage has deprived her of the fortune she expected, and yet you bind yourself to her for ever. What can a father desire more of a son-in-law than such convincing proofs of honour and affection? Give me your hand, Lackington, and assure yourself that you need go no farther on your flying tour to matrimony; my house and my heart alike are open to you both.'"

"This was a finisher," said Lackington.

"You married her?" asked Dillington.

"I did," replied the other, "and——"

"Stay," cried Dillington, interrupting him; "the clock is striking seven—I cannot stop to hear the rest—my sweet Maria is doubtless at the door—let the waiter know what my share of the bill is, and I will call and settle it, for I have not a moment to lose. If my fair incognita prove faithless, I shall be back in five minutes—if not, I trust we shall soon meet again."

Saying which, the impatient lover flew from our presence to keep his engagement, leaving the doctor and myself to hear the termination of Lackington's lament.

"Conclude, conclude," said Martingale; "you married her, Sir; that is the point at which to *me* the interest begins, for it is thence I endeavour to trace the value of my principles regarding matrimony."

"I did, Sir," said Lackington; "but in the course of the negociation, (for our correspondence assumed that character), my father and my friends so earnestly dissuaded me from fulfilling an engagement into which I had been what they called forced, that I believe I must admit that I leant a little to their way of thinking, and exhibited some symptoms of a desire to withdraw. I found it, however, impossible; both the General and the Major had made up their minds to the match, and I should have been tried by military law if I had declined—and so—we were united."

"And what," said I, "marred your domestic happiness? I admit that the damages which your lady had received might detract from her personal attractions, but her mind——"

"Aye, Sir," sighed Lackington, "that's it, as Mrs. L. said of her leg—while she was beautiful, I never thought of her mind—while she was beautiful, she never showed her temper—and moreover, the fact that she was aware that I would not have married her if I could possibly have helped it set her so entirely against me, that for two years she led me such a life as compelled me, at the beginning of the third, to seek a separation—but that—and I have stated all the circumstances to show the fact—that does not, as you know, enable me to marry where I could really and fondly love."

"Have you any family, Sir?" said the doctor, evidently collecting materials for some new eulogy on the married state.

"No, Sir," said Lackington, "I have no progeny."

"I think," said Dr. Martingale, drawing himself up into an imposing attitude, "you have made out a case—the circumstances are peculiar—very peculiar indeed—and yet I also think if you were to make up your mind to it all might yet be well; the former exacerbation of the lady's mind might be soothed and softened by renewed attentions and a show of kindness. There is, Mr. Lackington," continued the doctor, "and I never can repeat it too often, a sweet community of interests—a binding reciprocity of feeling—a mutual confidence—existing in a married state which no other can afford. I will instance myself and Mrs. Martingale——"

How much farther the Doctor might have proceeded in his eulogistic harangue upon matrimony I cannot pretend to say, for just at that moment a considerable scuffling was heard in the hall, and in an instant the door of our room was hastily opened by Dillington, who appeared before us evidently excited.

"Doctor, doctor," said he, addressing himself to Martingale, "your professional assistance is wanted—an accident has occurred—the lady I have spoken of, in stepping down the infernal iron ladder of the hackney-coach, has sprained her ancle, and is suffering so much pain as to have fainted."

"Bring her in, bring her in," said the doctor, rising from his seat.

"Poor thing!" said Lackington; "pray attend to it—think what may be the consequence—that's it."

Accordingly we rose, and forthwith a delicate young creature, in a half-fainting state, was brought into the room, and by us laid on the horse-hair sofa, which stood opposite the fire-place. A thick veil covered her face, but her figure was symmetrical.

"You had better leave the room," said the doctor to us in an under tone; "she must loose blood."

"Not without one peep at her face," whispered I, as Dillington was entering.

"No," said Lackington, "one, one peep, and we go."

The doctor, who was what is called a staid discreet personage, appeared somewhat unwilling to gratify our curiosity; I, therefore, who was not quite so particular, effected our object by twitching away the veil as if by accident, and discovered a face fully corresponding in beauty with the gracefulness of the figure.

Just as I had caught a glimpse of her beauties, the doctor, who, after having assisted in depositing his new patient on the sofa, had proceeded to open, by the light of the candle on the chimney-piece, a shagreen case of lancets, directed us, while he was adjusting his apparatus, to raise her head. We accordingly did so; and judge my horror, surprise, and astonishment the instant after Dillington had addressed her as "Maria, my love," to hear Lackington scream out in a voice of horror, "What do I see? is it possible? my fickle widow by all that's diabolical!—why Fanny, Fanny!" Fanny was, or seemed to be, insensible. But this was nothing to what was coming—all that had yet happened was thrown into the shade of utter darkness, by the horrible shriek of the uxorious Dr. Martingale, who, the moment he set his eyes on the suffering angel, dropped the lancets which he held in one hand, and the candlestick and taper which were contained in the other, and exclaiming in a tone of grief, terror, and amazement which I never shall forget, "My wife, by all that's devilish!" rushed out of the room, and thence out of the house into the street.

Lackington, fearing some mischief either to the doctor or himself, dashed out after him; and Dillington, who saw that the *dénouement* had somewhat prematurely arrived, ran after *him*, and I found myself standing by the sofa on which lay, quite unconscious of what was passing, the paragon of her sex—the amiable and devoted lady of Dr. Olinthus Martingale, M.D. and A.S.S.!

Under all the circumstances, however moving beauty in distress may be, I certainly had no ambition to be the "Last of the Pentweazles;" and however much I might sympathise in the pain which she was probably suffering from missing her footing on the steps of the hackney-coach, it was evidently not the first *faux-pas* she had made, and I thought the sooner I got out of the mess the better. Depositing her head on one of the pillows of the sofa, and gently kissing her cheek, in order to deceive her into the belief that she was under the care of one of the firm of Martingale, Dillington, Lackington, and Co., I stepped quickly out of the room into the hall, and told the waiter that strange things had occurred since dinner, but that I would myself run round into Russell-street and send in surgical assistance, desiring him in the meantime to order one of the female servants of the house to go to the lady on the sofa.

"Directly, Sir," said the waiter; "only—I beg your pardon, Sir—you'll excuse me—the bill, Sir. Thomas," continued the man, never losing sight of me or his hold of the door, "send Sally to number one—the bill, Sir," at the same moment producing from behind his back a paper as long as the city streamer in my Lord Mayor's show; "seven pounds eight and six-pence, Sir, besides the broken candlestick."

"I," said I, "have nothing to do with the bill beyond my own share of it; divide it, and——"

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the waiter, "*you* ordered the dinner—you engaged the room, Sir—we have the pleasure to know you—don't know either of the other gentlemen, Sir—besides, consider—a very unpleasant affair to have occurred in my master's house."

"Well," said I, admitting the justice of the waiter's claim, "I will settle it;" saying which, I suited the word to the action by giving him a ten-pound note, "pay the bill and yourself, and with the rest take care that the unhappy lady is taken proper care of; and, unless her husband returns to claim her, let her be removed to whatever place she chooses. I will call to-morrow, when you can give me an account of your proceedings, and let me know where she lives."

Saying which I quitted the Piazza Coffee-house, very much enlightened in my ideas of the blessings of matrimony, and the advantage of making stage-coach acquaintanceships.

POMPEII BY TORCHLIGHT.

Every one who has travelled must have remarked how, after a long absence from scenes which have afforded us peculiar pleasure, the comparing notes with some one who had wandered over the same route, or paused in admiration before the same objects, has polished up some little forgotten and rusty corners of the memory, or warmed into life some torpid souvenir from its hybernaculum. Just after the same fashion, and as if I had been talking over past pleasures with a friend, Mr. Bulwer's charming romance of "The Last Days of Pompeii" has routed out and restored in all its brilliancy a delightful day, or rather night, which I once spent among the ruins of that "city of the dead;" and its chiaro-oscuro recollections have flashed upon my mind, mellowed perhaps by time and distance, but almost as vividly as if all had occurred yesterday, and I had still around me the companions of last night's pleasure.

It happened that some years ago I passed the spring at Naples with a Prince of the royal house of Bavaria, and one fine May afternoon it was proposed at the dinner-table that we should spend the evening and sup by torchlight amidst the ruins of Pompeii. There was something charming in the idea itself—in visiting those relics of almost another world, not as mere sight-seers are wont—led by the nose and gulled by the improbabilities of a ciceroni—but as if we were to be assembled there, the old inhabitants and lawful owners of the place, feasting in our own palaces and pouring libations in our own halls—a little the worse for the lapse of centuries perhaps—but what of that? In short, there was something romantic in the plan, so different from the gawky curiosity of its usual visiters; something there might be also in the special permission accorded to the Prince, the guard of honour, and the torchlight; one hardly cares to own this to one's self, but it added perhaps zest to our pleasure that none others could enjoy it after the same fashion. All this gave a charm to the proposal, and we hastened to put it in execution.

We started, a party of six in number, about half-past five in the evening, when the sun, which had been riding cloudless all day in a bright Italian sky, was getting down towards the west; and under the influence of that ruddy tinge which the sun of the south alone can give, and Claude only can imitate, we drove through Portici, Resina, and Torre-del-Greco, on our way to the ruined city. To the left, villas and gardens lay scattered

here and there steeped in the sunshine; beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the blue water of the bay, with the islands of Capri and Ischia breaking out bold and hard from its bosom; while on the right rose, tier over tier, Vesuvius, with its cone of ashes, whence a thin spiral column of smoke streamed up in the clear bright sky. But every one knows all this, every one at least who has visited Naples, or read the thousand and one books which have been written on the subject. Away we clattered over the rough chaussée, through a country smiling with vineyards and gardens, and stopped at last at the foot of a small hill, on which stood the dwelling of one of the overseers of Pompeii; on the terrace of this house we seated ourselves, and watched the setting of the sun until the reflection of his last beams ceased to stream along the waters—quaffed a few glasses of excellent lachryma Christi to the glorious old Titan who was sending forth smoke in the distance—and, with our imaginations thus raised to that pitch when one sees everything to the best advantage, we rose to commence our promised night of pleasure.

As the night drew in we ordered our torches, the only light which now was left us, save the glimmer of a myriad of stars in the unclouded sky; and, accompanied by the due proportion of lazy and ignorant guides, proceeded through the vineyards to the entrance of the town of Pompeii. After being saluted by the military guard placed there to do honour to the Prince, we entered the road to the city, known as "the Street of Tombs." What recollections did it not bring back—what new ideas did it not excite as we walked over the broad pavement where so many centuries ago the conquerors of the world had trod! Far on was the gate of the city, and on each side the marble monuments gleamed up almost like the ghosts of their departed occupants; and in the flicker of the torchlight one might imagine that the evening breeze waved the toga of some ancient senator, or that some Roman warrior of old, cuirassed and helmed, looked out once again from his everlasting resting-place. On the right was the mausoleum of the family of Diomede, and immediately opposite his house. This was the rich merchant of "The Last Days of Pompeii;" here were his gay halls—here his Lucullan feasts—and here, amidst his wine-jars and his wealth, were found those fearful remnants of mortality which marked the awful fate of the agonized, struggling wretches suffocated in the vaults. The house, which had been of three stories in height, and not in accordance with the usual style of building in those days, was even in its ruins splendid. The fresco painting on the walls, some of the pillars that had supported the arcades, and even the cool marble baths were still existing. In the cellars below, fair specimens of Diomede's good cheer, large amphoræ of wine, stood in rows against the wall. Unfortunately, the form of the beautiful bosom of Julia, found here as it had remained moulded in the hardened ashes, with the golden ornaments which had decorated her person (oh! that they should still exist, as if in mockery of her dreadful death), had been removed to the Neapolitan Museum.

Among the tombs, one pointed out to us as the "tomb of the gladiators" was ornamented, we were told, by beautiful bas-reliefs; but here our torches, however well adapted to produce picturesque effects, hardly availed to give us a fair idea of their exquisite workmanship.

On through the gates we passed,—for the Street of Tombs is but a suburb of the city,—and, but for the jagged and ruined outlines which stood up in strong relief against the sky, we might have imagined ourselves in a living and a breathing city, wrapped in the slumber suited to the hour, and we the revellers disturbing its repose. On each side of the street were innumerable shops and private dwellings; and the interior of those we examined gave us some idea, in their fresco paintings and mosaic floors, of the wealth and luxury of those bygone days. The public baths are in a much better state of preservation than most of the buildings that have yet been cleared; but, unfortunately for the general effect, and even

much of the interest of the rooms themselves, the furniture and ornaments found in them have been removed. They are in the Museum at Naples; and I could not but feel that, rooms as well as ornaments, each had lost a charm by the separation, and each wanted the other to complete the illusion.

Mr. Bulwer's friend, Sallust, was a gentleman and a scholar, although unfortunately too much given to the "creature comforts;" for the house which bears his name appears to have been one of the best arranged and most tastefully adorned of those yet discovered. We remained some time in his mansion, and examined, with much interest, what was left of mosaic floors and paintings; for here again the insatiable Museum had swallowed up those specimens of art which the eruption had spared. The mind, as little as the body, possesses the faculty of being in two places at once; and thus our imaginations could ill furnish these denuded chambers with their original ornaments, which were now resting on the dark shelves of that museum, instead of illustrating here, in their proper places, the arts, pursuits, and occupations of their owners, near two thousand years ago. Why not make Pompeii the museum? However, nature and accident supplied us with a scene almost as interesting as the house in its original state would have afforded; for our torches glared upon the painted walls, lighting up this column and that cornice, while, beyond, the dim light of the heavens brought out the perspective of room and colonnade in most remarkable contrast. Above us was that deep, ultramarine blue sky, spangled with its stars; and in the distance, what had been by day a column of pale gray smoke, now a bright flame, flashing upwards from the summit of Vesuvius.

In another case (that of the Quæstor, I believe) we were much struck at the singular effect produced by two large masks of transparent marble, ornaments on either side a bath of elaborate workmanship. Behind these masks torches had been purposely placed, and as the bright light shone through, bringing out every muscle and feature, almost to the appearance of life, the apertures which represented the eyes glared horribly as the flame flashed through them, reminding one of Moore's Makannah, or the deadly goul of some Arabian tale.

From hence we adjourned to the splendid mansion which had last been cleared, and which, from the circumstance of a son of Goethe's being present at its discovery, had, in compliment to the great poet, been named the "Casa di Goethe." The objects which principally attracted our attention in this most perfect as well as most magnificent of these extraordinary ruins, were two mosaic floors of singular beauty. The one, a battle-piece (almost a picture), represented the victory of the Granicus, just at the moment when it might be supposed that the unfortunate Darius fled before the victorious arms of the Macedonian king. The proud and exulting air of the conqueror, and the lost and despairing look of the conquered, were admirably expressed—the grouping, the detail were perfect; and that magnificent colouring which no sun could fade, no time impair, was fresh as if just from the last touch of a painter's brush. The other, of much smaller proportions, was simply a lion's head—but what a lion!—all the power, the majesty, the grandeur of the lord of the forest sparkled in the eye, and Landseer himself would have been charmed with the stern, calm, resolute expression of mouth which the artist had imparted to a number of little paltry stones. Oh! why, when his work lasts for ages upon ages, should the name of that artist have been lost and forgotten!

Well, alack for human wants and human appetites! the clink of a few plates and glasses dissolved in a trice the dreams of forgotten art and bygone luxury, and away we skurried into the adjoining hall, where our supper was prepared. It were almost a profanation upon the Apician feasts of the former lords of these palaces to find half-a-dozen respectable gentlemen in long-tailed coats, boots, and beaver hats, seated at supper in the same hall

where many a guest had centuries before lolled in luxurious ease upon his couch, wrapped in the full and graceful folds of their picturesque costume, and delicately criticising the far-travelled viands in a language of other days. Our champagne and cotelettes sauce Robert would have been as little appetizing to the palate of the edile Panza, or the epicure Sallust, as the cut of our garments to their persons. Be that as it may, it would have been impossible for those distinguished individuals to have chased away the night more gaily than did we in that hall; and many a glass we quaffed to the manes of those gentlemen, whose names were then scarcely known to us, and with whose acquaintance we remained unhonoured, until thus lately they have become "our exceeding good friends," through the medium of Mr. Bulwer.

We, too, had our guests; for three officers of the Neapolitan guard were invited to join us, and, by way of spectators of our banquet, a crowd of the neighbouring peasantry. Indeed, I can hardly recollect anything more brilliant, more gay, more picturesque than our supper of that night. We—seated joyously at our supper-table, where torches shone, and glasses beamed with sparkling wine—in that old hall, with the sky for canopy; while beyond, in various groups, peasants, pretty girls, fiddlers, and buffoons, in all the gay attire of Italy—tinsel and ribands flaunting in the night air—some, seated round a blazing and crackling fire, chatting as they watched the preparation of the punch of which they were to be partakers, while the fire-light played upon their gay costume, bright eyes, and cheerful faces—others laughing and talking in the torch-light, which produced that flickering chiaro-oscuro effect to be conceived, but never painted—so gay, so uncertain, so ever-changing. Here the opaque body of a man between us and the fire, which just lit up the outline of his form; while there, in the strongest contrast, it played full upon the person of his companion—here, in the dark, a bit of tinsel only caught the reflection; while on the other side, the full and graceful form of a dark-haired Italian maiden stood out clear and well-defined in the blaze. In the background at the entrance of the house, the arms and accoutrements of the soldiers of the guard of honour just glanced back the red torchlight—while, ever and anon, a shower of bright sparks dashed up into the sky as the blazing wood was stirred. * * Off they went in the gay tarantella, with the crackling castanet and the joyous tambourine, one joining in after another, ever-varying, and almost never-ending—while, as the punch went round and their spirits rose, their movements became more agile, their laugh, their joy more unrestrained; at last, carried away by the feelings of the moment, they seized torches, and, like the Bacchanals of old, whirled round in a wild Bacchante dance, till the old walls, unaccustomed to such sounds, re-echoed with their shouts. We all, with one accord, toasted the Prince and his absent Duchess, with a *feu de joie* reverberating from the hills around, and the gay huzzas of the joyous crowd.—And over all, tinging each object with her beams, sedately rose the calm, pale moon.

The size and magnificence of the place may be conceived from its containing three theatres; and it was to visit these that we now addressed ourselves.

On our way to the amphitheatre we passed through the Forum, which, white and clear, now lay open in the moonlight, and we paused a moment before the temple of Venus, to admire its tall colonnade, and that fine but ruinous flight of steps which once led up to the shrine of the goddess. As we turned round to look at the open space we had left, the prospect before us was singularly beautiful;—an extended line of white columns peering up into the sky, and casting their long blue shadows across the road—the moonlit walls and façades of the dilapidated buildings—the capitals and broken fragments of pillars that lay scattered in our path, each Ionic volute and Corinthian acanthus-leaf glimmering like snow—the dank weeds and dark wall-shrubs, emblems, alas! of devastation and neglect, which,

now black, now tipped with light, skimmered and danced in the night air—and, here and there, as one of our party wandered from us, his figure was seen now scarcely traceable in the deep shade, and now emerging into the full radiance of the pale orb above. Oh, *vanitas, vanitatis!* here were the proud halls dedicated to uses now forgotten! here the stately temples consecrated to a religion now no more!—their idols are shattered fragments—their statues ornaments of a museum—their ceremonies a mockery—and the very names of their deities a byword and a jest! Who was the proud man who reared this lofty column to transmit his name, his memory to an eternity?—Vain fool! a moment destroyed his hopes—the column has been eighteen centuries a ruin, and the tablet crushed to dust under the foot of the passenger! Who was the devoted female who bowed in reverence before the shrine of the eternal goddess of beauty, who whispered her prayers to the vain idea on an Almighty power?—The shrine is buried in ashes—the deity dust, and forgotten like herself—and the symbol of her faith now perhaps adorns the finger or the snuff-box of some antiquary! Who was the plodding merchant who toiled to hoard these masses of wealth, that his descendants might revel in luxury and magnificence for ages?—Hopeless task! the burning ashes that overwhelmed himself struck down, too, the only child of his bosom—and those heaps of coin which he had toiled so long to acquire now serve only as tokens in a cabinet to fix the dates of history! Those passions which seared the breast—those talents which influenced the commonwealth—that eloquence which controlled the multitude, crowded in this, the centre of their business, their pleasures, and their prayers—hopes and fears—desires and regrets—loves and hates,—all—all buried in one great common ruin! But still the world wags on as before—ages produce no change—human passions, human feelings, human desires are ever the same. The haughty and rich aristocrat still hopes to live for ever in the statue or the picture which adorns the common hall of the neighbouring borough—the bashful maiden still vows eternal constancy to her lover, and still fancies the existence of some presiding genius to propitiate her passion—still and in vain does the trader amass riches for those who will never enjoy them—ay, even the mummeries and impositions of their priesthood have been handed down to our day—the frenzied oracles of Isis and the Virgin's tears at Loretto are alike parcels of the same quackery.

Some such thoughts, some such fancies, perhaps, flitted through my brain as I sat on the fragment of a fallen column, and looked out upon the Forum; but my companions soon shook me out of my reverie, and away we went to the Amphitheatre. The exterior of this magnificent structure looked grand and striking in the moonshine; the innumerable tall arches, most of them perfect, though some were crumbling into ruin—the uniformity of their ranks being only broken by those massive flights of steps which led to the upper benches of the interior—produced those strong and singular effects of light and shade without which no building is either picturesque or imposing. We entered the body of the theatre, and from around the circus in which we stood rose everlasting tiers of stone benches, almost as perfect as when the inhabitants of the Campanian city had looked down from them upon the games in the arena below; while above, over all, opened at intervals those arches, which had formerly served as entrances for the frequenters of the upper seats. Through these apertures streamed, in broad beams, the moonshine, while, hanging far overhead, the moon flung down her whole radiance, and flooded the vast space with light. A number of the benches which I have described were covered with groups of the peasants who had accompanied us hither, and the torches they still bore looked, in the unbroken mass of silver light, like small red specks, as if just dying out: nature was too much for them—they were fairly out-blazed; and it was only when their tiny flame shone with a contrasted red tinge on the person or dress of the bearer, that one

could conceive they were intended to give light at all. In the area below, a band of musicians from a neighbouring village played, from time to time, some of the charming airs of Italy; and now and then, as the mood took them, or some gay air struck their fancy, the spectators broke again into the wild and graceful movements of the tarantella.

We were much struck by the performance of one individual, who accompanied his voice to the guitar in an *improvvisi* song. There was a neatness in his lithy and well-knit form, and a natural grace in his movements, which caught the attention; there was something, too, in the handsome features and the bold and reckless character impressed upon the face; but, unfortunately, the effect of much that would otherwise have charmed was destroyed by a pair of most sinister-looking, dark, deep-set eyes;—a cloak hung drooping from one shoulder, and the rest of his dress was that of a common peasant—none of the tinsel and the gauds that are sometimes worn. He sang charmingly however, and the tones of his voice, in their plaintive tenderness, strangely belied the character one was inclined to attribute to him. I was not surprised to learn that he had been a captain of banditti; but, alas for romance! the individual in question had retired from active life—had thrown aside his carbine for a humbler instrument, and had now condescended to the more peaceable, and certainly more reputable, though not quite so romantic profession of a cobbler! Oh bathos! what was the Emperor on the barren rock to this? Think what he might have been in the heyday of his power, in the high and chivalrous character of his original occupation—think of his bold and gallant deeds—think that I might have incurred the honour of being eased of a few Napoleons by this identical strummer on a guitar and repairer of soles.

We visited, in succession, the two other theatres—the greater and the less, and we sauntered away half an hour, with no little pleasure, in the temple of Isis. But just about this time the gray streaks of dawn in the horizon began to warn us that our night, at least, was at an end. Orders were given for moving homeward—torches were being extinguished—so we quaffed one bowl (oh, reader, not of Falernian!) by way of farewell to Pompeii, and, having dismissed our multitude of attendants, well rewarded for their trouble, we mounted again into the Prince's carriages, and rolled off rapidly towards Naples, somewhat stilled perhaps, and overcome by that sort of listless feeling which is almost the necessary reaction of a night of pleasure, especially such a joyous one as ours.

In the slight sketch which I have attempted to give of the buried Campanian city, I have not dared to venture upon detail—my memory would scarcely serve me for such a purpose; and I am unwilling to draw from other sources what might complete the descriptive perhaps, but mar the picturesque. Thus, then, I have endeavoured only to give what I myself recall—to convey the impressions of the moment, and to impart, as nearly as I am able, those singular and varied effects—those powerful and brilliant scenes, which that monument of antiquity afforded when seen under the influence of such remarkable adjuncts. But I cannot close this article, meagre as it is, without one word of Mr. Bulwer. I am indebted to him for a gratification of no common kind. He has thrown a double charm over my recollections—he has breathed life into my imaginings—he has furnished those dead walls, and peopled them with animate beings. I retrace my steps, and in lieu of darkness and desolation, I find light and life—its business and its pleasures. Glaucus, Diomede, Sallust—all live and move in the places they were wont; and even the being of my mind's eye, who left behind her of her beauties but the mould of her exquisite bosom, is embodied (somewhat unwillingly, I own) in the vain, coquettish, and passionate Julia.

I thank him; but I am afraid that, even in a slight sketch like this, I have been unable, as I ought, to separate my own recollections of what actually exists, from the vivid reality his book has imparted to them.

P.

F. SMITH.

" Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice."—COLERIDGE.

" I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut-and-chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you."—PHILASTER.

IF you can imagine a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea, the place to which I would transport you, reader mine! would lie as it were in the palm of the giant's hand. The small promontory to which I refer, which becomes an island in certain states of the tide, is at the end of one of the long capes of Massachusetts, and is still called by its Indian name, *Nahant*. Not to make you uncomfortable, I beg to introduce you at once to a pretentious hotel, " squat like a toad " upon the unsheltered and highest point of this citadel in mid sea, and a very great resort for the metropolitan New Englanders. Nahant is perhaps, liberally measured, a square half-mile; and it is distant from what may fairly be called mainland, perhaps a league.

Road to Nahant there is none. The *oi polloi* go there by steam; but when the tide is down, you may drive there with a thousand chariots over the bottom of the sea. As I suppose there is not such another place in the known world, my tale will wait while I describe it more fully. If the Bible had been a fiction (not to speak profanely), I should have thought the idea of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host had its origin in some such wonder of nature.

Nahant is so far out into the ocean, that what is called the " ground-swell," the majestic heave of its great bosom going on for ever like respiration (though its face may be like a mirror beneath the sun, and a wind may not have crisped its surface for days and weeks), is as broad and powerful within a rood of the shore as it is a thousand miles at sea.

The promontory itself is never wholly left by the ebb; but, from its western extremity, there runs a narrow ridge, scarce broad enough for a horse-path, impassable for the rocks and sea-weed of which it is matted, and extending at just high-water mark from Nahant to the mainland. Seaward from this ridge, which is the only connexion of the promontory with the continent, descends an expanse of sand, left bare six hours out of the twelve by the retreating sea, as smooth and hard as marble, and as broad and apparently as level as the plain of the Hermus. For three miles it stretches away without shell or stone, a surface of white, fine-grained sand, beaten so hard by the eternal hammer of the surf, that the hoof of a horse scarce marks it, and the heaviest wheel leaves it as printless as a floor of granite. This will easily be understood when you remember the tremendous rise and fall of the ocean-swell, from the very bosom of which, in all its breadth and strength, roll in the waves of the flowing tide, breaking down on the beach, every one, with the thunder of a host precipitated from the battlements of a castle. Nothing could be more solemn and anthem-like than the succession of these plunging

surges. And when the "tenth wave" gathers, far out at sea, and rolls onward to the shore, first with a glassy and heaving swell as if some mighty monster were lurching inland beneath the water, and then, bursting up into foam, with a front like an endless and sparry crystal wall, advances and overwhelms every thing in its progress, till it breaks with a centupled thunder on the beach—it has seemed to me, standing there, as if thus might have beaten the first surge on the shore after the fiat which "divided sea and land." I am not naturally of a religious turn, but the sea (myself on shore) always drives me to Scripture for an illustration of my feelings.

The promontory of Nahant must be based on the earth's axle, else I cannot imagine how it should have lasted so long. In the mildest weather, the ground-swell of the sea gives it a fillip at every heave that would lay the "castled crag of Drachenfels" as low as Memphis. The wine trembles in your beaker of claret as you sit after dinner at the hotel; and if you look out at the eastern balcony (for it is a wooden pagoda, with balconies, verandahs, and colonnades *ad libitum*), you will see the grass breathless in the sunshine upon the lawn, and the ocean as polished and calm as *Miladi's* brow beyond, and yet the spray and foam dashing fifty feet into the air between, and enveloping the "Devil's Pulpit" (a tall rock split off from the promontory's front) in a perpetual kaleidoscope of mist and rainbows. Take the trouble to transport yourself there! I will do the remaining honours on the spot. A cavern as cool (not as silent) as those of Trophonius lies just under the brow of yonder precipice, and the waiter shall come after us with our wine. You have dined with the Borromeo in the grotto of Isola Bella, I doubt not, and know the perfection of *art*—I will show you that of *nature*. (I should like to transport you for a similar contrast from Terni to Niagara, or from San Giovanni Laterano to an aisle in a forest of Michigan; but the Dædalian mystery, alas! is unsolved. We "fly not yet.")

Here we are, then, in the "Swallows' Cave." The floor descends by a gentle declivity to the sea, and from the long dark cleft stretching outward you look forth upon the broad Atlantic—the shore of Ireland the first *terra firma* in the path of your eye. Here is a dark pool left by the retreating tide for a refrigerator, and with the champagne in the midst, we will recline about it like the soft Asiatics of whom we learned pleasure in the East, and drink to the small-featured and purple-lipped "Mignons" of Syria—those fine-limbed and fiery slaves, adorable as Peris, and by turns languishing and stormy, whom you buy for a pinch of piastres (say 5*l.* 5*s.*) in sunny Damascus. Your drowsy Circassian, faint and dreamy, or your crockery Georgian—fit dolls for the sensual Turk—is, to him who would buy *soul*, dear at a *para* the hecatomb.

We recline, as it were, in an ebon pyramid, with a hundred feet of floor and sixty of wall, and the fourth side open to the sky. The light comes in mellow and dim, and the sharp edges of the rocky portal seem let into the pearly arch of heaven. The tide is at half-ebb, and the advancing and retreating waves, which at first just lifted the fringe of crimson dulse at the lip of the cavern, now dash their spray-pearls on the rock below, the "tenth" surge alone rallying as if in scorn of its retreating fellows, and, like the chieftain of Culloden Moor, rushing back singly to the contest. And now that the waters reach the entrance no

more, come forward and look on the sea! The swell lifts!—would you not think the bases of the earth rising beneath it? It falls!—would you not think the foundations of the deep had given way? A plain, broad enough for the navies of the world to ride at large, heaves up evenly and steadily as if it would lie against the sky, rests a moment spell-bound in its place, and falls again as far—the respiration of a sleeping child not more regular and full of slumber. It is only on the shore that it chafes. Blessed emblem! it is at peace with itself! The rocks war with a nature so unlike their own, and the hoarse din of their border onsets resounds through the caverns they have rent open; but beyond, in the calm bosom of the ocean, what heavenly dignity! what godlike unconsciousness of alarm! I did not think we should stumble on such a moral in the cave!

By the deeper bass of its hoarse organ, the sea is now playing upon its lowest stops, and the tide is down. Hear! how it rushes in beneath the rocks, broken and stilled in its tortuous way, till it ends with a washing and dull hiss among the sea-weed, and, like a myriad of small tinkling bells, the dripping from the crags is audible. There is fine music in the sea!

And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky, and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple, and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white-winged bird lying with dark breast on the waves, abandoned of the sea-breeze within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore. She comes from "merry England." She is freighted with more than merchandise. The home-sick exile will gaze on her snowy sail as she sets in with the morning breeze, and bless it; for the wind that first filled it on its way swept through the green valley of his home! What links of human affection brings she over the sea! How much comes in her that is not in her "bill of lading," yet worth, to the heart that is waiting for it, a thousand times the purchase of her whole venture!

Mais montons nous! I hear the small hoofs of Thalaba; my stanhope waits; we will leave this half bottle of champagne, that "remainder biscuit," and the echoes of our philosophy to the Naiads who have lent us their drawing-room. Undine, or Egeria! Lurly, or Arethusa! whatever thou art called, nymph of this shadowy cave! adieu!

Slowly, Thalaba! Tread gingerly down this rocky descent! So! Here we are on the floor of the vasty deep! What a glorious race-course! The polished and printless sand spreads away before you as far as the eye can see, the surf comes in below, breast high ere it breaks, and the white fringe of the sliding wave shoots up the beach, but leaves room for the marching of a Persian phalanx on the sands it has deserted. Oh, how noiselessly runs the wheel, and how dreamily we glide along, feeling our motion but in the resistance of the wind, and the trout-like pull of the ribands by the excited animal before us. Mark the colour of the sand! White at high-water-mark, and thence deepening to a silvery gray as the water has evaporated less—a slab of Egyptian granite in the obelisk of St. Peter's not more polished and unimpressible.—Shell or rock, weed or quicksand, there is none; and mar or deface its

bright surface as you will, it is ever beaten down anew, and washed even of the dust of the foot of man, by the returning sea. You may write upon its fine-grained face with a crowquill—you may course over its dazzling expanse with a troop of chariots.

Most wondrous and beautiful of all, within twenty yards of the surf, or for an hour after the tide has left the sand, it holds the water without losing its firmness, and is like a grey mirror, bright as the bosom of the sea. (By your leave, Thalaba!) And now lean over the dasher, and see those small fetlocks striking up from beneath—the flying mane, the thorough-bred action, the small and expressive head, as perfect in the reflection as in the reality; like Wordsworth's swan, he

"*Trots* double, *horse* and shadow."

You would swear you were skimming the surface of the sea; and the delusion is more complete as the white foam of the "tenth wave" skims in beneath wheel and hoof, and you urge on with the treacherous element gliding away visibly beneath you.

We seem not to have driven fast, yet three miles, fairly measured, are left behind, and Thalaba's blood is up. Fine creature! I would not give him

"For the best horse the Sun has in his stable."

We have won champagne ere now, Thalaba and I, trotting on this silvery beach; and if ever old age comes on me, as I intend it never shall on aught save my mortal coil, (my spirit vowed to perpetual youth,) I think these vital breezes, and a trot on these exhilarating sands, would sooner renew my prime than a rock in St. Hilary's cradle, or a dip in the Well of Kanathos. May we try the experiment together, gentle reader!

I am not settled in my own mind whether this description of one of my favourite haunts in America was written most to introduce the story that is to follow, or the story to introduce the description. Possibly the latter, for having consumed my callow youth in wandering "to and fro in the earth," like Sathanas of old, and looking on my country now with an eye from which all the minor and temporary features have gradually faded, I find my pride in it (after its glory as a republic) settling principally on the superior handiwork of Nature in its land and water. When I talk of it now, it is looking through another's eyes—his who listens. I do not describe it after my own memory of what it *was once to me*, but according to my idea of what it will *seem now to a stranger*. Hence I speak not of the friends I made, rambling by lake or river. The lake and the river are there, but the friends are changed—to themselves and me. I speak not of the lovely and loving ones that stood by me, looking on glen or waterfall. The glen and the waterfall are romantic still, but the form and the heart that breathed through it are no longer lovely or loving. I should renew my joys by the old mountain and river, for, all they ever were I should find them still, and never seem to myself grown old, or cankered of the world, or changed in form or spirit, while they reminded me but of my youth, with their familiar sunshine and beauty. But the friends that I knew—*as* I knew them—are dead. They look no longer the same; they have another heart in them; the kindness of the eye, the smilingness of the lip, are no more there. Philosophy tells me the material and living body changes and renews, par-

ticle by particle, with time; and Experience—cold-blooded and stony monitor—tells me, in his frozen monotone, that heart and spirit change with it and renew! But the name remains, mockery that it is! and the memory sometimes; and so these apparitions of the past—that we almost fear to question when they encounter us, lest the change they have undergone should freeze our blood—stare coldly on us, yet call us by name, and answer, though coldly, to their own, and have that terrible similitude to what they were, mingled with their unsympathizing and hollow mummery, that we wish the grave of the past, with all that it contained of kind or lovely, had been sealed for ever. The heart we have lain near before our birth (so read I the book of human life) is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us. Saith well and affectionately an American poet, in some birth-day verses to his mother—

" Mother! dear mother! the feelings nurst
As I hung at thy bosom, *clung round thee first*—
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain,
'Tis the only one that will long remain;
And as, year by year, and day by day,
Some friend, still trusted, drops away,
Mother! dear mother! *Oh, dost thou see*
How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee!"

II.

I have observed that of all the friends one has in the course of his life, the truest and most attached is exactly the one who, from his dissimilarity to yourself, the world finds it very odd you should fancy. We hear sometimes of lovers who " are made for each other," but rarely of the same natural match in friendship. It is no great marvel. In a world like this, where we pluck so desperately at the fruit of pleasure, we prefer for company those who are not formed with precisely the same palate as ourselves. You will seldom go wrong, dear reader, if you refer any human question about which you are in doubt to that icy oracle—selfishness.

My shadow for many years was a gentle monster, baptized by the name of *Forbearance Smith*. He was a Vermontese, a descendant of one of the Puritan pilgrims, and the first of his family who had left the Green Mountains since the flight of the regicides to America. We assimilate to what we live among, and Forbearance was very *green*, and very like a *mountain*. He had a general resemblance to one of Thorwaldsen's unfinished Apostles—larger than life, and just hewn into outline. My acquaintance with him commenced during my first year at the university. He stalked into my room one morning with a hair-trunk on his back, and handed me the following note from the tutor:—

" Sir,—The Faculty have decided to impose upon you the fine of ten dollars and damages, for painting the President's horse on Sabbath night while grazing on the College Green. They, moreover, have removed Freshman Wilding from your rooms, and appoint as your future chum the studious and exemplary bearer, Forbearance Smith, to whom you are desired to show a becoming respect.

" Your obedient servant,

" Erasmus Snufflegreek.

" To Freshman Slingsby."

Rather relieved by my lenient sentence, (for, till the next shedding of his well-saturated coat, the sky-blue body and red mane and tail of the President's once gray mare would interfere with that esteemed animal's usefulness,) I received Mr. Smith with more politeness than he expected. He deposited his hair-trunk in the vacant bed-room, remarked with a good-humoured smile that it was a cold morning, and seating himself in my easiest chair, opened his Euclid, and went to work upon a problem, as perfectly at home as if he had furnished the room himself, and lived in it from his matriculation. I had expected some preparatory apology at least, and was a little annoyed; but being upon my good behaviour, I bit my lips, and resumed the "Art of Love," upon which I was just then practising my nascent Latinity, instead of calculating logarithms for recitation. In about an hour, my new chum suddenly vociferated "*Eureka!*" shut up his book, and having stretched himself, (a very unnecessary operation,) coolly walked to my dressing-table, selected my best hair-brush, redolent of Macassar, and used it with the greatest apparent satisfaction.

"Have you done with that hair-brush?" I asked, as he laid it in its place again.

"Oh yes!"

"Then, perhaps, you will do me the favour to throw it out of the window."

He did it without the slightest hesitation. He then resumed his seat by the fire, and I went on with my book in silence. Twenty minutes had elapsed, perhaps, when he rose very deliberately, and without a word of preparation gave me a cuff that sent me flying into the wood-basket in the corner behind me. As soon as I could pick myself out, I flew upon him, but I might as well have grappled with a boa-constrictor. He held me off at arm's length till I was quite exhausted with rage, and, at last, when I could struggle no more, I found breath to ask him what the devil he meant?

"To resent what seemed to me, on reflection, to be an insult;" he answered, in the calmest tone, "and now to ask your pardon for a fault of ignorance. The first was due to myself, the second to you."

Thenceforth, to the surprise of everybody, and Bob Wilding and the tutor, we were inseparable. I took Bruin (by a double elision *Forbearance* became "*bear*," and by paraphrase *Bruin*, and he answered to the name)—I took him, I say, to the omnium shop, and presented him with a dressing-case, and other appliances for his *outer* man; and as my *inner* man was relatively as much in need of his assistance, we mutually improved. I instructed him in poetry and politeness, and he returned the lesson in problems and politics. My star was never in more fortunate conjunction.

Four years had woven their threads of memory about us, and there was never woof more free from blemish. Our friendship was proverbial. All that much care and Macassar could do for Bruin had been done, but there was no abating his seven feet of stature, nor reducing the size of his feet proper, nor making the muscles of his face answer to their natural wires. At his most placid smile, a strange waiter would run for a hot towel and the doctor, (colic was not more like itself than that like colic); and for his motions—oh Lord! a skeleton, with each individual bone appended to its neighbour with a string, would execute a

pas seul with the same expression. His mind, however, had none of the awkwardness of his body. A simplicity and truth, amounting to the greatest *naïveté*, and a fatuitous unconsciousness of the effect on beholders of his outer man, were its only approaches to fault or foible. With the finest sense of the beautiful, the most unerring judgment in literary taste, the purest romance, a fervid enthusiasm, constancy, courage, and good temper, he walked about the world in a mask—an admirable creature, in the guise and seeming of a ludicrous monster.

Bruin was sensitive on but one point. He never could forgive his father and mother for the wrong they had entailed on him at his baptism. "*Forbearance* Smith!" he would say to himself sometimes in unconscious soliloquy, "they should have given me the virtue as well as the name!" And then he would sit with a pen, and scrawl "F. Smith" on a sheet of paper by the hour together. To insist upon knowing his Christian name was the one impertinence he never forgave. His last request (he is dead, poor fellow!) was, that "F. Smith" might be inscribed on his tomb-stone. I shall find him a relentless ghost on my arrival among the shades, if this paper shall have been mentioned in Elysium. *Pax mortuis!*

III.

My party at Nahant consisted of Thalaba, Forbearance, and myself. The place was crowded, but I passed my time very much between my horse and my friend, and was as certain to be found on the beach when the tide was down, as the sea to have left the sands. Job (a synonyme for Forbearance which became at this time his common *soubriquet*) was, of course, in love. Not the least to the prejudice, however, of his last faithful passion—for he was as fond of the memory of an old love, as he was tender in the presence of the new. I intended to have had him dissected after his death, to see whether his organization was not peculiar. I strongly incline to the opinion, that we should have found a mirror in the place of his heart. Strange! how the same man who is so fickle in love, will be so constant in friendship! But is it fickleness? Is it not rather a *superflu* of tenderness in the nature, which overflows to all who approach the fountain? I have ever observed, that the most susceptible men are the most remarkable for the finer qualities of character. They are more generous, more delicate, and of a more chivalrous complexion altogether, than other men. It was surprising how reasonably Bruin would argue upon this point. "Because I was happy at Niagara," he was saying one day as we sat upon the rocks, "shall I take no pleasure in the Falls of Montmorenci? Because the sunset was glorious yesterday, shall I find no beauty in that of to-day? Is my fancy to be used but once, and the key turned upon it for ever? Is the heart like a *bon-bon*, to be eaten up by the first favourite, and thought of no more? Are our eyes blind, save to one shape of beauty? Are our ears insensible to the music save of one voice?"

"But do you not weaken the heart, and become incapable of a lasting attachment, by this habit of inconstancy?"

"How long, my dear Phil, will you persist in talking as if the heart was material, and held so much love as a cup so much water, and had legs to be weary, or organs to grow dull? How is my sensibility lessened?—how my capacity enfeebled? What would I have done for my first

love, that I would not do for my last? I would have sacrificed my life to secure the happiness of one you wot of in days gone by—I would jump into the sea, if it would make Blanche Carroll happier to-morrow."

"*Sautez donc!*" said a thrilling voice behind; and as if the utterance of her name had conjured her out of the ground, the object of all Job's admiration, and a little of my own, stood before us. She had a work-basket in her hand, a gipsy-hat tossed carelessly on her head, and had preceded a whole troop of belles and matrons, who were coming out to while away the morning, and breathe the invigorating sea-air on the rocks.

Blanche Carroll was what the women would call "a little love," but that phrase of endearment would not at all express the feeling with which she inspired the men. She was small, and her face and figure might have been framed in fairy-land for bewitching beauty; but with the manner of a spoiled child, and, apparently, the most thoughtless playfulness of mind, she was as veritable a little devil as ever took the shape of woman. Scarce seventeen at this time, she had a knowledge of character that was like an instinct, and was an accomplished actress in any part it was necessary for her purpose to play. No grave Machiavel ever managed his cards with more finesse than that little *intriguante* the limited world of which she was the star. She was a natural master-spirit and plotter; and the talent that would have employed itself in the deeper game of politics, had she been born a woman of rank in Europe, displayed itself, in the simple society of a republic, in subduing to her power everything in the shape of a single man that ventured to her net. I have nothing to tell of her at all commensurate with the character I have drawn, for the disposal of her own heart (if she has one) must of course be the most important event of her life; but I merely pencil the outline of the portrait in passing, as a specimen of the material that exists, even in the simplest society, for the *dramatis personæ* of a court.

We followed the light-footed beauty to the shelter of one of the caves opening on the sea, and seated ourselves about her upon the rocks. Some one proposed that Job or myself should read.

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" interrupted the belle, "where is my bracelet? and where are my verses?"

At the ball the night before she had dropped a bracelet in the waltz, and Job had been permitted to take care of the fragments, on condition of restoring them, with a sonnet, the next morning. She had just thought of it.

"Read them out! read them out!" she cried, as Job, blushing a deep blue, extracted a tri-cornered pink document from his pocket, and tried to give it to her unobserved, with the pacquet of jewellery. Job looked at her imploringly, and she took the verses from his hand, and ran her eye through them.

"Pretty well!" she said; "but the last line might be improved. Give me a pencil, some one!" And bending over it, till her luxuriant hair concealed her fairy fingers in their employment, she wrote a moment upon her knee, and tossing the paper to me, bade me read it out with the emendation. Bruin had, meantime, modestly disappeared, and I read with the more freedom.

" 'Twas broken in the gliding dance,
When thou wert in thy dream of power;
When shape and motion, tone and glance,
Were glorious all—the woman's hour!
The light lay soft upon thy brow,
The music melted in thine ear,
And one, perhaps forgotten now,
With 'wilder'd thoughts stood list'ning near,
Marvelling not that links of gold
A pulse like thine had not controll'd.

'Tis midnight now.—The dance is done,
And thou, in thy soft dreams, asleep;
And I, awake, am gazing on
The fragments given me to keep.
I think of ev'ry glowing vein
That ran beneath these links of gold,
And wonder if a thrill of pain
Made those bright channels ever cold!
With gifts like thine, I cannot think
Grief ever chill'd this broken link.

Good night! 'Tis little now to thee
That in my ear thy words were spoken,
And thou wilt think of them and me
As long as of the bracelet broken.
For thus is riven many a chain
That thou hast fasten'd but to break,
And thus thou'lt sink to sleep again,
As careless that another wake;
The only thought thy heart can rend
Is—*what the fellow 'll charge to mend!*"

Job's conclusion was more pathetic, but probably less true. He appeared after the applause had ceased, and resumed his place at the lady's feet, with a look in his countenance of having deserved an abatement of persecution. The beauty spread out the fragments of the broken bracelet on the rock beside her.

" Mr. Smith!" said she, in her most conciliating tone.

Job leaned toward her with a look of devoted inquiry.

" Has the tide turned?"

" Certainly. Two hours since."

" The beach is passable, then?"

" Hardly, I fear."

" No matter. How many hours' drive is it to Salem?"

" Mr. Slingsby drives it in two."

" Then you'll get Mr. Slingsby to lend you his stanhope, drive to Salem, have this bracelet mended, and bring it back in time for the ball. *I have spoken*, as the Grand Turk says. *Allez!*"

" But my dear Miss Carroll——"

She laid her hand on his mouth as he began to remonstrate, and while I made signs to him to refuse, she said something to him which I lost in a sudden dash of the waters. He looked at me for my consent.

" Oh! you can have Mr. Slingsby's horse," said the beauty, as I hesitated whether my refusal would not check her tyranny, " and I'll drive him out this evening for his reward. *N'est ce pas?* you cross man!"

So, with a sun hot enough to fry the brains in his skull, and a quivering reflection on the sands that would burn his face to a blister, *exit* Job, with the broken bracelet in his bosom.

"Stop, Mr. Slingsby," said the imperious little belle, as I was making up a mouth, after his departure, to express my disapprobation of her measures, "no lecture, if you please. Give me that book of plays, and I'll read you a precedent. Because you are virtuous, shall we have no more cakes and ale? *Ecoutez!*" And, with an emphasis and expression that would have been perfect on the stage, she read the following passage from "The Careless Husband:"—

"*Lady Betty.*—The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world; their sincerity and good breeding throw them so entirely into one's power, and give one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to show that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

"*Lady Easy.*—But my Lord Morelove——

"*Lady B.*—Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask—one can't wear him out; o' my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last. I begin to be known by him; had I not best leave him off, my dear?

"*Lady E.*—Why did you ever encourage him?

"*Lady B.*—Why, what would you have one do? For my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye than a shoe—one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

"*Lady E.*—But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than wear a shoe that pinched me.

"*Lady B.*—Ay; but then a poor wretch tells one he'll widen 'em, or do anything, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle as a pair of shoes, or a heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

"*Lady E.*—And there's my Lord Foppington.

"*Lady B.*—My dear! fine fruit will have flies about it; but, poor things! they do it no harm; for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have been busy with. Ha! ha!

"*Lady E.*—Thou art a strange, giddy creature!

"*Lady B.*—That may be from too much circulation of thought, my dear!"

"Pray, Miss Carroll," said I, as she threw aside the book with a theatrical air, "have you any precedent for broiling a man's brains, as well as breaking his heart? For, by this time, my friend Forbearance has a *coup de soleil*, and is hissing over the beach like a steam-engine."

"How tiresome you are! Do you really think it will kill him?"

"It might injure him seriously—let alone the danger of driving a spirited horse over the beach, with the tide quarter-down."

"What shall I do to be 'taken out of the corner,' Mr. Slingsby?"

"Order your horses an hour sooner, and drive to Lynn, to meet him half way on his return. I will resume my stanhope, and give him the happiness of driving back with you."

"And shall I be gentle Blanche Carroll, and no ogre, if I do?"

"Yes; Mr. Smith surviving."

"Take the trouble to give my orders, then; and come back immediately, and read to me till it is time to go. Meantime, I shall look at myself in this black mirror." And the spoilt, but most lovely girl bent over a dark pool in the corner of the cave, forming a picture on its shadowy background that drew a murmur of admiration even from the neglected group who had been the silent and disapproving witnesses of her caprice."

IV.

A thunder-cloud strode into the sky with the rapidity which marks that common phenomenon of a breathless summer afternoon in America, darkened the air for a few minutes, so that the birds betook themselves to their nests, and then poured out its refreshing waters with the most terrific flashes of lightning, and crashes of thunder which for a moment seemed to still even the eternal bass of the sea. With the same fearful rapidity, the black roof of the sky tore apart, and fell back, in rolling and changing masses, upon the horizon; the sun darted with intense brilliancy through the clarified and transparent air; the light-stirring breeze came freighted with delicious coolness; and the heavy sea-birds, who had lain brooding on the waves while the tumult of the elements went on, rose on their scimitar-like wings, and fled away, with incomprehensible instinct, from the beautified and freshened land. The whole face of earth and sky had been changed in an hour.

Oh, of what fulness of delight are even the senses capable! What a nerve there is sometimes in every pore! What love for all living and all inanimate things may be born of a summer shower! How stirs the fancy, and brightens hope, and warms the heart, and sings the spirit within us, at the mere animal joy with which the lark flees into heaven! And yet, of this exquisite capacity for pleasure we take so little care! We refine our taste, we elaborate and finish our mental perception, we study the beautiful, that we may know it when it appears,—yet the senses by which these faculties are approached, the stops by which this fine instrument is played, are trifled with and neglected. We forget that a single excess blurs and confuses the music written on our minds; we forget that an untimely vigil weakens and bewilders the delicate minister to our inner temple; we know not, or act as if we knew not, that the fine and easily-jarred harmony of health is the only interpreter of Nature to our souls; in short, we drink too much claret, and eat too much *pâté foie gras*. Do you understand me, *gourmand et gourmet?*

Blanche Carroll was a beautiful whip, and the two bay ponies in her phaeton were quite aware of it. La Bruyère says, with his usual wisdom, "Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme est ce qu'il y a au monde d'un commerce plus délicieux;" and, to a certain degree, masculine accomplishments, too, are very winning in a woman—if pretty; if plain, she is expected not only to be quite feminine, but quite perfect. Foibles are as hateful in a woman who does *not* possess beauty as they are engaging in a woman who *does*. Clouds are only lovely when the heavens are bright.

She looked loveliest while driving, did Blanche Carroll, for she was born to rule, and the expression native to her lip was energy and nerve; and as she sat with her little foot pressed against the dasher, and reined in those spirited horses, the finely-pencilled mouth, usually playful or pettish, was pressed together in a curve as warlike as Minerva's, and twice as captivating. She drove, too, as capriciously as she acted. At one moment her fleet ponies fled over the sand at the top of their speed, and at the next they were brought down to a walk, with a suddenness which threatened to bring them upon their haunches. Now far up on the dry sand, cutting a zigzag to lengthen the way, and again below at the tide edge, with the waves breaking over her seaward wheel; all her

powers at one instant engrossed in pushing them to their fastest trot, and in another the reins lying loose on their backs, while she discussed some sudden flight of philosophy. "Be his fairy, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented," said Roger Ascham to Lady Jane Grey, just before her marriage; but Blanche Carroll was almost the only woman I ever saw capable of that *beau idéal* of fascinating characters.

Between Miss Carroll and myself there was a safe and cordial friendship. Besides loving another better, she was neither earnest, nor true, nor affectionate enough to come at all within the range of my possible attachments, and though I admired her, she felt that the necessary sympathy was wanting for love; and, the idea of fooling me with the rest once abandoned, we were the greatest of allies. She told me all her triumphs, and I listened and laughed without thinking it worth while to burden her with my confidence in return; and you may as well make a memorandum, gentle reader, that *that* is a very good basis for a friendship. Nothing bores women or worldly persons so much as to return their secrets with your own.

As we drew near the extremity of the beach, a boy rode up on horseback, and presented Miss Carroll with a note. I observed that it was written on a very dirty slip of paper, and was waiting to be enlightened as to its contents, when she slipped it into her belt, took the whip from the box, and flogging her ponies through the heavy sand of the outer beach, went off, at a pace which seemed to engross all her attention, on her road to Lynn. We reached the hotel and she had not spoken a syllable, and as I made a point of never inquiring into anything that seemed odd in her conduct, I merely stole a glance at her face, which wore the expression of mischievous satisfaction which I liked least of its common expressions, and descended from the phaeton with the simple remark that Job could not have arrived, as I saw nothing of my stanhope in the yard.

"Mr. Slingsby." It was the usual preface to asking some particular favour.

"Miss Carroll."

"Will you be so kind as to walk to the library and select me a book to your own taste, and ask no questions as to what I do with myself meantime?"

"But my dear Miss Carroll—your father——"

"Will feel quite satisfied when he hears that Cato was with me. Leave the ponies to the groom, Cato, and follow me." I looked after her as she walked down the village street with the old black behind her, not at all certain of the propriety of my acquiescence, but feeling that there was no help for it.

I lounged away a half-hour at the library, and found Miss Carroll waiting for me on my return. There were no signs of Bruin; and as she seemed impatient to be off, I jumped into the phaeton, and away we flew to the beach as fast as her ponies could be driven under the whip. As we descended upon the sands she spoke for the first time.

"It is *so* civil of you to ask no questions, Mr. Slingsby; but you are *not* offended with me?"

"If you have got into no scrape while under my charge, I shall certainly be too happy to shake hands upon it to-morrow."

"Are you *quite* sure?" she asked archly.

"Quite sure."

"So am *not* I," she said with a merry laugh; and in her excessive amusement she drove down to the sea, till the surf broke over the nearest pony's back, and filled the bottom of the phaeton with water. Our wet feet were now a fair apology for haste, and taking the reins from her, I drove rapidly home, while she wrapped herself in her shawl, and sat apparently absorbed in the coming of the twilight over the sea.

V.

I slept late after the ball, though I had gone to bed exceedingly anxious about Bruin, who had not yet made his appearance. The tide would prevent his crossing the beach after ten in the morning, however, and I made myself tolerably easy till the sands were passable with the evening ebb. The high-water mark was scarcely deserted by the waves, when the same boy who had delivered the note to Miss Carroll the day before rode up from the beach on a panting horse, and delivered me the following note:—

"Dear Philip,—You will be surprised to hear that I am in the Lynn gaol on a charge of theft and utterance of counterfeit money. I do not wait to tell you the particulars. Please come and identify

"Your's truly,

"F. Smith."

I got upon the boy's horse, and hurried over the beach with whip and spur. I stopped at the justice's office, and that worthy seemed uncommonly pleased to see me.

"We have got him, Sir," said he.

"Got whom?" I asked rather shortly.

"Why, the fellow that stole your stanhope and Miss Carroll's bracelet, and passed a twenty-dollar counterfeit bill—han't you hearn on't?"

The justice's incredulity, when I told him it was probably the most intimate friend I had in the world, would have amused me at any other time.

"Will you allow me to see the prisoner?" I asked.

"Be sure I will. I let Miss Carroll have a peep at him yesterday, and what do you think? oh Lord! he wanted to make her believe she knew him! Good! wasn't it? Ha! ha! And *such* an ill-looking fellow! Why, I'd know him for a thief anywhere! *Your* intimate friend, Mr. Slingsby! Oh, Lord! when you come to see him! Ha! ha!"

We were at the prison-door. The grating bolts turned slowly, the door swung rustily on its hinges as if it was not often used, and in the next minute I was enfolded in Job's arms, who sobbed and laughed, and was quite hysterical with his delight. I scarce wondered at the justice's prepossessions when I looked at the figure he made. His hat knocked in, his coat muddy, his hair full of the dust of straw—the natural hideousness of poor Job had every possible aggravation.

We were in the stanhope, and fairly on the beach, before he had sufficiently recovered to tell me the story. He had arrived quite overheated at Lynn, but, in a hurry to execute Miss Carroll's commission, he merely took a glass of soda-water, had Thalaba's mouth washed, and drove on.

A mile on his way, he was overtaken by a couple of ostlers on horseback, who very roughly ordered him back to the inn. He refused, and a fight ensued, which ended in his being tied into the stanhope, and driven back as a prisoner. The large note, which he had given for his soda-water, it appeared, was a counterfeit, and placards, offering a reward for the detection of a villain, described in the usual manner as an ill-looking fellow, had been sticking up for some days in the village. He was taken before the justice, who declared at first sight that he answered the description in the advertisement. His stubborn refusal to give the whole of his name (he would rather have died, I suppose), his possession of my stanhope, which was immediately recognized, and lastly the bracelet found in his pocket, of which he refused indignantly to give any account, were circumstances enough to leave no doubt on the mind of the worthy justice. He made out his *mittimus* forthwith, granting Job's request that he might be allowed to write a note to Miss Carroll (who, he knew, would drive over the beach toward evening), as a very great favour. She arrived as he expected.

"And what in heaven's name did she say?" said I, interested beyond my patience at this part of the story.

"Expressed the greatest astonishment when the justice showed her the bracelet, and declared she *never saw me before in her life!*"

That Job forgave Blanche Carroll in two days, and gave her a pair of gloves with some verses on the third, will surprise only those who have not seen that lady. It would seem incredible, but here are the verses, as large as life:—

"Slave of the snow-white hand! I fold
My spirit in thy fabric fair;
And when that dainty hand is cold,
And rudely comes the wintry air,
Press in thy light and straining form
Those slender fingers soft and warm;
And, as the fine-traced veins within
Quicken their bright and rosy flow,
And gratefully the dewy skin
Clings to the form that warms it so,
Tell her my heart is hiding there,
Trembling to be so closely prest,
Yet feels how brief its moments are,
And saddens even to be blest—
Fated to serve her for a day,
And then, like thee, *be flung away.*"

SLINGSBY

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. III.

Denvil I first saw at Liverpool, where he came out for the benefit of Loveday, about fourteen years ago, in Hotspur. He then acted under the name of Stuart: he afterwards was in the York circuit, and with old Macready at Bristol; and about 1822 or 1823, he commenced manager at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His unacquaintance with the mode of managing a provincial theatre may be gathered from the fact that, in Cowes, he only put up and performed three plays in three weeks, and those three were "George Barnwell," "Bertram," and "Douglas;" of course, Denvil was the hero in each. In 1826 he was at Deptford, playing Rashleigh Osbaldiston, Richmond, and characters of that grade. Last January he was engaged at the little theatre in Tottenham-street, and came out in the character of an old man, in a piece called "The Father's Plea" (founded on an Irish story). Charles Mason (a nephew of Charles Kemble's) was the hero of the company. [About that time, Mr. Denvil played for a short period at the Garrick Theatre, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, and was unnoticed.] The "Gamester" was altered by the author of "Figaro in London," by the interpolation of some comic characters, to make room for which all the parts except Beverley were reduced to skeletons. Denvil acted what was left of Lewson in this gallimaufry a few nights, and then left the theatre. He is thirty-six years of age.

A Dramatic Couple.—Mr. and Mrs. J——, when in the Glasgow company, lived unfortunately very much after the fashion in which *Mr.* and Mrs. Milton, Dr. and Mrs. Sherlock, and many other great personages are said to have existed; with the exception that Mr. J—— adopted the permission accorded by Judge Buller, and generally silenced Mrs. J—— by the *argumentum baculinum*. One evening, after certain fustigatory performances at home, Mr. and Mrs. J—— performed the Duke and Duchess in Tobin's *Honeymoon*; in one of the scenes of which Juliana has to say that she presumes, if she disobeys his orders, he will beat her; to which the Duke replies—

> "I'll talk to you; but I'll not beat you.
> He that lays his hand upon a woman,
> Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
> Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward."

Mr. J—— had scarcely begun this commonplace claptrap, when his spouse, dismissing the recollection of her scenic character, and smarting with her wrongs, darted a look at him, accompanied by an undercurrent exclamation thus—

> *Mr. J. as Duke.*—He that lays his hand upon a woman——
> [*Mrs. J.* gives an indescribable glance, and exclaims—Ugh! You brute!]
> *Mr. J.* (proceeding)—*Save when she richly deserves it*—is a wretch,
> *Whom 'twere base flattery to call a coward.*

Melvin, the Rival of Elliston, was the early friend and companion of Mathews in Yorkshire. When he got into Leeds, he was not treated with that deference and alacrity of attention he deemed his due; in revenge, he ordered a dozen black shirts to be made, one of which he constantly wore, for the mere purpose of provoking the wherefore, that he might reply—"This Leeds is so cursed smoky and dirty, that a white one don't last clean above six or seven minutes." He went out one night to stick up some posters for his benefit, but he and his bill-sticker being *Bacchi plenus*, stuck them to the wall with the printing upside down, &c. On discovering it, he coolly remarked, "It makes no difference, for none of the Leeds people can read." Latterly his habits were so recklessly irregular, that no one could become

his companion. On entering a town, he would take up his quarters in a house of an infamous description, instead of an inn, and has been known to stay in one place of this sort for four months. He was an admirable actor, and, what would seem incredible from his habits, an elegant and accomplished man.

Harry Johnston.—Harry Johnston, who used to be "the biggest boy in the world," had an odd style of imitating persons' manner, gait, and gesture, without attempting their voices; no one who had not seen him do it could imagine anything so ludicrous as his representation of how the principal actors would play Harlequin. The fervent lightness of Lewis, the elephantic ponderosity of Cooke, and the solemn saltatory efforts of Kemble, were irresistible; he generally ended this display by a jump à la Ellar. On one occasion, when a knot of actors and their friends were dining at Greenwich, in the house looking into the park, he gave this performance, and concluded by a lion's leap out of the window, which, as they were in the parlour, was only four or five feet from the ground. The laugh, the song, and the bottle went round, and, in another hour the party adjourned up-stairs to the first floor, as the numbers having increased, we should have been confined below. Some of our recent visitors were anxious to hear Johnston's imitations again. Harry complied, and set every body screaming at his pantomimical portraits of Holman, Suett, Pope, &c. Elated with the hilarity of his hearers, he wound up as before in the style of a veritable pantomimist, and, forgetting where he was, jumped through the window, and of course fell full sixteen feet into the park. Providentially no bones were broken, but poor Harry received a shock that none but a strong constitution could ever have recovered.

Mrs. Waylett and Mrs. Fitzwilliam.—When the "Loves of the Angels" was produced at the Strand Theatre, it was proposed to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, then lessee of Sadler's Wells, to produce a piece upon the same subject at her theatre. Mrs. Fitzwilliam said "No, no; mine's not a celestial figure. Mrs. Waylett may be the Angel at St. Clement's, if she likes; but I won't be the Angel at Islington."

Reeve's Othello.—Othello has always been a favourite character with our tragically-given comedians. Foote appeared in it, and failed; Mathews did the same; and John Reeve made his first Thespian attempt in the Moor of Venice, at a private theatre in Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-lane.

Follett and Sheridan.—Follett, the Clown (of Covent Garden Theatre), was an extravagant, dissolute man, and always either in "gaol or in jeopardy." He was one day locked up at Hirst's, the sheriff's officer, in Took's-court, when Sheridan was brought in, who either did not know, or did not choose to recognize, Follett: but the pantomimist was not to be denied; and, slapping the dramatist on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "They talk of an enlightened age, Mr. Sheridan; and here are two such men as you and I locked up for a few paltry pounds."

Ireland, the Flying Phenomenon.—Ireland, the vaulter, was the most extraordinary *natural* jumper I ever saw, though I have seen many who excelled him when aided by the spring-board and other artificial contrivances. I have walked with Ireland, and he has suddenly left my arm, and, with the mere impetus of a couple of paces, jumped over a turnpike-gate. His leaping over the bar opposite the Surrey Theatre, when going home half tipsy, first attracted attention towards him. In those days of practical joking, he was foremost in frolic; his animal spirits were great, and he was vain and fond of display. One trick of his was, if he saw a horse held in waiting for its rider, to stand beside it, as if uncertain which way he should turn, for a moment; and when he saw the rider coming out, to spring clean over the back of the horse, with a ludicrous appearance of anxiety to get out of the gentleman's way. What made this seem more

singular was, that Ireland always walked off as if he had performed no extraordinary feat at all, leaving those who had beheld the jump doubting the evidence of their own senses, and liable, of course, to be doubly doubted if they narrated the occurrence.

One of his stage exhibitions was, to throw a summerset over a waggon and eight horses; over a dozen grenadiers standing at present-arms with fixed bayonets. Sir Thomas Picton, a man of unquestionable courage, went to witness this exhibition; but when he saw the men placed he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he look up till he had first asked, "Has he done it?" When assured he had, he said, "A battle 's nothing to that." Ireland was very proud of all this; but at length paid the price of his temerity.

Liston and Mathews.—Liston, when at Covent Garden, in 1809, asked Mathews to act for him. Charles excused himself, as he was obliged to play the same night at the Haymarket; "And you know," said the mimic, "I can't divide myself." "I'm not sure of that," rejoined Liston: "I've seen you play in a great many *different pieces*."

A Scotch Auditor.—Such was their devotion to name and to "known bodies" in bonny Dundee, that when a stranger made his debût, and some unthinking Sawney was beginning to applaud him, his friend caught his arm, and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, what are you aboot? Bide a wee bit; *naebody kens who he is*."

Irish Johnstone's Singing.—Jack Johnstone was very proud of his patrician acquaintances; and as the Prince of Wales was partial to his Irish ballads, he was a constant member of the jovial societies of the year 1790 and thereabouts. Suett inflated poor Johnstone with the hyperbolical praises that he vowed the Prince had lavished on his singing; whilst he amused Johnstone's associates with very different accounts. Johnstone had one note (g in alt.) which he took very clearly in his falsetto. It was his delight to dwell on that tone an unconscionable time; so much so, that Suett told Erskine that the Prince once coming into his box whilst Johnstone was at his favourite exercise, turned to his friend, and said, "I verily believe he has held that note ever since we were here last,"—the Prince having been, the week previous, (according to Suett,) driven out of the theatre by "Paddy's protracted howl."

Tom Cooke the Leader.—Tom Cooke is certainly the most facetious of fiddlers, and is the only person at present connected with theatres who smacks of the olden says of quips and cranks. Some of his conundrums are most amusing absurdities; for instance:—"Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil. "A chemist's," said he: "because if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *vial-in*."

Once, whilst rehearsing a song, Braham said to Cooke, who was leading, "I drop my voice there at night," (intimating that he wished the accompaniment more piano). "*You* drop your voice, do you?" said Cooke. "I should like to be by and pick it up."

During the run of Manfred lately, he said, "How Denvil keeps sober through the play I can't think; for he is calling for *spirits* from the first scene to the last!"

Metropolitan Stages.—Some notion of the different available sizes of the London theatres may be formed by the mention of this fact:—The stage of the Victoria theatre is 92 feet deep; that of the Strand not quite 20. (By depth is meant from the orchestra to the extremest limit of the stage.) The depth of the stage of the City theatre is only 19 feet; yet there Kean played Richard, and the play altogether was effectively acted.

Coleridge's Remorse.—In this play, written and presented to Drury at Sheridan's urgent request, there occurs a scene in which one of the cha-

racters, waiting in a cavern, is listening to the dropping of the dank dews into the deep abyss below, the poet has given him this line:—

"Drip, drip, drip, a ceaseless sound of water-drops."

When Sheridan heard the tragedy read, he exclaimed at this line—

"Drip, drip, drip, here's nothing here but *dripping!*"

Country Theatres.—Kean and Cooke's Wardrobes.—Great misunderstanding prevails respecting provincial theatres, few persons being aware that, though *one* or *two* country theatres *profess* to find a wardrobe for the actresses, and though all affirm that they have wardrobes for the actors, the fact is that country *actresses* find all their own dresses, robes of state and *all!* and actors generally do the same, except perhaps in such points as regal robes, or what are technically called old men's dresses,—*i. e.* old court suits. As a first provincial establishment cannot afford to give, for a permanency, more than three guineas per week to their leading performers, it follows that, unless such person has some private means, he cannot hold the situation without incurring ruinous debts. When Kean, in 1808, went to a theatre in the West to appear as Romeo, he asked for his dress, and was told that it was usual for gentlemen who played first tragedy to find their own. "Then," said Kean, "I must play it in what I stand up in, for I have no other." His dress at that moment was a grey great coat (then commonly worn), buckskin breeches, and top-boots.

May not the tardy steps of G. F. Cooke, and others, to the pinnacle of popularity be attributable to their want of these adventitious advantages? How many persons of genius of both sexes must be retarded by this alone, whilst ladies of slender pretensions to talent, and still slenderer to character, over-dress most ludicrously all the parts intrusted to their mutilation! I have known several provincial performers travel with *eight hundred weight* of baggage, consisting of dresses, armour, ornaments, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Salter, whose untimely death prevented his *debût* in the metropolis, carried as much; and Mr. Pritchard, now at Dublin, carries more. It is evident that by crowded benefit nights only can these expenses be at all repaid. The inference is obvious; desperate debt or mendicatory degradation.

Beginnings.—Dowton, in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee, when asked where he first acted publicly, replied, "In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or a cowhouse, I believe; it was not so good as a barn." Mr. Powell once played Young Norval in *pattens*, (because the stage was flooded from recent rains,) in a wretched shed in which the company held forth. And Kean acted Sir Giles Overreach on a billiard-table in a small room in Abergavenny.

Mathews at all times, and in all places, had his ears open for the vernacular of the natives; whilst he was ruralizing with Tate Wilkinson, he amused his private friends with imitations of some of the eccentric personages in Eboracum: amidst others, an old farmer, who was highly indignant thereat, and wrote to Tate, saying that "one of *his men* had been a-mocking of him," and requesting the manager to "turn him away" forthwith. At one of those brutalizing exhibitions, a bull-hank, Mathews was accidentally present, and during the maddening riot made by the infuriated brute and its tormentors, exclaimed, "Bella, horrida bella!" "You may say that," exclaimed a knowing costermonger, "I never heard a horrider beller (bellow) in my life!"

Sinclair and Abbott.—It was some years ago the fashion to attribute bulls to Sinclair, in consequence of his having once made a singular perversion of the text in Rob Roy. The language is, "Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what reason I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy." Sinclair said, "Rashleigh is my cousin, but for what reason I am unable to divine." The jokes he endured on this account made him nervous and

uncertain, and in Guy Mannering, when Dinmont says he sees "two lights dancing bonnily yon," instead of replying "Two! I see but one, and that seems pretty steady," he said "*Two!* I see but a *couple*, and they are pretty steady." On the first night of the Hunchback, Abbott, from over-anxiety, said, in the last scene, "I'll marry no *man* but my cousin Ellen." His brethren joked and warned him against repeating it, and hardly a night passed that he did not consequently incur the danger of saying the same thing.

A Cool Offer.—An actor of the present day, remarkable for the elegance of his deportment rather than the greatness of his powers, when in the provinces, was in very impoverished circumstances, with a wife and four children to support on the scanty means a country engagement afforded him. A lady of independent fortune fell in love with him, and had the incredible audacity to wait upon his wife and offer a well-secured annuity for herself and respectable provision for life for the children, if she would give up all claim to her husband. The offer was of course refused, and the lady went abroad to conquer her passion as best she might.

Knight and Dowton.—Knight was not very generous in acknowledging the genius of others, and was rather niggardly in his praise of poor Emery. "His Tyke was great," he said, "but he was not a good general low comedian." "Was he not indeed?" said Dowton; "renounce me then, but I'll tell you the difference between you and him: he was a *low* comedian, and you, you are a *small* comedian."

Incledon.—Amid the other strange habits of this strange fish was that of taking a bottle of Madeira to bed with him every night, "Because," as he vowed, "the fact is, I wake lonely, melancholy, and nervous, and it sustains my energies through long hours of darkness and intense thought, d—n me."

Oxberry and Incledon; the Biter bit.—Incledon had often passed a general invitation to Oxberry, and the latter, who knew Charley not to be very liberal, one day accepted it at once, and said, "To-day I and my friend R—— will take a chop with you." Charley couldn't say nay, and off they started, Incledon leading the way to Williams's ham and beef shop in the Old Bailey, where a dish of boiled round and peas-pudding was placed before each. The reckoning was discharged by Incledon, (about half a crown for them all!) and then there was a dreary pause. "Well," said Oxberry, "are we to have no wine?" "My dear Oxey," replied Charles, "the fact is, they have no license for wine, so if they have no wine for their license, let's adjourn elsewhere." Forth they went; the merits of divers taverns were questioned, and at length O., R., and I. popped into the Portugal. Three bottles of Madeira, two of port, and divers magnums of brandy and water cold without having been discussed, Incledon rose and said, "Let's teach ourselves, d—n me, that honourable step, d—n me, not to outsport discretion, d—n me, and now, gentlemen, I paid for the dinners, do you two pay for the wine and etceteras, d—n me." With Incledon, d—n me and bless me meant precisely the same things; they were mere expletives, and larded his discourse on all occasions. When repeating what George the Third said of him one day, he exclaimed, "The King, bless him! said to me, d—n me, Incledon, you should sing nothing but sacred music, d—n me, for your voice is seraphic, G—d d—n me!" And the Prince of Wales always said an oratorio wasn't worth a d—n without Charley Incledon.

Braham and Incledon.—When Braham tore the laurel from Incledon's brow, as the greatest English tenor, Charley thought no sort of abuse too gross for his rival: some of his wishes were monstrously incongruous: for instance, he said, "I could die in a blessed state, d—n me, if heaven would permit my old master, Jackson, to return to earth, and come up by the Exeter mail to hear that fellow sing."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The New Administration—The late Duke of Gloucester—The "Emancipated" Slaves—Cambridge Installation.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—The suspense in which the country was involved when last we met our readers has terminated. As we anticipated, Sir Robert Peel has accepted the Premiership, has returned to England, and has formed the Ministry.

Precisely as we expected, the first act of Sir Robert Peel, after having received his appointment from the King, was to despatch letters to Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, two of the leading Conservative Whigs, requesting their aid and co-operation in constructing the Government: both these distinguished individuals declined the immediate acceptance of office, but expressed no intention of opposing the Ministry, so long as they felt that they could, consistently with *their* views of policy, afford it their support.

Under these circumstances, Sir Robert Peel resolved upon forming a Conservative Cabinet, which, while it embraced several of the experienced men of business who were connected with the former Government, should also include some individuals whose accession to office might, both from their abilities and the eminent position which they occupy in the country, give confidence to the people, and evince the determination of the Premier to afford a minute attention to the claims of every class of the community.

This Ministry having been formed, the country became anxious, previous to a general election, to be informed of the principles upon which it was based, and the course which it intended to pursue. To meet this desire for explanation, Sir Robert Peel did not hesitate to afford it, in an Address avowedly directed to his constituents at Tamworth, but which, in point of fact, embodied a development of the character and intentions of the Government he had formed.

As it appears to us that the fate and success of Sir Robert Peel's Administration depends entirely upon the confidence inspired by that Address, we do not hesitate to submit it to our readers; for although it may have been seen by most of them, we consider it a duty to put it upon record in this department of the Magazine as a matter of history, and as a subject for reference by the whole constituency of the British empire:—

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF TAMWORTH.

GENTLEMEN,

On the 26th of November last, being then at Rome, I received from his Majesty a summons wholly unforeseen and unexpected by me, to return to England without delay, for the purpose of assisting his Majesty in the formation of a new Government. I instantly obeyed the command for my return; and on my arrival, I did not hesitate, after an anxious review of the position of public affairs, to place at the disposal of my Sovereign any services which I might be thought capable of rendering.

My acceptance of the first office in the Government terminates for the present my political connexion with you. In seeking the renewal of it, whenever you shall be called upon to perform the duty of electing a Representative in Parliament, I feel it incumbent upon me to enter into a declaration of my views of public policy, as full and unreserved as I can make it, consistently with my duty as a Minister of the Crown.

You are entitled to this from the nature of the trust which I again solicit, from the long habits of friendly intercourse in which we have lived, and from your tried adherence to me in times of difficulty, when the demonstration of unabated confidence was of peculiar value. I gladly avail myself also of this, a legitimate opportunity, of making a more public appeal—of addressing, through you, to that great and intelligent class of society, of which you are a portion, and a fair and unexceptionable representative—to that class, which is much less interested in the contentions of party, than in the maintenance of order and the cause of good government, that frank exposition of general principles and views, which appears to be anxiously expected, and which it ought not to be the inclination, and cannot be the interest, of a minister of this country to withhold.

Gentlemen,—The arduous duties in which I am engaged have been imposed upon me through no act of mine. Whether they were an object of ambition coveted by me—whether I regard the power and distinction they confer, as any sufficient compensation for the heavy sacrifices they involve, are matters of mere personal concern, on which I will not waste a word. The King, in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services. The question I had to decide was this—Shall I obey the call? or shall I shrink from the responsibility, alleging as the reason, that I consider myself, in consequence of the Reform Bill, as labouring under a sort of moral disqualification, which must preclude me, and all who think with me, both now and for ever, from entering into the official service of the Crown? Would it, I ask, be becoming, in any public man, to act upon such a principle? Was it fit that I should assume that either the object or the effect of the Reform Bill has been to preclude all hope of a successful appeal to the good sense and calm judgment of the people, and so to fetter the prerogative of the Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects, but must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only, of public men?

I have taken another course, but I have not taken it without deep and anxious consideration as to the probability that my opinions are so far in unison with those of the constituent body of the United Kingdom, as to enable me, and those with whom I am about to act, and whose sentiments are in entire concurrence with my own, to establish such a claim upon public confidence as shall enable us to conduct with vigour and success the government of this country.

I have the firmest conviction that that confidence cannot be secured by any other course than that of a frank and explicit declaration of principle—that vague and unmeaning professions of popular opinions may quiet distrust for a time, may influence this or that election; but that such professions must ultimately and signally fail, if, being made, they are not adhered to, or if they are inconsistent with the honour and character of those who make them.

Now, I say at once that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an apostate from the principles on which I have heretofore acted. At the same time I never will admit that I have been, either before or after the Reform Bill, the defender of abuses, or the enemy of judicious reforms. I appeal with confidence, in denial of the charge, to the active part I took in the great question of the Currency—in the consolidation and amendment of the Criminal Law—in the revisal of the whole system of Trial by Jury—to the opinions I have professed, and uniformly acted on, with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country—I appeal

to this as a proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils, either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labour or responsibility in the application of a remedy.

But the Reform Bill, it is said, constitutes a new era, and it is the duty of a minister to declare explicitly—first, whether he will maintain the Bill itself, and, secondly, whether he will act upon the spirit in which it was conceived.

With respect to the Reform Bill itself, I will repeat now the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons as a Member of the Reformed Parliament, that I consider the Reform Bill a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question—a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of this country would attempt to disturb, either by direct or by insidious means.

Then, as to the spirit of the Reform Bill, and the willingness to adopt and enforce it as a rule of government. If, by adopting the spirit of the Reform Bill, it be meant that we are to live in a perpetual vortex of agitation; that public men can only support themselves in public estimation by adopting every popular impression of the day,—by promising the instant redress of any thing which any body may call an abuse,—by abandoning altogether that great aid of government—more powerful than either law or reason—the respect for ancient rights, and the deference to prescriptive authority; if this be the spirit of the Reform Bill, I will not undertake to adopt it. But if the spirit of the Reform Bill implies merely a careful review of institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining, with the firm maintenance of established rights, the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances,—in that case, I can for myself and colleagues undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions.

Such declarations of general principle are, I am aware, necessarily vague; but, in order to be more explicit, I will endeavour to apply them practically to some of those questions which have of late attracted the greatest share of public interest and attention.

I take, first, the inquiry into Municipal Corporations:—

It is not my intention to advise the Crown to interrupt the progress of that inquiry, nor to transfer the conduct of it from those to whom it was committed by the late Government. For myself, I gave the best proof that I was not unfriendly to the principle of inquiry, by consenting to be a member of that Committee of the House of Commons on which it was originally devolved. No report has yet been made by the Commissioners to whom the inquiry was afterwards referred; and, until that report be made, I cannot be expected to give, on the part of the Government, any other pledge than that they will bestow on the suggestions it may contain, and the evidence on which they may be founded, a full and unprejudiced consideration.

I will, in the next place, address myself to the questions in which those of our fellow-countrymen, who dissent from the doctrines of the Established Church, take an especial interest.

Instead of making new professions, I will refer to the course which I took upon those subjects when out of power.

In the first place, I supported the measure brought forward by Lord Althorp, the object of which was to exempt all classes from the payment of church-rates, applying in lieu thereof, out of a branch of the revenue, a certain sum for the building and repair of churches. I never expressed, nor did I entertain the slightest objection to the principle of a Bill of which Lord John Russell was the author, intended to relieve the conscientious scruples of Dissenters in respect to the ceremony of marriage. I give no opinion now on the particular measures themselves: they were proposed by Ministers in whom the Dissenters had confidence; they were intended

to give relief; and it is sufficient for my present purpose to state that I supported the principle of them.

I opposed—and I am bound to state that my opinions in that respect have undergone no change—the admission of Dissenters, as a claim of right, into the Universities; but I expressly declared, that, if regulations, enforced by public authorities superintending the professions of law and medicine, and the studies connected with them, had the effect of conferring advantages of the nature of civil privileges on one class of the King's subjects from which another class was excluded—those regulations ought to undergo modification, with the view of placing all the King's subjects, whatever their religious creeds, upon a footing of perfect equality with respect to any civil privilege.

I appeal to the course which I pursued on those several questions, when office must have been out of contemplation; and I ask, with confidence, does that course imply that I was actuated by any illiberal or intolerant spirit towards the dissenting body, or by an unwillingness to consider fairly the redress of any real grievances?

In the examination of other questions which excited public feeling, I will not omit the Pension List. I resisted—and, with the opinions I entertain, I should again resist—a retrospective inquiry into pensions granted by the Crown, at a time when the discretion of the Crown was neither fettered by law nor by the expression of any opinion on the part of the House of Commons; but I voted for the resolution, moved by Lord Althorp, that pensions on the Civil List ought for the future to be confined to such persons only as have just claims to the Royal beneficence, or are entitled to consideration on account either of their personal services to the Crown, or of the performance of duties to the public, or of their scientific or literary eminence. On the resolution which I thus supported as a private Member of Parliament, I shall scrupulously act as a Minister of the Crown, and shall advise the grant of no pension which is not in conformity with the spirit and intention of the vote to which I was a party.

Then, as to the great question of Church Reform. On that head I have no new professions to make. I cannot give my consent to the alienation of Church property, in any part of the United Kingdom, from strictly ecclesiastical purposes. But I repeat now the opinions that I have already expressed in Parliament, in regard to the Church Establishment in Ireland—that, if, by an improved distribution of the revenues of the Church, its just influence can be extended, and the true interests of the Established Religion promoted, all other considerations should be made subordinate to the advancement of objects of such paramount importance.

As to Church property in this country, no person has expressed a more earnest wish than I have done that the question of Tithe, complicated and difficult as I acknowledge it to be, should, if possible, be satisfactorily settled by the means of a commutation, founded upon just principles, and proposed after mature consideration.

With regard to alterations in the laws which govern our Ecclesiastical Establishment, I have had no recent opportunity of giving that grave consideration to a subject of the deepest interest, which could alone justify me in making any public declaration of opinion. It is a subject which must undergo the fullest deliberation, and into that deliberation the Government will enter, with the sincerest desire to remove every abuse that can impair the efficiency of the Establishment, to extend the sphere of its usefulness, and to strengthen and confirm its just claims upon the respect and affections of the people.

It is unnecessary for my purpose to enter into further details. I have said enough, with respect to general principles, and their practical application to public measures, to indicate the spirit in which the King's Government is prepared to act. Our object will be—the maintenance of peace—the

scrupulous and honourable fulfilment, without reference to their original policy, of all existing engagements with Foreign Powers—the support of public credit—the enforcement of strict economy—and the just and impartial consideration of what is due to all interests—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial.

Whatever may be the issue of the undertaking in which I am engaged, I feel assured that you will mark, by a renewal of your confidence, your approbation of the course I have pursued in accepting office. I enter upon the arduous duties assigned to me with the deepest sense of the responsibility they involve, with great distrust of my own qualifications for their adequate discharge, but at the same time with a resolution to persevere, which nothing could inspire but the strong impulse of public duty, the consciousness of upright motives, and the firm belief that the people of this country will so far maintain the prerogative of the King, as to give to the Ministers of his choice, not an implicit confidence, but a fair trial. I am, Gentlemen,

With affectionate regard, most faithfully yours,

(Signed) Robert Peel.

In this Address, we think, no conscientious, honest Englishman can find one expression to quarrel with. It is written *from* the heart *to* the heart; and, with all our acknowledged liberality of political feeling, we cannot but say that opposition to the sentiments and principles avowed in it must arise, not from patriotism and an anxiety for the public welfare, but from a determined adherence to the dangerous and subversive doctrines of the destructive party in the State.

Without any apprehension of incurring an imputation of egotism or vanity, we cannot avoid doing ourselves the pleasure—we might almost say the justice—of quoting two passages from our last Number, applicable to this very Address of the Premier; which not only point out the course which we believed to be the right one, and which he has followed, but which will justify us in earnestly supporting Sir Robert's Government: since the Right Honourable Baronet's Address not only realizes in its spirit all the expectations we had formed, but even in its words assimilates itself to the call which we made upon the individual, whoever he might be who should assume the helm of public affairs. We said,—

"The country, generally, is as much averse from the mischief and misrule of the ultra-Radicals, as they are from the unbending stiffness of ultra-Toryism. An ultra-Tory Ministry, which either does not see, or pretends not to see, that there is much to be done in the way of reforming abuses, and clearing away the rubbish from ancient institutions, without touching the foundations, will be as mischievous and as short-lived as one which, without reason, moderation, or justice, would attempt to lay the axe to the root at once, and subvert and overthrow all the things that be, so that a new order might arise of their own creation, which those who have longest studied the subject, and can best appreciate the chimerical propositions of political visionaries, know would only be productive of scenes such as have been acted in other countries—nay, even in our own—and which have had merely the effect of destroying the alleged deformities of a government, to induce, after a short and difficult struggle, its real faults to be regenerated, and flourish with redoubled vigour.

"It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of those, in whose hands the destinies of the country are now placed, *that, the measure of reform having been carried, it becomes their duty to carry its provisions into effect, so as to produce what benefits it is capable of producing to the people*; who, as yet, it must be admitted, have not been made practically sensible of its salutary effects; and wherever it should appear that

the measure may with safety be improved and re-modified, to amend and alter it so as to suit the circumstances of the case. Above all, let them protect *the agriculturists and the manufacturers;* and let us, if possible, get rid of that unnational partiality to France, and that unnational favour and protection to her produce, by which the industrious Englishman is deprived of the means of gaining an honest livelihood by the exercise of his trade. *In short, let the new Ministry come to the country with a fair and open declaration of their views, based upon principles of economy, non-interference with foreign Governments, care of the labouring classes, and a desire for the reduction of the public burdens*—(all of which the last Ministry *promised*)—*and shortly give an earnest of their intentions*, and we have no hesitation in saying that their career will be long and prosperous; and all Conservatives—that is, all true Englishmen—whether Whig or Tory, will rally round them, to support the Altar and the Throne from the attacks of what, with such a junction of feelings and parties, will become a small, even if a desperate faction, in the State."

Gratified as we are by Sir Robert Peel's declaration, we continue firm in this "belief"—indeed, the Right Honourable Premier gave, if possible, new force to the Tamworth Address, in a speech delivered at the Mansion-House dinner on the 23rd, and which, were it not for its occupying too large a space in our pages, we should be inclined also to submit to the reader.

Under these pledges, and with this announcement of its intentions, the new Ministry has begun its career; and we cannot deny to ourselves the evidence which the state of the country affords as to the feeling which exists in its favour. With regard to elections, we have lived long enough never to feel confident of their results until the return of the writ; and, least of all, to believe implicitly the confident assurances which every candidate is ready to give of his certain success; but when we see the invitation to Mr. W. Ward to consent to be put in nomination for London, the requisition to Sir Howard Douglas to offer himself for Liverpool, the deputation to Mr. Sadler to start for Birmingham, and the call for Sir John Beckett to represent Leeds, we cannot but consider such movements as highly important.

With regard to the law appointments there seems to be but one opinion. The return of Lord Lyndhurst to the Chancellorship has been hailed with pleasure and satisfaction, qualified only by the regrets of the common-law bar, who lose him from the Exchequer; where, however they receive as his Lordship's successor to the Chief Barony a lawyer of first-rate talent in the person of Lord Abbinger, late Sir James Scarlett.

The elevation of Sir Edward Sugden to the Irish Chancellorship is faultless; and most happy is it for the suitors in that country that Sir Edward has accepted the seals, at a sacrifice of one-half of his professional income. Mr. Pollock's appointment as Attorney-General has given universal satisfaction; and we scarcely ever remember a promotion more popular than that of Sir William Follett to the Solicitor-Generalship.

In short, feeling perfect confidence in the ability, integrity, firmness, and impartiality of Sir Robert Peel, we cannot but predict a happy and lengthened career to his administration. The country, as he says, is tired of agitation: it seeks repose; and under what minister is it more likely to obtain the tranquillity which it requires for its invigoration and prosperity, than under one who has, upon all occasions, evinced the most earnest anxiety for the welfare of the people,—who for their sake, even in oppo-

sition to his personal feelings, assisted in the work of Catholic Emancipation,—who, while in office, supported the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts,—and who, when out of office, supported the Whig Government in all their measures for the relief of the Dissenters, (except that of admitting them to the Universities of the Established Church,)—and who, with a zeal and ability unparalleled, laboured for years in the reform of our Criminal Code,—and who effected the most beneficial amendments in the system of Trial by Jury.

Look, we say, at Sir Robert Peel in every relation of life,—as son, as husband, as father,—as the unvarying advocate of the British manufacturer,—as the practical friend to the agriculturist,—as a munificent patron of the arts;—look at his character and his qualities closely, and then say whether, with such pretensions, joined to his acknowledged and undoubted talent, England has not a right to be proud of her Minister, and confident in his success.

The late Duke of Gloucester.—We have occupied a considerable space in this department with the foregoing article upon the state of politics, and we find that, in point of fact, a proportionate space of public attention has been engrossed by the same subject during the past month. It is always so in times of excitement and change. Science, art, and literature, all succumb to the more immediately interesting question before the country; and as for trade and manufacture, there is no question but that they are most seriously acted upon by such events.

We have to record the death of his Royal Highness Prince William Duke of Gloucester, of whom a biographical memoir will be found in another part of our Number. Such was the unostentatious character of the benevolence of this illustrious and kind-hearted Prince, that, until his death, no man knew, or had any conception, of the extent to which his charity was afforded. Hundreds of persons lived upon his bounty; and we have heard from authority upon which we can rely, that not less than one hundred and fifty pounds were expended weekly under his personal care and instructions, for the relief of poverty, of sickness, and of age.

It was, indeed, a most affecting scene to witness, on the day of the funeral, the heartfelt grief and gratitude of his late Royal Highness's humble neighbours. The splendid bearings of his illustrious house, noble and ancient as is its lineage, were nothing compared with the tearful eyes of the old and young who hovered about the gorgeous train, and hymned the praises of their God as it passed before them, bearing for ever from their sight the earthly remains of their munificent and royal benefactor.

The "Emancipated" Slaves.—We regret extremely to find that the liberality of the last Ministry, as far as respects the emancipation of the Blacks, has been, as we anticipated, productive of the very worst consequences. All we have before said upon this subject, we grieve to say, is verified; and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that have been made, the doubling of the magisterial authorities, the concentration of troops, the assembling of ships of war, and the infliction of punishments in a tenfold degree more severe than any ever heard of under what was called the "Cart-whip" system, these deluded people will not work. Never competent to separate in their minds freedom from idleness, they positively refuse to do the ordinary duties of labourers; and at the moment

the last despatches left the West Indies, the coffee was actually dropping from the plant and rotting at its root, in several of the colonies, because nothing could induce the negroes to assist in the "*recolte.*"

The difficulty, as well as danger of these results of the hand-over-head legislation of the last Ministry in this respect, arises from the fact, which very short-sighted people might have foreseen, that the *onus* of attempting to restore order rests with those who had no share in creating the mischief. So long as this idleness and "*Jonkanooism*" is allowed to go on, the stupid, drunken, idle, dirty negroes will halloo and jump, and tumble and dance, at "dignity balls," with their dingy playmates, and the coffee will rot, and the sugar will perish, and yet all will be quiet, except the shoutings of the punch-house and the scrapings of the fiddler; but when the moment arrives at which coercion is necessary, and when the original opponents of the absurdities which have been committed have to force these recreant half-human beings to do their duty, then will come the struggle, and then, when, as they were (and are even now, we believe) at St. Domingo, they are driven, as freemen to labour at the point of the bayonet, the cry will be raised not against the patriots and philanthropists, who, aided by the oratory and wisdom of Aldermanbury and the beauty and sympathy of Clapham Common, Balham Hill, and Peckham Rye, succeeded in rescuing their darling "niggers" from the trammels of nominal slavery, but against those who, for the sake of order, for the safety of the Whites, and for the very existence of the colonies themselves, will be compelled to resort to measures to counteract the evils of this maudlin liberality, which, if the interested East Indian proprietors, and the monopolizing hucksters of Sierra Leone, had not succeeded in their interested efforts to drive West Indian produce out of the market, never would have occurred.

It is a matter of serious importance, of first-rate importance to the country; and we hope that the weak and well-meaning dupes of the mock philanthropic faction will, by this time, have seen enough of the proceedings of their leaders to induce them no longer to give them their confidence, but to admit their error, and combine with the planters and other authorities in checking excesses and restoring order; and, in short, doing all they can to correct the follies which, without knowing anything of the matter, they have so readily, so expensively to themselves and so mischievously to others, committed.

Cambridge Installation.—Since our last Number appeared, the Marquess of Camden has been elected and installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, which high and honourable office became vacant by the lamented death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.

The well-known attachment of the noble Marquess to the University, his patrotic disinterestedness (which he displayed in giving to the country upwards of 200,000*l.*), together with the rank he holds, and the qualities he possesses, have rendered his Lordship's accession to the highest honour Cambridge can bestow as popular as it is just.

On the Tuesday following, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland was elected High Steward of the University in the room of the late Earl of Hardwicke.—Thus has Cambridge manifested her feelings with regard to Conservative principles. Her Chancellor is Lord Camden; her High Steward, the Duke of Northumberland; her Members, the Speaker and Mr. Goulburn; and her Commissary, the Attorney-General.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Topography of Rome and its Vicinity. By Sir W. Gell, M.A., &c.

Of all the cities of the ancient world whose names have come down to posterity, the remains of Rome are the most perfect and extensive. Nineveh, Babylon, and Memphis, not only are not, but these towns, which contained each several millions of inhabitants, and covered areas of fifty or sixty miles in circumference, with vast and splendid edifices, are now so changed and desolate, that even the places where they stood are matters of controversy. Of Thebes, Corinth, Lacedæmon, and Athens, little more remain than the disjointed fragments of a few fine edifices; for even the celebrated Parthenon is not much more than a dilapidated heap of marble. But Rome may be almost said to be the city that it was, and its edifices applied to the same use; that which is now a splendid and perfect Christian Church, was formerly a Pantheon devoted to all the heathen gods. This is one of the many circumstances which give Rome such an extraordinary interest at the present day; the traveller climbs the hill of the Capitol, and he sees about him not only the Tarpeian Rock, the Forum, and other places which recal the most interesting events of early and more simple history; but he also sees the plain below covered over with the Colosseum, the Circus Maximus, and other stupendous relics of the more advanced period of her people.

But while these undoubted and undeniable evidences of the localities of the interior exist, the towns and places of notoriety in the vicinity, so distinguished in the pages of Livy and other historians, have as completely disappeared as if the hand of Asiatic barbarism had passed over them; and it is their actual situation which our author tries to investigate and ascertain. Some account for this obliteration, by supposing that it was the policy of the Romans so to destroy all its rivals. The same spirit that had passed the ploughshare over Carthage had, in earlier times, erased the opponents and rivals of the infant city. Veii, which had stood a siege of ten years, was, in the time of Propertius and Florus, so destroyed, that the latter says, *Laborat annalibus fides ut Veios fuisse credamus.* Our author thinks their disappearance is accounted for by supposing that it was the policy of the Romans to transport all the inhabitants of a conquered place to swell the population of the Capitol. In this way, the site of a deserted town became the property of some great family, and in process of time the patrician villa, which grew to the size of a town, gave its designation to the place. In the time of Strabo, Collatia, Antennæ and Fidenæ were all private property; and at the present day the only population of Cures, that city of the Sabines which disputed the future mastery of the world with Rome, and gave its name to her citizens, are the peasantry of the Villa of Prince Sciarra.

In order to ascertain the sites of places by their bearing and distances, a complete map of the vicinity was laid down on trigonometrical principles; it was at first intended only to include the territory under the Kings, but this was found inconvenient, and it was extended to take in some interesting places which would have been otherwise excluded. When the map was completed, Signore Calandrelli and others, employed by the Papal Government, measured another base, and with larger and more perfect instruments; but the result was found to correspond, except a trifling difference, which was rectified in the author's map. It extends for a space of fifty-six geographic miles of longitude, from Astura to Punicum, and for forty in latitude, from the mouth of the Tiber to the Via Salaria. This noble map is accompanied by two volumes of letter-press, embellished with various sketches of ruins and inscriptions. The ancient names are placed very conveniently in alphabetical arrangement, so that the work has, among other advantages, that most important one, the *lucidus ordo.*

Among the varied conflicting opinions of the sites of ancient towns, none ought to be more decisive than that founded on the unchanging face of nature. Crustumerium was one of early note in the Roman history, but on its site, like that of many others, travellers could not agree. Our author, after assigning reasons why their conjectures were not probable, founds his own very judiciously on two natural facts: one, that it was called Crustuminius, *à crustulâ panis*, because it had the appearance of a crust, or circular knoll; the other, because it was famous for pears, *Crustumina pyra sunt ex parte rubentia, ab oppido Crustumio nominata.* These two circumstances, in addition to others, induce him to suppose that Monte Rotundo, a Duchy of the Barbarini family, is the actual place: any one who views it, would say it resembled a loaf, and, at this day, it abounds with pears which have the peculiarity of being red on one side.

The work is decidedly the most valuable that has hitherto been published, and we wish its learned author would complete it, by such splendid illustrations as those which designate the Plains of Troy.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. 3 vols.

This novel ought to have been reviewed in the last No. of our Magazine; but, although we received it in time for the purpose, we had so many prior claims on our attention—and were consequently unable to read it in the manner we knew it must deserve—with deep attention—that we were obliged to defer our notice: during the intervening period, our weekly contemporaries have passed their judgment, and it has, we believe, without any exception, been a most favourable one; indeed, it could not have been otherwise. United to a vivid imagination, to the power of extracting whatever is piquant or characteristic from any period or situation, Miss Landon has habits of observation, and a facility of expression, which, in one of so idealized a mind, are rare and extraordinary; her reading, too, is extensive—we were going to say, extensively *displayed*—but we should have been in error; she never displays her information—never forces it forward—it becomes part and parcel of her story, without your knowing that you have been instructed, while you have felt interested and amused. "Romance and Reality" was a brilliant book of the present day. Francesca Carrara is of the past—there is both more poetry, and more truth in the work now before us than in the other; we *feel* the characters to be more real—there is more of consistency both in the plot and in its developement, and less crowding of smart and clever things—less show, and more substance. We were, perhaps, more astonished at the first, because we hardly expected such prose from such a poet; but it promised more for the future, and as Francesca is the future of that period, we in some degree looked forward to the beauties we have found. We know not where, or how the female writers of our time procure their insight into human nature; Miss Landon reads hearts and motives, as men read books and pamphlets, and reads them truly; her delineations are perfect—her sketches full of the truth and vigour of nature!

Her range in prose is more extensive than her range in poetry. Her lyre is generally tuned to the same purposes—the blight of love, the hollowness of the world: there is a mournful cadence in all it sings of—a wail, a sorrow, or a sigh! But in prose she lives with us,—now sanctifying—now satirizing—now glittering with the French in their most brilliant court, playing with diamonds, and revelling in wit,—then reposing on one of the finest creations that human genius ever called into existence—the holy friendship of Guido and Francesca. The whole range of modern fiction offers nothing like the portraiture of these two cousins: it is at once beautiful and sublime, and yet perfectly natural and true;—the skill of the woman is admirably developed in this particular creation. A man would

have *philosophised* Guido and Francesca into friendship; and those who read would have immediately discovered that, between two so constituted, the thing would have been impossible, notwithstanding the philosophy; bu tMiss Landon, by a simple and natural arrangement, sets all doubts at rest, by *pre-occupying* both hearts. Here, at once, is the *prevention* of love, and the *motive* for friendship perceived, without any explanation.

The period chosen was one of political interest, both here and on the Continent; and the French Court is sketched with brilliancy and effect. But we turn over the portraits, spirited as they are, with comparative indifference. We suffer Christine, and Louis, and the heartless coquettes to play their parts. We know how they will play them, and we anticipate what Miss Landon will make them say (for she speaks for them better than they would speak for themselves); yet they cannot wile us from our fealty to Francesca, or our interest in Guido. The story, too, is well wound up by the conclusion. The history of the two friends will be treasured up in all hearts whose feelings are not either seared or perverted by the world. We congratulate those who are able to make acquaintance with two so pure and undefiled by selfishness as the hero and heroine; and we leave the volumes to a length of popularity which is the destiny of few modern books.

One word of admonition. Why were not the mottos at the head of the several chapters sought out more carefully, or with some attention to the time and character of the book? If mottos are indispensable, care should be bestowed in their selection. Tales that tell of ancient times should have ancient mottos. It destroys the unities to see "Get rich—honestly, if you can—but get rich," quoted as *useful advice* at the head of a chapter; and a parcel of modern, unpoetic names standing rank-and-file, where choice bits from old English, French, and Italian poets should have appeared.—O enviable lady! whose book has so few faults that the critic is driven to condemn the choice of mottos!

Russia; or Miscellaneous Observations on the Past and Present State of that Country and its Inhabitants. By Robt. Pinkerton, D.D.

The age of miracles has passed away, and with it that of speaking foreign languages by inspiration. "Whether there be tongues," said the Apostle to the Gentiles, "they shall cease." Yet, notwithstanding this, some unhappy fanatics even in our own day have asserted in themselves the power of a miracle, though assured by the very authority on which they found their pretensions, that the possession of the faculty was no longer possible. But the British and Foreign Bible Society have really effected that, to which these poor people make a pretence; they have transfused the Gospel through all the languages of the earth; they have virtually realised in modern times the great miracle of the Pentecost, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Asia, in Egypt, the parts of Libya; Jews, Cretes, and Arabians do now "every one hear in *their own tongue* the wonderful works of God."

Mr. Pinkerton had made extensive tours in Russia in the service of the Society, and in the course of his mission he made inquiries not only into the more immediate object of it, the ecclesiastic establishment, but he extended them to the past and present condition of the Russian people, their character and state of civilization. To do this he was better qualified than most travellers. He was well acquainted with their language; his mission brought him into intimate acquaintance with the clergy, nobility, and other ranks, and his intercourse continued for many years. If Granville thought himself qualified to produce two large tomes from his scanty opportunities, where whole pages are concocted from the knowledge acquired in as many minutes, surely Pinkerton may write one with much stronger claims on public attention.

It appears that the whole population of the Russian empire at this moment is 54,000,000; for this vast multitude there are 634 towns, inhabited by about 3,000,000; the rest are scattered through the immense region which forms this unwieldy power, in villages, hamlets, and tents. Of these, 36,000,000 are native Russians, speaking the same language, and members of the Oriental or Greek church; 8,000,000 are Roman Catholics; 3,000,000 Lutherans; 2,000,000 Jews; and the remainder a mixture of Kalmuks, Mongolians, Manjures, and other barbarians, whose religion is a mass of idolatrous practices and monstrous opinions.

Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, and other causes that seem unfavourable to the extension of the species, the people in Russia have increased more rapidly than in almost any other nation. By the census taken by Peter the Great a century ago, the number of souls did not amount to 12,000,000, at which it probably had remained stationary from time immemorial; but that great man seems to have given a stimulus to every thing about him. In 1812, the population was augmented to 37,000,000, and since that time to its present amount. The people are remarkable for extraordinary longevity and fecundity, so that the proportion of births to deaths is as 16 to 10. What limits shall be put then to the population of this immense country, where the human race increases so fast, and where there is such room for them to increase? Despotism, which we suppose to be so unfavourable to every other interest of the human race, we imagine to be equally so to its increase; but what shall we say of this theory when we find that the great majority of this teeming mass of human life, are in a state of bondage equal to that of our late West Indian slaves—that they are *glebæ adscripti*, actually bound to the soil, and have no more civil rights than their fellow-labourers, the horse and the ox? When the manufacturers of Manchester or Sheffield are discontented with their situation under their own free Government, let them consider how their fellow-artizans are treated in Russia.

"All the various establishments in Russia, known by the name of Fabrics or Zavods, are worked by slaves. For instance, two or three hundred are sent to some cloth manufactory, and become weavers or dyers; an equal number to some foundry to become smiths, carpenters, &c., though totally unacquainted with these trades. Nor is it uncommon to make grants of the labour of Crown peasants to foreign speculators, in different branches of foreign manufactures; and alas! it is too frequently the lot of the poor peasants to experience harsh and severe treatment in these institutions, where, for a sorry subsistence, they and their offspring are condemned to labour during the remainder of their lives, to enrich some needy foreigner, whom Government thinks proper to favour. The greater number of the manufactures belonging to the Crown, are likewise under the direction of foreigners, each of whom has for workmen his troop of slaves, varying in number from a hundred to many thousands."

This is the condition of the crown slaves, which is esteemed much superior to that of others. It is to Peter the Great the Russians owe the miserable state of degradation in which they are. With all his fine qualities, he was a pure unmixed despot, and personally the greatest tyrant that ever existed, excepting perhaps our Henry VIII.

Of a very different character was the late Alexander, who did all he could to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. He wanted, however, the energy of his fierce predecessor, and did not succeed in accomplishing any of his good intentions. Among the rest, he was the great patron of the Bible Society, and wished that the Scriptures should be translated and circulated, so that all the hordes of his vast empire should have access to it, and every family in his dominions possess a Bible in their vernacular tongue.

A Russian Bible Society was founded at St. Petersburg on the 3d of January, 1813, by his permission and under his sanction. It existed in activity for 12 years; during which it formed 289 filial associations, and printed and circulated 208,068 Bibles, 400,000 New Testaments, and

267,772 copies of separate parts, making altogether nearly one million copies of the scriptures either in whole or in parts, and these in *twenty-three different languages* of people whose names one never heard before. It is deeply to be regretted that any delusion should mix itself with so much practical benefit. But that extraordinary visionary, Mad. Krudner, seems to have had powerful influence in good and evil. "For a short time," said the Emperor, "I believed that it was she whom God intended to employ for this purpose; but very soon I perceived that this light was an *ignis fatuus*." From this time his zeal in the cause cooled, and in 1826 the Society was suppressed. The bright spark may be said to have been kindled by her breath, and extinguished by her folly.

The work contains a variety of curious matters of general interest, with some highly interesting anecdotes of the Emperor, and a very just estimation of his amiable character, which our limits will not allow us to transcribe. It is embellished also with plates of customs and costumes, which, though the author says they were from his own sketches, are already very familiar to the public.

The Lyre and Sword of Charles Theodore Körner. With a Life of the Author, &c.

This is one of the most agreeable and interesting volumes we have ever read: it is translated from the German by Mr. W. B. Chorley, a gentleman of high literary attainments, but who has not, we believe, heretofore appeared before the world in a more assuming form than that of a contributor to its pleasure and instruction through the medium of periodical works. It is certain, however, that he will not so limit his energies for a much longer period. We are gratified to pen a note of praise to his first publication; for we have no doubt that it will be our task often to write of him, and we are assured it will be always in a manner pleasant to us and gratifying to him. The prose and the poetry of the little volume are each excellent. The first is written in a clear, sensible, and easy style, altogether free from affectation; and although Mr. Chorley has a just and natural admiration of the patriot,—although he is enthusiastic in his estimate of the warrior-poet,—he does not suffer himself to run into extravagance, but tempers with prudence the zeal of his affection. His preface is a very model of elegant composition; the poems are translated with marvellous freedom and purity. We are not skilled enough in the lore of "Faderland" to compare them with the originals; but certainly they convey to our heart and to our ear a fine notion of the joyousness, the pensiveness, the adoration of freedom, the true love of country, and the stern, but humane, courage of the warrior—the distinguishing traits by which Körner *was* known to his compatriots, and *is* known to posterity. We recommend the little volume to the wide circulation it merits, under the conviction that we shall ere long again meet Mr. Chorley, not in the bye-paths of literature, but on the high-road to its most honoured temple.

The United States and Canada in 1832, 1833, and 1834. By C. D. Arfwedson. 2 vols.

We are led to conjecture, from the uncouth name of the author, that he is not of England. He leaves us, however, in doubt; for his book is begun without dedication or preface, and the table of contents follows the title-page. Perhaps he thought his style would sufficiently indicate his country, and so it does,—negatively; it is very un-English, and, if it does not tell us what he is, clearly tells us what he is not. We find, however, he is a Swede, and certainly his descriptions would be more suitable to the tales of Thor and Woden, or any other Scandinavian mythology, than to the sober subjects of reality. The headings of his chapters are in keeping with the rest. They are passages from the English poets, particularly Byron.

We looked in vain for one from Gray. His "Descent of Odin" we thought would have furnished apt and favourite quotations.

Notwithstanding his inflated style, however, our foreigner has made an amusing book; not very original indeed, but still containing much various detail and characteristic sketches. He finds his carriage going slow, but not from bad roads or horses. He called the man who drove "coachman," as that which he had learned in England to be the proper appellation of such a personage. He was mistaken: the man was offended, and he was given to understand that the proper and more dignified term by which he chose to be distinguished was "driver!" Had this been in a southern state we should at once associate it with republican notions of slavery, where one fellow-creature still holds the lash over another. He gives a very favourable picture, however, of the comfortable state of the lower classes of society in New England; that happy equality of circumstances which induced a countryman of his own to ask, "where the peasantry lived in America?" The following is a county-town:—

"The houses are chiefly of wood, painted white, with green blinds. Trees are planted in all the streets—or rather roads, for they are not paved—and shrubberies, with a thousand different flowers, greet the passengers with their (beautiful!) fragrance."

Poverty is seldom discovered among the workmen of a factory, for they are neither addicted to indolence, drunkenness, or any other vice; and what has particularly contributed to this happy state, is the establishment of temperance societies and savings-banks. Of the first there are now 7000, having 1,250,000 members; and 1000 ships sail from the ports, not carrying one drop of spirits on board. These things have done wonders in America; increasing not only the stock of the labouring man, but also effecting a moral and intellectual amelioration. He found all the artizans he conversed with, in manners and courtesy, what he would call "gentlemen." Any of them was ready to discontinue his occupation, and go round a factory with him, explaining, in an intelligent manner, every particular. To offer a remuneration would be considered an insult,—as to receive it would be deemed degrading. We have directed the attention of our "operatives," in another article, to the contrast of their own condition with the miserable slave artificers of Russia; here we would beg them to observe the superiority of the temperate, moral, and intelligent freeman, in the same rank of life in America.

Our traveller has visited every part of the country, including Canada and New Orleans, and he has gleaned from all many curious, useful, and entertaining facts. To England, already inundated with the writings of the Trollopes, the Halls, &c., there can be nothing very new; but to his own country, Sweden, such information as the book contains would be as novel, we presume, as interesting. We may add, that the style and language, though very creditable to his proficiency in a foreign tongue, does not add to the value of his book. We would now advise him to translate it back again into Scandinavian for the benefit of the reading public of Stockholm.

The Epistle to the Hebrews; a new Translation.

That the present authorised version of the Holy Scriptures is a performance far surpassing in merit the expectations which the most sanguine hope was entitled, before its appearance, to entertain; that it is, for the most part, singularly correct in conveying the exact sense of the original tongues; and that it contains within itself, independently of being considered as the Word of Life, a "pure well of English undefiled;" which, whether we remember the solemn harmony of its periods, the strength and grandeur of its phraseology, or the clearness and simplicity with which its language is instinct, entitles it equally to our respect and admiration—are observations, upon the whole, not more often or more generally made than the most rigo-

rous regard to truth would appear to justify. We have indeed in our hands a translation of Scripture, of which, if such a feeling were in any degree allowable on such a subject, a nation might well be proud; and the testimony of those capable of appreciating it has in all countries, and at various times, been freely rendered in its favour. But as perfection is not to be expected in any work of earthly origin, our English Bible, with all its numerous excellences, is not free from a few blemishes which those most attached to it will be most ready to acknowledge. The very scrupulous attention of the early translators to rendering the original as nearly as possible word for word, and their natural reluctance to admit any expression into their version which was not specifically made use of in the Greek and Hebrew, notwithstanding the elliptical character of those languages, has in some instances produced a sacrifice of distinct meaning in favour of strict adherence to the letter; while in several passages, a more intimate, or at least a more extensive acquaintance with classic authors, has enabled succeeding scholars to modify and render more consistent with the context phrases before imperfectly or obscurely worded. It is true that the rigorous fidelity of the old translators is greatly to be commended. It was fitting that the most important of written communications to which the inquiring spirit of man has access, should rest upon a firm base of incontrovertible exactness and truth; but this very circumstance has rendered a more free version of certain parts of Scripture an acquisition greatly to be desired, and of none more so than of the writings of St. Paul; for, sudden in conception, vigorous in argument, and fixing his attention so intently upon the leading points of the question before him, that, satisfied with his own vivid impressions of their relation and bearings, he at times appears to neglect the intermediate process necessary to combine the several parts of his subject in an harmonious whole; this first of Christian writers and Apostles, in leaving an inexhaustible treasure of divine truth for the benefit of all, has at the same time made it necessary that some translator should take the trouble of supplying those connecting links which, in his reasoning, are rather implied than expressed, and for want of which, his true meaning has been not unfrequently but imperfectly understood, and sometimes entirely mistaken. What the writings of St. Paul are among those of the other Apostles, the "Epistle to the Hebrews" may be considered in relation to his own. As a masterpiece of reasoning, and a production which contains the sublimest exhortations, combined with the most energetic eloquence of application, it is of course, as everything proceeding from Divine inspiration must be, as far beyond our abilities to estimate, as it is beyond our power to prize as it deserves; but it rises into far greater importance when we consider it as the medium by whose means the Old and New Dispensation are connected in the light of type and antitype; and by which the veil, which at one time hid the mysteries of the Sanctuary from the gaze of inquiring nations, is withdrawn, to allow their import and signification to shine forth beneath the full blaze of day. How far it is necessary to the Christian that such a work upon the objects of his highest interest should be properly understood, we shall not pause to examine, considering this a point which will at once readily be conceded by all. Our business is rather with the execution than the design of the present work, and we can most unequivocally state that nothing will be found in it to which the most truly orthodox can object, while much appears, which will be esteemed exceedingly valuable to assist the meditations of the pious and enlightened reader. We have not space to enter into the several points of minor criticism, nor perhaps is it necessary that we should do so; we would simply state, that wherever it is necessary, the author has made good his readings by the most respectable authority, and displays on every disputed passage an extensive, and, what is far more to the purpose, a judicious course of theological study. A concise syllabus of the "Epistle" introduces a general outline of its arguments, consecutively arranged, and several explanatory notes

are appended, among which we would particularly instance that upon the well-known passage contained in chap. ix. verses 16 and 17, as most successfully clearing up the difficulty hitherto attached to it. Of the translation itself, it is sufficient commendation to say, that it is fully worthy of accompanying that commonly in use, which it is by no means intended to supersede, and that it is written in elegant language, which, even after a comparison with the ancient version, will be read with pleasure. Among the numerous decided improvements, may be mentioned the substitution of "deadly deeds" for "deadly works," in chap. ix. verse 14; of "a sense of evil" for "an evil conscience," in chap. x. verse 22; of "Faith is a confident expectation of what we hope for, a conviction of things unseen," for the definition at the beginning of chap. xi.; and at the end of the same chapter, of the rendering "that apart from us their happiness should not be consummated," for the received translation of that passage. Many others, which we cannot here specify, will be discovered by the observant reader. In conclusion of our imperfect notice we observe, that while translations of the Old and New Testaments have appeared for the support of heterodox doctrines under the plea of the want of sufficient clearness in the great work of the English Church, we are rejoiced to find that those whose privilege it is to possess views more truly scriptural are beginning to have recourse to the most efficacious means of answer. It will be considered as a recommendation of little importance, after what has been said, to mention, that the work under notice is elegantly got up, and is of a size to allow it to be conveniently used as a book of pocket reference.

History of the British Colonies. By R. Montgomery Martin. Vol. 3. Possessions in North America.

We have already given to this valuable and interesting work the highest recommendation in our power. It is impossible to praise too highly the amazing industry and information of the author. He has brought to his aid all the knowledge that a hundred travellers have gathered, and for contradiction or confirmation of their statements has consulted all the authenticated records that are to be found in the several government offices. There is not indeed left unexplained or unillustrated a single point connected with our colonies on which it may be either useful or interesting to be informed. But although the main object of the writer has been to prepare a work that should be of immediate and permanent value, he has not lost sight of those minor matters which, in the history of a country, interest the general reader. He has tempted those who might avoid dry statistics, by introducing much anecdote and description; and if our principal duty is to recommend his book as essentially useful, we may also describe it as in no ordinary degree amusing. We will content ourselves with copying a list of the contents of one of his chapters.

"New Brunswick: Geographical Position and Area; History; Physical Aspect; Lakes and Rivers; Geology and Soil; Climate, Population, and Territorial Divisions; Government; Finance; Monetary System; Natural Productions and Commerce; Value of Property; Religion, Education, and the Press; Social State and Future Prospects."

Upon this plan, accounts are given of all that is remarkable in Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and the Sable Islands, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland and the Labrador Coast, Hudson's Bay, &c.; together with a variety of statements having reference to emigration, rates of wages, grants of land, &c. &c.; and moreover several finely-engraved maps are introduced, adding considerably to the interest and value of the work, which in truth may be characterised as a great national undertaking, the want of which has been long felt and acknowledged. It is evidently "got up" at great cost, and the labour of the compiler must be immense. We trust that public patronage has rewarded him; certain we are that no public institution or private library ought to be without it.

Young Hearts. 3 vols.

This playful and amusing story is prefaced by Miss Jane Porter—a sufficient introduction to any library in the kingdom. This lady's name has been for more than thirty years a guarantee for the moral purity of whatever she sanctions, and "Young Hearts" will not lessen her enviable reputation. The volumes will be read with great interest by the young, as they are cheerful and full of hope, and it is delightful in these book-making days to meet with anything fresh or natural. We should have felt assured, while perusing the work, that no shadow had ever rested upon her who wrote them; but Miss Porter's simple and elegant preface says that this is not the case. Sorrow has visited the "Recluse," but we cannot believe that it will dwell with her as with a sister; she will rise superior to the evils which have intruded on her solitude, with a rugged though sincere kindness only to teach her wisdom. The story is simple, moral, and amusing, and particularly calculated to adorn a fair lady's library.

Tales from Chaucer, in Prose; designed chiefly for the Use of Young Persons. 1 vol.

The Riches of Chaucer. 2 vols.

Glorious old Chaucer!—the father of our English poetry—"the well of English undefiled"—who retains, even in our own day, the popularity which, five centuries ago, "the londe full filled" with "ditees and songes glade." We have here three volumes, prepared for us by Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, with a view to render Chaucer more palatable to the young, and also to those who are led to put him aside because of the stories and lines which are impurities in our age, although by no means so in his own. We scarcely know whether to praise or blame the course which Mr. Clarke has pursued. To us it is little less than profanation to turn magnificent poetry into plain and tame prose, and to sift down into small nothings all the glorious pictures which the great bard has drawn of the times in which he lived, and the characters among whom he associated. Much of his merit has been sacrificed: we see the old man Eloquent "shorn of his beams;" and are for a moment angry even to bitterness with the sinner who dared to strip him of his exceeding glory. But, on the other hand, it was impossible to introduce to the young of the nineteenth century the bard as he appeared in the fourteenth. It was absolutely necessary that he should wear a more seemly and newly-fashioned dress; and perhaps Mr. Clarke will be the means of making him more extensively read and appreciated; at least, he has performed with good taste and sound judgment the task he has undertaken; but we must be permitted to doubt the policy of such a system. The young are always the curious: few who read Mr. Clarke's abbreviated copy but will like to know what is left out; and when they come to a mass of asterisks, will eagerly search out the interdicted matter.

A Description of the Azores or Western Islands, from personal observation. By Capt. Boid, late of his Majesty's Navy.

This little archipelago of volcanic rocks, clustered in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, have latterly attracted much notice from the political circumstances connected with them. When the freedom of Portugal seemed hopeless, a few of her patriots found refuge on one of those remote fragments of lava where the spark of liberty was kept alive, and Terceira gave, like Phylé to a modern Thrasybulus, the means of expelling tyranny from his native city. Captain Boid was one of those "who conducted," he says, "his Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro to assume the command and organize the forces destined to rescue his native bleeding country," &c. He describes the following particulars of the islands:—General character, agriculture, zoology, trade and

commerce, mode of government and population, character, customs, religion, political history, revenue and expenditure of the islands in general; and then follows an account of St. Michael's, St. Mary's, Terceira, St. George, Graciosa, Fayal, Pico, Corvo, and Flores, in particular.

The Azores were so called from Açor, a kind of hawk found there in abundance. They have evidently been the production of volcanic fire. The whole soil is a decomposition of pumice, tufa, and scoria, and the undecomposed parts are indurated lava and basalt. Wherever the lava flowed over pumice or soft substances, the substratum by degrees pulverised or was washed away, and the more permanent material remained, forming an arch over the vacuum. Hence the islands abound in caverns of the most curious and picturesque kinds, some of them several hundred feet in extent. Volcanic soil, when decomposed, is always found the most fertile—that of the Azores is peculiarly so. It yields fruits and vegetables of all kinds and climates, from the cabbage to the banana, and corn in such abundance as would support 5,000,000 people, though now there are only about 250,000 to consume it. Tobacco and coffee grow luxuriantly, but the vegetable most used by the common people is lupin. This is of an intense bitter, but its taste is corrected by salt and sea-water. Of domestic animals, goats, pigs, dogs, and asses are the most abundant. Notwithstanding that the islands are very badly cultivated, by our author's account, though others and as good authority differ from him, the exports are considerable, which are repaid from Portugal by a very precious but unprofitable barter. The mother country sends in exchange for solid food and other produce, *images*, *crucifixes*, *indulgences*, *dispensations*, and *relics*, which are all sold in the shops of the Azores at an exorbitant price.

Among the political and physical convulsions to which the islands have been subject, he mentions the recent revolution and the explosion of submarine volcanoes. Of the first he gives some interesting details; of the last he does not. The appearance of the island of Sabrina, near St. Michael's, which is one of the most curious events of modern times, he passes over in a few lines. He is no friend of the religious establishments of the country, and gives melancholy details of the vice and depravity of ecclesiastics, both male and female. Perhaps some deductions are to be made for Protestant prejudices from the following sailor's yarn:—

"It was a common scene to witness, *en passant*, the nuns in amorous communication with their swains underneath the grated windows, where concessions were made, and agreements entered into, and hours appointed for admission to their cells. It was ludicrous to see how completely the grass was worn away from under every window of this convent by the frequency of those communications; in fact, the nuns are nothing better than cloistered cyprians. The monks and clergy have lived in such unrestrained licentiousness that we cannot feel surprised at the degraded and debased condition of the people."

With this specimen of the Captain's style of writing, and observation, we will close our notice. If it be true, we have only to add that any reformation proposed in the Portuguese church as well as state must be highly desirable. The first act of Dom Pedro was to suppress convents and monasteries.

The book is embellished with a map and lithographic views by Sartorius, and are good specimens of the graphic talent of the Admiral.

Robert D'Artois; or, the Heron Vow. A Romance. 3 vols.

There is spirit, incident, and adventure in this romance; and we ourselves remember the time when it would have interested us from beginning to end; when it would have been read by the light of the moon, and the gray dawn of morning; but the time is past—we grow old—and are not easily excited. But the period of young enjoyment is with others; they will find much in its pages to lend additional charms to Christmas festivities; it is just the book for winter fires and riving storms, and will be

welcome to all country circulating libraries. Many of the characters are powerfully drawn, and Robert is wrought out into a splendid hero.

Ireland in 1834. By H. D. Inglis. 2 vols.

Mr. Inglis is already known to the public as the author of travels in Spain, the Tyrol, and other places. He seems a person who, like my Lady Morgan, sets out for the purpose of making books, and pays his travelling expenses and more, by his reports of the places he has seen to the booksellers. A writer of this description, if he have genius, may make an amusing work on any country by seeing and representing objects under a new aspect; but he can hardly be expected to make a valuable one, or that which could be relied on as giving anything like a real picture of the actual state of things. After the deep interest that Ireland has excited—the various commissions appointed—the numerous reports printed—but, above all, the number of books published by men of talent who had long studied the country, and had every opportunity of intimately knowing it—it is not to be supposed that a man roving through it for a few months, and giving, not the mature reports of others, but the crude result of his own cursory observation, can be entitled to much attention. In fact, the volumes appear to us rather dull; they contain few traits of national character, little sensibility of romantic scenery, nothing that a man of genius might strike out of so trite a subject as Ireland. They are no more than the dry details of things which reports and newspapers are every day laying before the public: to collect them together and present them in a condensed form may be useful if judiciously done.

In some places Mr. Inglis is incapable of assigning causes for effects, and in others he mistakes them. In mentioning the Mendicity Society of Dublin, he tells us, what any one might see from boards carried about on men's shoulders or from newspapers, that there were 2145 persons on the charity; and he further adds, that, though there were but 200 Protestants among the paupers, the subscribers of the latter persuasion pay 50*l*., while those of the former pay but 1*l*. This everybody knows to be true, and for this reason:—The Irish Catholics hold charity in alms to be an essential religious duty, and they would not have objects removed from the streets which continually afford them an opportunity of practising it. Every Catholic place of worship is approached through an avenue of beggars, to whom everyone of the congregation think it a part of their duty to give something. This assigns a characteristic cause for the prevalence of beggars in Ireland, as well as in all Catholic countries, and the indisposition of the people to get rid of them. At Gorey he mentions that the hostility between the sects is so great, that a Catholic inn and a Catholic coach have been exclusively established, and he assigns for its cause the institution of an "Orange lodge" in the town. We deprecate any exclusive institutions which keep up a spirit of party, but we think a solitary lodge a very inadequate cause for it in any particular place; the spirit that dictates it is that which unfortunately pervades the whole country. Every effort at conciliation is rendered abortive by trading demagogues who live by exciting the worst passions of the people, and which, as long as they have any influence, will continue to be excited all over the country. The baneful consequence is felt at Gorey as in other places where no Orange lodge has ever been established. There is no doubt, however, that the exceeding misery of the peasantry of the country contributes much to promote the selfish views of those men. In the south, they are, in a great majority, Catholics. Where a tenant is not of that persuasion, he is generally more thriving and prosperous, because more industrious; but instead of pointing him out as an example to imitate, he is set up as an object to be persecuted by the faction.

At Carrick-on-Suir Mr. Inglis speaks of a stuff manufacture as once

existing. We never heard of such a thing; but a very extensive cloth factory was a source of great opulence and prosperity to the town, and produced that cloth called Ratteen, once a celebrated and peculiar Irish manufacture. It afterwards subsisted by army contracts, but finally declined, not from any local cause, but in consequence of the general peace. He mentions another manufactory in the vicinity, on the estate of the Beresfords, which they do not encourage. It is conducted by a Quaker, and employs 800 persons. We trust it will not share the fate of a similar one at Tolkabridge, near Dublin, which, we happen to know, was equally prosperous; but the proprietor established a school for the younger persons employed in it, where perhaps he showed more zeal than discretion in his instruction. It was burnt to the ground by some bigoted incendiary, and the whole population of a village again turned to beggary.

Mr. Inglis would more serve the interests of truth, and of the unfortunate country, by inquiring into and exhibiting such causes and effects, than by attacking, as he has done, the landlords, and convicting himself of misrepresentations. He states of Callon, in the county of Kilkenny, that Lord Clifden receives 20,000*l.* a-year from that neighbourhood; that the town pays a toll of 250*l.*, which he puts into his own pocket; that the roads are so bad, that his carriage breaks down upon them; and the people so hostile, that they insult him when he passes through. To all these assertions, his Lordship gives a decided contradiction. He receives only 3000*l.* a-year from the neighbourhood; he has nothing to do with the tolls; his carriage never broke down on the roads, and he is sent very kind addresses from the people of the town, whom he assists in their distress. The flippant and flimsy rejoinder of Mr. Inglis is not worth noticing, except that he tacitly admits that all he said was untrue, and that he drags in the Protestant clergyman of the parish, who, we presume, will not be much obliged to him, unless he be a factious, turbulent person, like curate Lyons, and is ambitious of exhibiting himself in newspaper controversy.

Notwithstanding many errors and local inaccuracies, however, Mr. Inglis has written a book which, though it has little pretension to be entertaining, might be useful, if composed with more judgment. Ireland is in a perilous state; but it is not such books that will serve it. We know the country better than he does; and we assure him—"Haud tali auxilio et istis defensoribus tempus eget."

Turner's Annual Tour. 1835. Edited by Leitch Ritchie.

If this is not by far the most popular of the Annuals, it ought to be. A host of fine engravings, after Turner, is a rich treat to the lover of art,—and to be possessed for somewhat less than a shilling each; the fact is wonderful, even in the nineteenth century, when a portfolio of gems may be obtained for the cost of a pair of shoes. The engravers have done justice to the striking and beautiful drawings of Turner; we are absolutely startled by their splendour and interest, as we turn over one after another. Mr. Ritchie has performed his part with considerable ability; his descriptions are agreeable and accurate, and he has judiciously scattered among them many marvellous tales and legends, which illustrate the history of the place, and the manners of the people relative to whom he treats. The volume is one of rare value, and we trust that public patronage keeps pace with its deserts.

Poems. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. Second Series.

In 1829 we gave a very favourable notice in the New Monthly Magazine, of a volume of Poems written by Mrs. G. G. Richardson, and were happy to see that the opinion we then expressed was reiterated by almost the entire periodical press. The present volume, which accident alone prevented us from noticing last month, is everyway worthy of the reputa-

tion which the first procured for its author. It is full of poetic gems. The sentiments are often strikingly beautiful, and the language is remarkably chaste. There is not a piece in the volume, though the contents are so miscellaneous as to embrace almost every variety of subject, in which we do not find evidence of an elegant and highly cultivated mind. Mrs. Richardson is a lady of varied, as well as of great talent. The transition from the humorous to the pathetic, and from the pathetic to the humorous, seems to be quite easy to her. Of the former kind of writing, the "Country Ball Route," and the "Recipe for Song-making," are happy specimens. Of the latter the instances are so numerous, that to give one would be doing injustice to many others. Nothing, indeed, could be more touchingly beautiful than some of her plaintive pieces. Some of these pieces we have read over and over, and each time with additional pleasure. We have read the work through, which is a feat we have very rarely performed with a modern volume of poetry. Mrs. Richardson will gain new laurels by this second series of her poems. If the third be as good, we shall be among the first to hail its appearance. It is but justice to the printer and publisher to mention, that the paper and typography are all that the most fastidious in what is technically called "getting up," could desire.

Anne Grey. Edited by the Author of "Granby." 3 vols.

Anne Grey! what a pretty, modest, *moonlight*-sort of title has been bestowed upon these volumes, and sooth-to-say, the title is borne out by the style and the story. It is rational, observant, quaint, and sufficiently romantic—did we say *sufficiently?* we should have said extravagantly so—for the cousin's character is of that monstrous nature which out-Herods Herod, and which *débûtants* are ever fond of creating, for the purpose of exciting, when, in fact, they only fatigue.

Nothing can be more charming than the pretty, gentle, quiet heroine—her feelings so well subdued, but not at all blunted—her temper so perfect—her beauty so exactly suited to our taste, winning us to love by its modest and holy influence—her affections so earnest, so truthful, so unchanging, yet curbed by right maidenly propriety.

We love Anne Grey! by holy Paul we do! and should earnestly desire such a wife. Happy is the man who calls her his. Her character is drawn without flaw through three mortal volumes, and yet she never tires us—not from the time she commences her career in pink frocks and pin-befores to the conclusion, when we shut vol. 3, but retained Anne Grey in our imagination even to the present time. There are many points in the story, and a certain quietness throughout, that reminds us of some of Miss Austin's admirable novels, and once or twice we caught ourselves thinking that some sketches were penned in Miss Edgeworth's style; we do not mean that either of these ladies are *imitated*, but simply that they would so have written. Charlotte is a blot on the book—the dark is too forcibly touched in—it is blackness, not shadow—a fault which we hope the author will carefully avoid *in her next.*

The Poetical Souvenir. 32mo.

This inviting little volume serves as a casket to enshrine some of the brightest gems of moral and devotional poetry that the mines of English thought have given forth. Something of the spirit in which the collection has been made, may be inferred from the Editor's prefatory declaration of his being "not without a hope, that it may lead some to perceive that whatever is pure, and touching, and ennobling in the inspirations of the Muse, will lose nothing of its power, of its tenderness, by association with the deepest and holiest feelings of religion." In illustration of the truth of this sentiment we find, as contributive to the composition of this miniature

manual, the names of Southey, Campbell, Byron, Scott, Milman, Montgomery, Heber, Coleridge, Hemans, &c.

Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland. Music and Words by Samuel Lover, Esq.

We receive occasionally ballads and duets, but there has been lately such a dearth of music, properly so called, that we have given over our musical notices. When, however, we meet a genuine melody, we are neither so old nor so tasteless as not to relish it as it deserves. Mr. Lover has come before us in a new character; we have appreciated his traits and stories of the Irish peasantry for a very long time; we have admired the fidelity, the beautiful colouring, and the expression of his miniatures, and now we are called upon to testify of the sweetness of his poetry, and the skill and pathos of his musical compositions. We are tired of praising him, —and yet, in common honesty, we cannot help it. Mr. Lover has, indeed, a diversity of gifts, and excels in all, painter, poet, and musician; it is really too bad: if we encountered many such, "Othello's occupations" would be o'er.

Six of those songs of the superstitions of Ireland have come forth, and, we doubt not, they will be continued. When completed, we shall request Mr. Lover to publish them, with one of his own inimitable sketches to illustrate each; a sort of Irish musical annual, that would be sure to succeed.

My Daughter's Book; containing a Selection of approved Readings in Literature, Science, and Art.

This is a useful and amusing volume. The selections, for the most part, are very judiciously made; and we have observed nothing in it at all objectionable: this, in so very varied a work, is no slight praise. It consists chiefly of prose, and the subjects are arranged under several heads—as "Music," "Drawing," &c.—each head being illustrated by extracts from popular writers. It is compiled by the editor of the "Young Gentleman's Book"—a work which we remember praising some time ago.

Navigation Simplified. By Mrs. Taylor.

We recommend all whom it may concern to look over this very singular book, into whose merits and calculations we do not pretend to enter farther than we were obliged, so as to be able to speak upon the effect of the whole; and we are able to report favourably of the industry, knowledge, and talent displayed through the publication. This production cannot come under the title of "light literature," nor can any volume be termed "heavy" that adds to, or simplifies, science. It is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.

The Book of Science. By John M. Moffatt.

This is a very pretty book, with pretty binding and pretty prints; but we are by no means sure that young people will comprehend the "explanations" which the author gives of the various terms used in chemistry, geology, &c. It is somewhat too learned for those who are creeping on towards a knowledge of science, and surely not learned enough for those who have achieved it. We must therefore recommend it to those who are not uninformed upon such subjects, but who require better and safer helps than the small catechisms recently issued in such abundance.

LITERARY REPORT.

Table Talk of the late S. T. Coleridge, Esq., is in preparation.

Miss Kemble's (now Mrs. Butler) Travels in the United States, and Opinions of the Americans, will shortly appear.

A Visit to Iceland during the present Summer, by John Barrow, Esq., Jun., nearly ready.

Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures from the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the Hindoos, by the Rev. Joseph Roberts, in the press.

Early in 1835 will be published, Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, by J. B. Williams, Esq.

Sir Grenville Temple, who has lately returned from his Travels in Africa, is about to publish the result of his Observations, parts of which have afforded so much interest at the late sittings of the Geographical Society; the printing of the work is already considerably advanced, and the publication may be expected early in the ensuing month.

Lady Blessington's new Novel, entitled The Two Friends, is now on the eve of publication; also, the New Series of The O'Hara Tales, entitled, The Mayor of Wind-gap and Canvassing.

Miss Pardoe's new Novel, entitled The Mardens and the Daventrys, which has been unavoidably delayed, will appear early in the ensuing month.

Selwyn in Search of a Daughter, and other Pieces, by the Author of Tales of the Moors, will, it is expected, be ready for publication about the middle of January.

On the 1st of January, No. I. of The Annals of General Science, conducted by Robert D. Thomson, M.D., with the assistance of Thos. Thomson, M.D., F.R.S., &c.

The following works are also in the press:—The Gipsy, a Romance, by the Author of "Mary of Burgundy."—Journal of a Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands in the Spring and Summer of 1833, by John Auldjo, Esq. F.G.S.—English in India and other Sketches, by a Traveller.—The Village Churchyard and other Poems, by the Right Hon. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.—Edward the Black Prince, by Mr. James.—Some Account of the Writings of Clement of Alexandria, by the Bishop of Lincoln.—The Classic and Connossieur in Italy and Sicily, condensing the best Observations of the more distinguished Tourists through those Countries.—Elements of Medical Police; or, the Principles, &c. of Legislating for the Public Health, by Dr. Bisset Hawkins.—Observations on the History and Ministry of St. Peter, by the Rev. P. Stanhope Dodd, M.A.—The Life of Bishop Jewel, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.—A Volume of Charges delivered to the Clergy of his Diocese, by the Bishop of Barbadoes.—A New Guide-Book to Ireland.—Villerol, by the Author of the "Valley of the Clusone."—The Book of Revelation, with Notes, by the Rev. Isaac Ashe, A.M.—The Mediator of the New Covenant; a Series of Sermons by the Rev. James Spencer Knox.—Sir Grenville Temple's Travels in Africa,

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, by J. C. L. de Sismondi, Vol. II., forming Vol. LXI. of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia." 6*s*.

Practical Geometry, &c., by Thomas Bradley, "Library of Useful Knowledge," 8vo. 7*s*.

The Natural History of Birds, by Robert Mudie, 12mo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Selections from the Italian Poets, with Translations by James Glassford, Esq., 12mo. 7*s*.

Mirth and Morality; a Collection of Original Tales, fcap. 8vo. 6*s*.

Seymour's Comic Album for 1835, 18mo. 7*s*.

Kidd's Fashionable Library, or Mirror of Fun, 18mo. 8*s*.

Faustus, a serio-comic Poem, with 12 Illustrations, by Crowquill, imp. 8vo. 6*s*.

A Description of the Azores, or Western Islands, by Captain Boid, 8vo. 12*s*.

Autobiography of Jack Ketch, with 14 Illustrations, 9*s*. 6*d*.

Memoirs of Celebrated Women of all Nations, by Madame Junot, 8vo. 14*s*.

Rowbotham's Guide to French Language and Conversation, 18mo. 3*s*.

Robinson Crusoe, with Howell's Account of Selkirk, 1 vol. fcap. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Boy's Friend; or, Maxims of a Cheerful Old Man, 4*s*. 6*d*.

Bishop Sumner's Exposition of St. John's Gospel, 8vo. 9*s*.

Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy, by John Young, 8vo. 12*s*.

The Historical Books of the New Testament, with Notes by the Rev. E. J. Geohegan; 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Causes of the Corruption of Christianity, by Robert Vaughan, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Cooke's Views of London, imperial 8vo. 3*l*. 3*s*.; imperial 4to. 4*l*. 18*s*.; India, 6*l*. 14*s*.

Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, &c. of the Gun, by William Greener, 8vo., 15*s*.

Marston, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. boards.

The Girl's Book of Sports, square, 4*s*. 6*d*. bds.

A Greek Grammar for the New Testament, 8vo. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Three Years in the Pacific, containing Notices of Brazil, Chili, Peru, &c. in 1831, 32, and 33, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 4*s*.

East India Register, 1835, 10*s*. sewed.

Contributions to the Botany of India, by Robert Wight, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Hyachinthe, or the Contrast, 5*s*.

George Cruikshank's Sketch-Book, oblong folio, Vol. I., plain, 15*s*., coloured, 1*l*. 1*s*.

Sacred History of the World, by Sharon Turner, F.S.A. &c., Vol. II., 8vo., 14*s*.

A Narrative of Events in the south of France, and of the Attack on New Orleans in 1814 and 1815, by Captain John Cooke, 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Practical Elocutionist, by Alexander Bell, 5*s*. 6*d*.

The Princess; or, the Beguine, by Lady Morgan, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

A Treatise on Nautical Surveying, by Commander Edward Belcher, royal 8vo. plates 21*s*.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From Returns relating to the Royal Academy, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 24th, 1834.)

There are five Professors in the Royal Academy—viz. those of anatomy, perspective, architecture, sculpture, and painting, each of whom is to deliver six lectures annually. The number of lectures delivered in the Academy during the last ten years is as follows:—

	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831	1832	1833
Anatomy.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Perspective.....	6	4	4	6	none	none	none	none	none	none
Architecture.....	none	none	none	none	none	none	none	6*	6*	6*
Sculpture	6	1	3	3	5	6	6	6	6	6
Painting.....	6	none	4	6	6	6	6	6	none	3

Anatomy—total, 60; no deficiency.

Perspective—total, 20; 40 deficient. Architecture—total, 18; 42 deficient. Sculpture—total, 48; 12 deficient. Painting—total, 43; 17 deficient. Or by the four Academician Professors—delivered, 129, instead of 240; deficiency, 111.

The above quotation, and all the columns within the table, are correctly copied from the Parliamentary document, except that the word "none" is here inserted instead of its dumb prototype (—). The totals are added in order to prevent mistakes, and the Professor of Anatomy is kept somewhat apart, because he is not a member of the Royal Academy, nor even an artist, but a surgeon.

Thus, whilst, under pretext of bad sight, ill health, death, and resignation, the Academicians compound their accounts with the students for 53⅓ per cent., gentlemen whose more important avocations might well excuse occasional absence have not omitted one lecture in ten years.

This is the first inquiry made by Parliament: the result is, that for six years not one lecture on perspective has been delivered within the walls of the Academy—that during a still longer period the infirmities of the Professor of Architecture put a stop to instruction in that department, which has been re-opened by substitute—that ultimately, even with this irregular mode of proceeding, four Academician Professorships have in ten years produced only 129 lectures, instead of 240.

Award of Prizes.—At the anniversary of the institution of the Royal Academy, the annual distribution of medals to the various successful candidates in the several departments of architecture, painting, and sculpture, took place at Somerset House. The silver medal, and the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, bound and inscribed, were presented to Mr. G. Sayer, for the best copy of the "Assumption," by Murillo, from the Dulwich Gallery. The silver medal was presented to Mr. J. Welsh, for the best drawing from the life. Also, the silver medal to Mr. J. Johnson, for the best elevation, from actual admeasurement, of the Council-office and Board of Trade, Whitehall; and a similar medal to Mr. G. Lee, for the best drawings from the antique of the head of Jupiter, the Laughing Faun, together with drawings of the hand and foot. The silver medal was likewise awarded to Mr. G. Bool, for the best model in alto-relief of the "Discobolus," from the antique. The learned President, in his comments on the copies made in the school of painting, observed, that notwithstanding their claims to merit as regarded mechanical excellence, there was in the principal portion

* Given by substitute.

of the copies a feebleness of design exhibited, against which he would caution the aspiring student as a defect, and as a bar to the attainment of real excellence in his academic pursuits. The merit of the drawings from the life was particularly deserving notice, and on that account the more excited his surprise that no *models* in the same department should have been received by the Academy. In drawings from the antique, he continued, considerable excellence in detail and execution had been displayed; for had the Academy departed from their usual custom of not awarding a second medal, they must have adjudged three to as many performances of equal merit.

Sir Martin further urged a close and unremitting study of the human figure as essential to spirit and freedom of design. Purity of design, he continued, was not the characteristic of the British school; indeed, its deficiency in this respect was its most vulnerable point. The study of the human figure had been often referred to as the fundamental principle—the grammar—of the art of painting; but it was more, it was the language of the science—purity of design was the important end of study. This attained in the British school, and British artists would then enter in honourable rivalry with the excellencies of the ancient and foreign schools, and insure the predominant ascendancy of their own.

PANORAMA. PERE LA CHAISE.

Mr. Burford, who has for so many years delighted London and London visitors by the productions of his masterly pencil—whose Panoramas have so often made us acquainted with scenes previously known to us only through the comparatively dull medium of letter-press,—Mr. Burford has just enabled us to visit Père La Chaise without the trouble or cost of crossing the Channel; and has thus added another to the many obligations he has conferred upon us. Our readers need not be told that the subject is a striking one. The sojourner of three days in Paris is sure to see it, as one of the most interesting wonders of the wonderful city. In a century or two our own cemetery in the Harrow-road may resemble it. Time may enable us to compete with our great Rival in this matter as we have done in most others—but trees do not grow great in a few summers, nor, happily, do people die fast enough to throng our hundred-acre burial-place, so as to make it picturesque in a few seasons. Père la Chaise at present stands alone in its gloomy interest,—its associations of undying love and imperishable glory—its grandeur and its frippery—its simple green mounds and its large sepulchres of marble,—a remarkable illustration of the French character—a strange blending of the little and the great. Mr. Burford seems to have used the wand of enchantment rather than the brush of hair. He has succeeded in placing us in the very midst of the gay and sombre spot he has depicted;—and we have no doubt the panorama of Père la Chaise will be the most popular of his many meritorious performances.

CONVERSAZIONI.

"The artists and amateurs" have met again both at the West end and the City, and apparently with as much energy and zeal as ever. Such meetings cannot but produce results the most beneficial—they bring together for mutual service and mutual enjoyment the lovers of art and its professors. To the one class they afford the means of rational enjoyment; and the other they call from the solitude of their studies, where else, perhaps, their works might remain unseen and of course unpurchased. It is desirable that some mode should be devised of rendering the advantages of such societies more general.

PUBLICATIONS.

London and its Vicinity. No. 12. By George Cooke.

Some months ago we had occasion to mention the name of this eminent engraver,—an artist more esteemed, or a man more respected, did not exist,—for, unhappily, he is now to be numbered among those who have been. The work, of which the concluding number is before us, was the favoured object of his life. He lived to finish it, but not to see it in its finished state in the hands of the public. It is therefore published by his widow, to do honour to her husband's memory, and "in the hope, also, that the result of many years of industry and talent may be beneficial to her, and to his children." In its completed form it makes a beautiful and valuable work—cheap, even in these times of cheap art—though not quite so low in price as the shilling numbers of London views, by which London has been of late absolutely inundated. What is bad, however, must be dear at any price; and such productions as those which Mr. Cooke has left us must still be considered and described as astonishingly cheap. The artists to whom Mr. Cooke was indebted for designs were his "own personal friends," and perhaps Callcott, Stanfield, and that admirable and truly English painter, Stark, never produced works of greater merit than those they contributed to this noble volume. We trust the hopes of Mrs. Cooke—based as they are upon the fame of her husband, and his excellent engravings—will not be disappointed. The publication is one, without which no collection of works of art could be complete; and, moreover, as many of the buildings and scenes it describes are not now in existence, it is especially interesting to the antiquary and the lover of nature. We give to the collected volume the highest recommendation in our power.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

This beautiful work continues to improve. Callcott, Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, and Harding, supply the principal subjects; but their task is merely to "put in effects"—the designs being supplied by travellers who have sketched them from nature—who have trodden again and again over the hallowed scenes they describe. Nature undergoes but little change under the influence of Time; the creations of man have fallen to decay in the rich East, but the works of God are imperishable, and retain to-day almost the same features they possessed when the Saviour lived and died among them. If, therefore, the painters have, for the sake of the aforesaid "effects," introduced groups of modern Turks or debased Jews into their pictures, the ground-work is still as actual, as natural, as it was eighteen centuries ago. The designs, therefore, illustrate our Bible far better than would pictorial descriptions altogether drawn from fancy. Here we have at least *much* that is real—there *all* is imagination. We may draw a gorgeous picture of the Temple, but as little like what it really was as is our cathedral of St. Paul's. We far prefer to see Jerusalem as it now is, in ruins—the fulfilment of an awful prophecy. We shall therefore bind up with our Bible—as so many keys to knowledge, and so many exemplifications of Holy Writ—these "Illustrations;" and not with the less pleasure because they are admirable as works of art, and accessible to those whose means of purchasing its most beautiful productions are necessarily limited.

Bailey, the admirable sculptor, has been commissioned to execute a statue of Dr. Jebb, the late venerable Bishop of Limerick.

THE DRAMA.

The news of the month of greatest import to the drama is, that Captain Polhill, having lost about fifty thousand pounds by his speculation, has retired, satisfied with the honours he has gained, and left the joint monarchy of the two theatres to Mr. Bunn, who means to continue his course through the season as best he can. We cannot sympathize with the gallant officer. His money has been spent, or squandered, to very little purpose. He has tried no grand experiment—he has made no effort to regenerate the stage—he has used no exertions for the restoration of the legitimate drama—he has not summoned into existence a single large mind to claim distinction, either as author or as actor. The public, in fact, owes little to him; and he, it appears, owes as little to the public. The parting is one, therefore, unaccompanied by regret on either side. And now will come the inquiry, what is to be done hereafter? Mr. Bunn will probably retain Covent-garden, and a new manager must be found for old Drury. Competition always produces beneficial results. Mr. Bunn must stir himself into action; and his opponent must be energetic and enterprising. We may, therefore, find ere long that the dormant dramatic talent of Great Britain will be once more aroused; and that genius, now so abundant in England, will again speak from the British stage. We trust that all our enjoyment and all our information will not be derived from the deleterious springs of the French capital; that our dramatists will not fancy they can content us by plain or bad translations—that the paste and scissors will be no longer the sole sources of their inspiration.

The principal novelty of the month has been at Drury-lane, where "Richard the Second," written by an author once familiar to the stage—William Shakspeare—has been revived. Although this play is perhaps but little calculated for representation, yet we thank the manager for introducing it, notwithstanding that Mr. Vandenhoff had to sustain its *weight*, and that he is ill qualified for a burden at once so heavy and so honourable. The play of Richard the Second, magnificent as it is in composition, wants the stir, the actual, the excitement, so necessary for representation on the boards of a theatre. It is a tale of "graves, and worms, and epitaphs;" and if our sympathies are at times excited by the deep woe and pressing misery of a king, the sorrow speaks always in a subdued tone, and rarely moves the passions. In a theatre there may be some to appreciate the fine drawing and mellowed tints of the picture, but the many prefer the bolder outline and the more glowing colours. It is not, therefore, likely that "Richard the Second" will be a popular play—still it is Shakspeare's!

At Covent-garden, Mr. Vandenhoff has enacted Lear; but with the remembrance of Macready still fresh upon us, the less we say of his successor the more agreeable will it be to him. Macready mastered the part; his acting in it is perhaps, on the whole, the most perfect we have ever witnessed; we do not except even Kean, although the power of his mighty genius has lost no portion of its influence over us. Macready's was a new conception of Lear, true as nature; that of Mr. Vandenhoff is but a reprint of the old edition, with all its errors and blemishes preserved, as if they were among its most essential beauties.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

At this pretty and entertaining little theatre, the fable is reversed: it is not the mountain that brings forth a mouse, but the mouse that brings forth a mountain. The *chef d'œuvre* of the season is a drama, or, as it is irreverently termed in the bills, "a *burletta*," founded on Mr. Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." We give all credit to Mr. Yates and his indefatigable management—all praise to Mr. Buckstone and his equally indefatigable scissors—and due honour to the scene-painters and property men.

The bringing out of such a subject at all, at such a theatre, we should call next to a miracle; and bringing it out in such good style is richly deserving the encouragement it is sure to meet with. We ourselves were amongst the first to point out how admirably calculated the novel was for scenic representation; indeed the author has himself dramatized his own splendid creation:—throw the book into three acts—paint the scenes he describes—cut down the dialogue—and *voila!*—a play worthy the olden dramatists, possessed of all their keen and cutting satire—of all their miraculous knowledge of human nature, and set in such refined gold, that it is questionable whether the workmanship of the rare and beautiful casket, or the native richness of the jewel, deserve the greatest commendation.

The great effect of the book stands alone in its magnificence, like the great and immortal destroyer which swept from the face of the smiling earth the beautiful city, with its pomp and its vanities. The contemplation of this event would have been too vast as well as too painful for the mind to dwell upon, were it not for the mingling, or perhaps we should say the introduction of the passions, and motives, and wit, and gaiety of Italian life. These, while they interest, lead on to the catastrophe; and such materials have been worked out by the Adelphi Company. The worker in common clay may model the Venus of Canova; but *that* ceases to be Canova's workmanship.

Mr. Yates *imitates* Arbaces, but it is not Arbaces. Mrs. Honey is *sweet*—but alas! for the dignity of the Italian lady. Where is the bright-eyed Sallust? Who can personate the graceful, the elegant, the beautiful Glaucus? At the Opera indeed, where the magic of fine music, and, still better, the charm of distance would be added to the scene, it is possible that some one might be found to "look like him;" but alas! for the poor gentleman at the Adelphi who is doomed to such a trial.

Mrs. Keeley has, in her personation of Nydia, far passed her ordinary bounds of cleverness. She has entered into the poetry, the spirit, the painful earnestness, and passion of the character. We never can expect to see Nydia better played. She has felt it—she feels it still—and her triumph is, that she makes others feel: her song is the most beautiful thing on record; and her acting alone would have saved the piece, if there had been any doubt of its triumph.

John Reeve seems as necessary at this theatre as a tail to a paper kite; he is tacked on, tied on, lugged in, somehow or other; whatever comes, he is sure to follow; but really he makes a very respectable Mrs. Burbo—an excrescence to be sure, but one perhaps that is necessary to the general (*Adelphi*) health of the whole.

Although we hope to see this tale produced at the Opera-house—till it is, we recommend every one to see it at the Adelphi, and congratulate Mr. Yates on having had the spirit to expend so much on an enterprise which does honour to his intellect, and gains him fresh credit in every sense of the word.

The Christmas pantomimes were represented too late in the month for us even to name them to our readers; but, as usual, they delighted all the "little boys and girls," and were not, we suppose, unamusing to children of larger growth.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

From a lecture on anatomy and its connexion with the fine arts, recently delivered by Mr. Green at the Royal Academy, we extract the following—for which we are indebted to the "Morning Chronicle:"—

"The Professor, after recapitulating the leading observations of his last lecture on the human skeleton, proceeded to call the attention of his audience to the various phenomena of muscular action, the most remarkable of which is the extreme rigidity the muscles acquire in the hour of death, after which no change takes place until final decomposition.

"The application of muscular power has been considered by many to be under circumstances of great disadvantage; since it is a well-known fact, that in order to support a weight of one pound in the hand, at right angles, with the fore-arm, the flexor muscles of that arm must exert a force equal to ten pounds. But if the great axiom in mechanics were taken into consideration—that what is lost in power is gained in time—we should find such an objection refuted; and that the rapidity of movement thus acquired fully compensates for the increased power thus called into exercise. It is also often erroneously supposed, that each particular muscle is exclusively appropriated to the performance of some particular action; whereas, it is by the help of many, and by harmonious combination, that all movement is effected. Connected with the muscles are their several coverings, such as the aponeurosis, which surrounds them, and gives them support under vigorous action. The second covering is the cellular membrane, which is a soft, yielding, elastic substance, forming a kind of fibrous network of meshes, or cells, covering the whole body. This membrane is subject to very considerable variation; is even found different in the several periods of life, also in the two sexes, and is in both the indication of health and disease. This is then covered by the skin—a transparent medium beautifully composed of fibres irregularly interwoven together, plentifully supplied with blood-vessels, and highly endowed with nerves. Herein man essentially differs from all other animals. His susceptibility of touch is far more acute than theirs. Their outer covering is either hair, or feathers, or scales: while through this finer surface muscular action is more perfectly revealed, and the cause yet more fully developed. The skin gives, perhaps, the strongest indication throughout the system of intelligent life, circulating beneath its transparent surface. It is redolent with that grand chaos of colour which gives the beautiful complexion of the European. The blush of virgin modesty, the flush of excitement, the purple hue of sensuality, the languor and waning aspect of disease, and the pallid clamminess of death, are here portrayed with unerring fidelity.

"It is in the muscular system that the differences of the sexes are more clearly developed than in the skeleton; and in comparison beauty is the hidden charm of the female figure, while expressiveness is the attribute of man. In the female figure all is elegance, the lines are flowing and beautifully rounded—there are none of the prominent markings or hardness of line which we discover in man, and which indicate more decision and greater persistency of action. From the peculiar beauty of the female figure we are often reminded of the early stages of childhood, where the whole figure is undeveloped, and appears to possess the character of growth. Childhood, especially in sleep, is particularly striking when nature is at rest. The beauteous form which then it often assumes seems more the result of accident, or the effect of outward circumstances on the figure, than of the action of the muscles themselves. In childhood, 'when time is young, and life is in its spring,' nourishment and sleep appear to be the business of life. Age advances, the figure becomes more elongated, more expressive; but as yet even in the second stage there is no persistency of action, and until the time of puberty little apparent difference is to be re-

cognised between the sexes. It is at this period of life they separate and assume their opposite characters, yet opposite, not as aliens, but as correspondents. The duties of home and maternity devolve upon woman; all that is calculated to attract is now unfolded as it were to allure and detain man to home, her peculiar province, where she is captive by her weakness, but which her presence consecrates as the birthplace of all that is lovely or virtuous in humanity. In man the expanded chest, the lofty brow, the altered voice, the welded and sinewy limbs bespeak his perfect form, his greater aptitude for the business and duties of life. These in return become the corporeal pledges of manhood, and then it is that the human figure is at its zenith. From this epoch little change occurs until the markings of decay become visible.

"The decline of life is seen in the prominence of the bones; the lines of the figure are hard, severe, and expressive of the change. The eye grows dim, the skin is flaccid and shrivelled, the figure shrunken and withered, the legs enfeebled, and the body, bending beneath the weight of years, totters towards the earth, and man becomes as it were a living tomb, on which in strongest characters death has already inscribed his epitaph. But from the living tomb—the dried chrysalis—his undying spirit bursts in the fulness of its power, to live anew with renovated beauty and fitness of form in glorious immortality."

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Sir G. Murray presented the royal premium to Lieutenant Burnes, observing that such an act was one of the most pleasing duties of a chairman. He animadverted on the travels of Lieutenant Burnes, which were of the most interesting character, whether viewed in reference to the classical recollections of ancient history, or in connexion with the more modern and momentous concerns of this empire. To trace the course of the Indus was Lieutenant Burnes's first object—water communication through the midst of a great country being properly considered of the highest importance to its inhabitants, as regarded their commerce, their manufactures, their arts, and last, not least, their religion; especially so in those states where the population was in comparative ignorance and degradation. After noticing Lieutenant Burnes's exploration of the Oxus, Sir George observed that he felt particularly gratified at the circumstance, that no branch of the public service was more prominent in fostering and bringing forward talent than the service of the East India Company, to which Lieutenant Burnes belonged. Aided by the Company, and by the vigour of his native character, the energy of his mind, his daring courage, his classical knowledge and store of science, he pursued his journey to central Asia, passed from Cabool to Bokhara, pushing his discoveries into a country interesting to all Englishmen, and making many important corrections of errors in the geography of the East. By the patient perseverance and sound judgment which he displayed, he made his way through a barbarous country, which would have baffled any other man less endowed.

Lieutenant Burnes, in return, addressed the meeting. He felt very grateful for the honour and approbation bestowed on him by the Geographical Society. Many travellers, he observed, had gone part of the same route before him, on their own account; he, however, had been stimulated, assisted, and protected by the East India Company: through its great political influence, he was enabled to proceed with safety over his extended route. He was exceedingly pleased to see around him many gallant officers of that service, who had been his companions in arms in early life. After running over the course of his travels, Lieutenant Burnes stated, that when in the midst of the deserts of Tartary, in company with Mr. Moorcroft, he received a letter from a French gentleman at Lahore, together with the "East India Gazette," in which was an account of the

Geographical Society of London, setting forth its anxiety to promote the exploration of central Africa: the receipt of the information gladdened the hearts of the travellers, and added new life to them in their perilous undertaking. In conclusion, Lieutenant Burnes said he was altogether inadequate to the task of properly expressing the high sense he entertained of the notice and kindness conferred upon him.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A communication from Mr. W. C. Taylor, "On the present state and future prospects of Oriental Literature, viewed in connexion with the Royal Asiatic Society," was read at a recent meeting. The author commenced by a rapid sketch of the progress of Oriental literature, from the time of Alexander the Great, to the establishment of the British empire in India. He asserted that the plans of the Macedonian conqueror were manifestly devised by an enlightened mind, and that, had Alexander's life been spared, he would have been remembered as the benefactor, not the scourge, of the human race. The dynasty of the Ptolemies was the only one among the successors of Alexander that continued to unite Europe and Asia by the bonds of commerce. In Alexandria were to be found representatives of all the religious creeds, and all the philosophic sects of the East and West. Hence, when the progress of Christianity directed the attention of the Greeks and Romans to the religion of Asia, the schools of Alexandria acquired an importance which had a fatal effect on the purity of the Christian faith; for the philosophers attempted to unite the simple doctrines of the Gospel with the dark and mysterious speculations of the East. It seemed not improbable that utter weariness of the violence and folly of heresiarchs prepared the way for that abject submission to authority which so long characterised the Christian Church. The sudden rise and wondrous extension of the Saracenic empire attracted less attention to Oriental literature than might have been expected; but it began to be extensively cultivated when the progress of science, under the patronage of the Kaliphs, had placed the Arabs at the head of the intellectual world. The Reformation, by directing public attention to the original language of the Scriptures, revived the study of the Hebrew and its cognate dialects, usually called the Semitic family of languages. The increase of the Levantine trade in England was followed by a more zealous study of Arabic and Persian literature; but this led to an error not yet completely exploded, namely, the belief that these literatures were the substance of all the literary treasures of the East; and that Oriental literature was a uniform something compounded of the Bible and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments;" as great a mistake as if European literature had been supposed single, made up by a blending of "Paradise Lost" with "Don Quixote." He attributed the prevalence of more correct notions at present to the establishment of an Asiatic Society in Bengal, and showed that such a Society was necessary, both on account of the extent and variety of Oriental literature, and also on account of the errors to which individual investigators are liable. The author dwelt at great length on the advantages and importance of the cultivation of Oriental literature to the British nation, as regarded our mighty empire in India, and our extensive commercial relations with the East. He showed how much had been done, and how much remained to be done, in the investigation of the geography, statistics, and natural history of the countries with which we are connected; and declared that if the importance of the Royal Asiatic Society were fully understood, it would have "a branch in every sea-port, and a member in every counting-house."

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

"Observations upon Silk and Silk Insects," by the Rev. Mr. Hope, was read at a recent meeting. The increasing value of the silk-trade was in-

stanced in the quantity of silk imported for home consumption, which in the year 1833 amounted to 4,758,453 lbs., being an increase of 3¼ per cent. over the preceding year. The value of the exports gave an increase of not less than 40 per cent. in a single year. The author stated that 700,000 persons were most probably at the present time occupied in the silk-trade. The chief object of the paper was, however, the suggestion of various plans for the importation and rearing of those large and splendid exotic species whence the supplies of silk of other countries are derived. In the subsequent discussion, the importance of these suggestions was admitted, and various observations were made as to the practicability of carrying them into effect. The memoir was illustrated by an exhibition of a very extensive and beautiful series of the exotic species of silk moths, some of which are scarcely equalled in size and splendour by any other lepidopterous insects. Various remarkable silk-cocoons were also exhibited.

VARIETIES.

Wool.—Total actual quantity on which duty has been paid for consumption from the official returns up to last week, comparing the present year to the same period, 1813:—

		Pounds.	
London....	Sheep's, in 1834	1,445,375	
	Other sorts	17,384,999	
			18,830,374
	Sheep's, in 1833	2,714,781	
	Other sorts	16,203,622	
			18,918,403
	Decrease in 1834, pounds		88,029
Bristol...	Total, in 1834	101,765	
	in 1833	239,555	
	Decrease in 1834, pounds		137,790
Hull.....	Total, in 1834	7,620,790	
	in 1833	8,963,179	
	Decrease in 1834, pounds		1,342,389
	Total decrease in this year as compared with the same date last year at the above ports, pounds		1,568,208
Stock.....	In London, sheep's	374,232	
	Other sorts	3,097,508	
	Total pounds		3,472,440
	At Liverpool, sheep's, pounds		1,587,018

Savings Banks and Turns-out.—A pamphlet has just been put forth by Mr. Pratt, the barrister appointed to certify the rules of savings banks and friendly societies. This production contains accounts of the savings banks in every county of England, Wales, and Ireland, showing the number and amount of deposits, and the increase or decrease that has occurred in each particular instance, between November, 1831, and November, 1833, the latest periods to which the official returns reach. The result is, that in the space of those two years the total number of accounts has increased to the extent of 45,755; the increase of depositors of sums not exceeding 50*l.* being 40,616, and the gross sum invested on the 20th of November, 1833, amounting to 1,403,464*l.* more than in November, 1831. This statement affords satisfactory evidence of a progressive improvement in the condition of the industrious classes. It is worthy of observation, that the few counties which exhibit a falling off in the amount of their deposits are precisely those in which trades' unions and turns-out have prevailed to the

greatest extent. Among parts of the country where unions appear to have flourished at the expense of the savings banks, we may enumerate Derbyshire and Durham, in the latter of which there has been a decrease of 917 out of 3651 accounts. As might naturally be supposed, the waste of capital has occurred principally among the smaller and poorer depositors; the diminution in the number of accounts under 50*l.* being 719, and the decrease in sums below 100*l.* amounting to 830 of the entire 917. The highest average amount of deposits in the English counties occurs in Dorset and Hertford, where the accounts average 41*l.* to each depositor; the lower averages are in London, 22*l.*; and in Monmouthshire and Warwickshire, in both which the average amount of each depositor is 25*l.* The increase in the deposits of the Irish savings' banks has been proportionably much greater than in the English. In England and Wales the augmentations since 1831 do not exceed 8 per cent. of the gross sum invested, while in Ireland the increase has been above 25 per cent. Of course it will be said that the condition of the Irish people being inferior to the English, there exists greater room for improvement in the one case than in the other, and that this circumstance explains the more rapid expansion of savings banks in Ireland. The observation is undoubtedly true, but it leaves the fact of the increasing prosperity of the sister kingdom unshaken. It is clear that Ireland is not only in a state of progressive improvement, but that she is improving at a quicker rate than this country. It is remarkable that the number of accounts open in savings banks greatly exceeds that of the Bank of England for the receipt of dividends. In the latter there are 276,476 accounts, but in the former they amount to 475,155, with a capital of 15,715,111*l.* The humbler classes have thus no inconsiderable pecuniary stake in the welfare of their country, and in the preservation of the national faith.

The Window Duties.—It is not generally known that all persons assessed to the window-duty are, by an Act passed the last Session of Parliament, empowered immediately to open, free of extra duty, any additional number of windows in their dwelling-houses. But if any new building be attached to a dwelling-house, or any communication be opened with any adjoining premises, the windows in the same will be charged with the duties already assessed. The same exemption will apply to persons not assessed, by reason of there being less than eight windows (exclusive of the front shop-windows) in their respective dwelling-houses. Composition for window-duties will entirely cease on the 5th of April next. The above important exemption will prevent surveyors from making surcharges on such duties.

Important Statistical Table.—The following analysis of the occupation of the population of Great Britain is taken from "Marshall's Statistics of the British Empire:"—

Descriptions.	Number of Families. 1821.	1831.	Persons. 1831.
Agricultural occupiers	250,000	250,000	1,500,000
Agricultural labourers	728,956	800,000	4,800,000
Mining labourers	110,000	120,000	600,000
Millers, bakers, butchers	160,000	180,000	900,000
Artificers, builders, &c.	200,000	230,000	650,000
Manufacturers	340,000	400,000	2,400,000
Tailors, shoemakers, hatters	150,000	180,000	1,080,000
Shopkeepers	310,239	359,000	2,100,000
Seamen and soldiers	319,300	277,017	831,000
Clerical, legal, and medical classes	80,300	90,000	450,000
Disabled paupers	100,000	110,000	110,000
Proprietors and annuitants	192,888	316,487	1,116,398
Totals	2,911,383	3,363,504	16,537,398

From this table it appears that the agricultural and mining classes com-

pose 7-17ths of the whole population; the manufacturing class 5-17ths; the commercial class 2-17ths; the professional class, including the army and navy, and the non-producing class of proprietors and paupers, making up, in nearly equal moieties, the remaining 3-17ths.

Corn.—From the account of the quantities of corn, grain, and meal, imported during the month ending 5th October, 1834, it appears that 73,344 quarters of various descriptions of foreign grain had arrived at the port of London, and that duties had been paid on 35,353 quarters for home consumption. The quantity of grain remaining in bond on the 5th of October was 1,206,141 quarters.

The income for the past year of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was 54,767*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*; of the London Society, 45,175*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*—*Sheffield Mercury.*

Arctic Land Expedition.—Letters have been received from Capt. Back, dated the 7th of May. He was actively engaged in making preparations for his departure for the coast; and though, under all circumstances, he had resolved to divide his party, and take only one boat and crew with him, his spirits were high, and he was convinced that no real danger need thus be apprehended. The Esquimaux to the eastward of Coppermine River are considered uniformly gentle and friendly to strangers. In this direction they are not brought in contact with any hostile tribes. Captain Back's supply, even of dry food, for a party reduced as he proposes, will probably be ample. The labour of transporting stores for them will be less than if all proceed; and those left behind will push forward assistance during the season, to meet the advance on their return in autumn.

The Hop Trade.—The duty upon the growth of the present year has been officially declared at 329,936*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, which was much greater than was anticipated. The duty for the present year is much larger than for many years past, it having produced to the revenue last year but 272,878*l.*; in 1832, 241,770*l.*; and in 1831, 304,122*l.* The total amount of duty paid upon hops, including the whole rate of 1*d.* per lb., the three 5 per cents. on ditto, and the new duty, is 18*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. The prices of hops range as follow:—Kent pockets, from 95*s.* to 120*s.* per cwt.; Sussex ditto, 92*s.* to 110*s.* per cwt.; yearlings, at 56*s.* to 95*s.* per cwt.; and old hops from 18*s.* to 50*s.* per cwt. Farnham pockets (new crop), 168*s.* to 180*s.* per cwt.

In making the excavations under the late House of Commons, the Speaker's house, &c., some interesting ancient works have been discovered. A Purbeck marble floor, checquered in squares of ten inches, was found four feet below the surface, as also two openings of what must have been splendid windows; and a few feet outside the northernmost of these is to be seen the ancient well where King John was christened, and which well is evidently of Roman construction. Almost every day brings to light some further evidence of the sound judgment, good taste, and superior skill of the English architects, at least five hundred years before "the schoolmaster" was heard of.

Silk.—The quantity of silk imported for home consumption in 1833 amounted to 4,758,453 lbs., being an increase of 3¼ per cent. over the year preceding. The value of the exports gives an increase of not less than 40 per cent. According to the Rev. Mr. Westwood, who submitted a paper on this subject at the last meeting of the Entomological Society, there are probably at present about 700,000 persons occupied in the silk trade.

Whale Fishery.—Last year, the nine vessels belonging to Dundee took 217 whales at Davis's Straits fishery, from which about 2015 tuns of oil and 100 tons of bone were obtained, calculated to be worth 65,000*l.* This year eight vessels were at the fishing—one at Greenland. The whole took only 118 whales, which are expected to yield about 1030 tuns of oil and

fifty tons of bone. The cargoes of all the British vessels last season produced about 14,500 tuns of oil; this season, it is calculated they will only yield between 5000 and 6000.

Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland.—The direction of the trigonometrical survey has long been confided to Colonel Colby, whose duty it is to direct all the operations. There were several officers all actively engaged in the measurement, and of these we can mention Captain Henderson and Lieutenant Murphy, in addition to Lieutenant Drummond. How arduous a task they had to perform may be inferred from the fact that 400 feet of the base crosses the river Roe, near Newton-Limevaddy, over which a kind of bridge was laid on piles driven into the bed of the river. The party were in the water ten hours a day in the month of June of the year 1828, sometimes breast deep, in executing this part of the measurement, which, for greater accuracy, was gone twice over. Such was the accuracy with which the work was executed, notwithstanding its unfavourable position, that the two results differed only by one five-hundredth part of a foot, which is at the rate of about a foot in forty miles. The measurement was begun in October, 1827; and the first 200 feet were measured twice over, in the presence of Messrs. Herschell and Babbage (now Knights), and the difference of the two results did not exceed half the bisection of a dot.

General Post Office.—The new Act of Parliament has lately come into operation, by which stamped newspapers may henceforth be sent to any of his Majesty's possessions and colonies beyond the seas free of expense, and received from the same, if put up in covers open at each end, with no other writing or print than the name of the parties to whom sent: newspapers printed in foreign colonies, and in the language of such colonies, may be received as formerly on the payment of three-pence postage. Newspapers may be forwarded to France and other parts of the continent on the payment of two-pence when put in the foreign post-office here, and received from the same states on the payment of two-pence, if printed in the language of such state.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

United States Shipping.—At the present moment, when so much attention is paid to the increase or diminution of British commercial shipping in amount of numbers and tonnage, the following statement may not be wholly uninteresting, since it shows the great, nay rapid, increase of that class of shipping in the United States. It is taken from the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, recently made to Congress, by which it appears the registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage of the United States amount to 1,439,450 tons, divided among the states and territories as follows:—Maine, 192,714; N. Hampshire, 17,126; Massachusetts, 395,924; Rhode Island, 40,607; Connecticut, 52,878; Vermont, 1,531; New York, 319,209; New Jersey, 33,142; Pennsylvania, 88,162; Delaware, 13,265; Maryland, 80,702; District of Colombia, 17,225; Virginia, 48,877; North Carolina, 32,142; South Carolina, 15,560; Georgia, 8,651; Ohio, 9,683; Tenessee, 3,047; Michigan, 1,758; Alabama, 7,240; Mississippi, 926; Louisiana, 61,171; Florida, 1,911; Key West, 1,091 tons.

Liberty of the Press in France.—From the 2d August, 1830, when a perpetual oblivion of offences was proclaimed, up to the 1st October, 1833, the account of Government prosecutions of the Parisian press stands as follows:—Indictments, 411; condemnations obtained, 143; whole duration of incarcerations arising from them, sixty-five years and two months; penalties awarded, 12,062 pounds sterling. And the same account for the year to the 1st October, 1834, gives the subsequent list of addenda there-

unto: indictments, 119; condemnations, 45; duration of imprisonments, forty-one years and four months; and penalties inflicted, 4378 pounds sterling. In the lapse of rather more than four years, therefore, the public press of the French metropolis alone has suffered, under the tender mercies of the Barricade system of popular freedom, by 520 indictments, 188 condemnations, a century and six months of incarcerations, and 16,449 pounds sterling of penalties.

The "Revue Encyclopedique" gives some very interesting information relative to the children who are abandoned by their parents throughout France, and who are supported in the hospitals and other institutions of the country. The "Revue" states, that according to official accounts that have been made, since the year 1819 the number of foundlings had increased from 99,346 to 122,981. The last number was during the year 1831, since which period no accounts have been made up. According to the law, the male children should be placed on board the vessels of the Royal Navy, but the Captains are so averse to take them, on account of their birth, that but very few are employed in this manner. They are under the care of the nurses until they arrive at the age of 12 years, from which time, until they arrive at the age of majority, they are employed in the fields and in various ways, but do not receive any salary for their labour. After the age of 21, they are turned into the world to seek their own subsistence. According to the statistics of the mortality among these children, it appears that formerly nine died out of every ten before attaining the age of twelve years. At the present time the average is about one in three. In 1830, 198 died out of 593 who were admitted into the hospital of Montpelier. This amelioration is accounted for by the increased sum which has been allowed for the children's support, and likewise to the visits of the medical gentlemen who have by a recent regulation been appointed to that service.

French Ministers during Four Years.—The following is a list of all the political men who, since the 31st of July, 1830, have been called to sit for a longer or shorter period at the Council Board of Louis Philippe:—MM. Dupont l'Eure, Baron Louis, Marshal Gerard, Comte de Rigny, Bignon, Guizot, de Broglie, Marshal Jourdan, Tupinier, Molé, Sebastiani, Lafitte, C. Perier, Marshal Maison, Montalivet, Mérilhou, d'Argout, Marshal Soult, Barthe, Girod de l'Ain, Humann, Thiers, Persil, Duchâtel, Roussin, Jacob, Duc de Bassano, Bresson, General Bernard, Passy, Teste, Charles Dupin, Marshal Mortier. Total, 33—8¼ a year.

Population of France.—The average annual births in France for the last ten years have been 967,490, and that of the deaths 781,480; so that the average annual increase of population has been 186,000. The aggregate increase during that period has been 1,860,000; of which number 1,045,000 were males, and 815,000 females; making a majority of males of one in five. The annual average of marriages has been 234,544.

Parisian Improvements.—The prefect of the department has decided on the appropriation of 1,500,000f. for works in the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, which will be proceeded with, to the amount of 300,000f. annually, till they are completed. There will be a great basin, with an elegant fountain, in each of the four squares of the place, and six fountains in different parts of the Champs Elysées, where handsome buildings will be erected for dances, concerts, exhibitions, and other establishments—such as coffee-houses, eating-houses, and reading-rooms. All the paltry buildings which now exist in the Champs Elysées are to be demolished, but not a tree is to be cut down. The works will be begun in the spring of 1835.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Recent letters from Egypt announce that the magnificent project for uniting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, by means of a canal across the isthmus of Suez, has been again resumed. It was formerly in contem-

plation to lay down a rail-road on the same track; but, after estimating the probable difficulties and expenses of the undertaking, it was abandoned in favour of the present scheme. "Surely," adds the letter, "the merchants of England, Holland, France, and the ports of the Baltic, whom it will most especially benefit, ought to encourage so splendid and useful an undertaking."

Junction of the Rhine with the Danube.—The Government of Bavaria is now anxiously occupied with the consideration of a plan for uniting the Rhine with the Danube by means of a canal. The canal will have its source in the Danube, near Kelheim. Its course will follow the valley of the small river d'Altmuhl and the Sulz, as far as Newmark; from thence the canal will pass in the direction of Nuremberg, and pass the river Regnitz, by Furth and Bamberg. Its length will be 592,534 Bavarian feet, or 23½ German miles. Its breadth will be 54 Bavarian feet, and its depth 34 The highest elevation of the canal will be 273 feet above the surface of the Danube, near Kelheim, and 630 feet above the surface of the Regnitz, near Bamberg. This elevation will be attained by means of 94 locks. It appears, from an official calculation, that the conveyance of a quintal of goods throughout the whole length of the canal will not cost above a kreutzer and a half, including the expenses of navigation.

Intended Short Cut to India.—The advantages and great importance of a speedy communication between this country and India have long been the subject of serious conversation and of solicitude with all persons interested in the trade with that extensive empire, and we understand that the prospects of its being fulfilled are now drawing near. Two sons of Mr. Galloway, the civil engineer, who have for a considerable number of years been established in business, and resident in Alexandria, have just arrived in London, bringing with them the authority and the means for the formation of a grand railway from Cairo to Suez, and will, we hear, shortly commence by contracting for locomotive engines and the supply of iron for the completion of the road. In connexion with this undertaking the navigation by steam of the Levant will be of much importance, and a Company with that object in view has been established at Leghorn, and two steam-vessels for their use are now being built at Liverpool, to sail between Marseilles, the Italian ports in the Mediterranean, and Alexandria, and the calculation made is, that passengers or advices from London proceeding to Leghorn or Marseilles as the place of embarkation, may reckon on reaching Bombay in six or seven weeks, the beneficial results of which cannot require a single observation.

At a special meeting of the Board of Underwriters, held at the office of the American Assurance Company, New York, on the 2nd of October, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz., that the different Marine Assurance Companies in the city of New York would allow a deduction of 5 per cent. on the net premiums which might be taken after that date on all vessels, and on the outfits of vessels on whaling and sealing voyages, concluding without loss, provided the master and mate make affidavit after the termination of the risk, that no ardent spirits had been drunk on board the vessel by the officers and crew during the voyage or term for which the vessel or outfits were insured.

Curious Discovery in France.—As some workmen were digging upon the high road, at Homaize, a village about five leagues from Poitiers, they found the skeleton of an elephant, in perfect preservation. The bones were placed horizontally upon a sort of bench of calcareous stone, and occupied a space of more than ten feet (French) in length, by a foot and a half in breadth. They were contained in a vein of earth of a red colour. This vein was surmounted by a layer of calcareous stone, and was itself separated by another layer of the same earth.

Rock Avalanche.—One of those partial disruptions of nature which per-

form the work of geology took place in September at Santa Vera, in Peru; where a mass of rock, loosened by the weather, descended with a dreadful crash upon the peaceful village below, and destroyed twenty-three of its inhabitants, besides many sheep, cattle, and other animals.

Diamond.—Galignani's Paris paper contains an account of a fine diamond found by a poor man in a piece of wood from the Levant, and which is valued at 500,000 francs, and would be worth much more if it had not a slight tinge of yellow. It had, it is supposed, been concealed in the tree when young.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The open weather still continues favourable to husbandry. The wheat was got in excellently, and though some complain (for when was it that farmers did not complain?) of the drought, that the seed does not come up, and that the crop will consequently be short, and other such misgivings, we can only say that our own field of observation, neither limited in space nor by prejudices, enables us to contradict these apprehensions. The wheat is rising beautifully, and we have seldom remarked the superiority of the drill husbandry made so manifest. It is indeed to be expected that "with practice will come perfectness;" but it should also seem that greater care has been exerted. The truth probably is, that the farmer now takes a pride in his art, and is compelled to be cautious not only in regard to character, but is admonished by low prices to increase, as far as in him lies, the produce, to compensate the depression. Whatever the cause, the effect must be beneficial, both individually and nationally.

The change in the Ministry has awakened in the landed interest the renovation of hope, and especially since Lord Wharncliffe and Sir Edward Knatchbull have accepted places; for the country can only imagine one cause for the introduction of such men—the conciliation of that interest. In point of abilities, they have never risen above mediocrity. As statesmen, they are of no repute; indeed, their political career has been distinguished by nothing but Ultra-Toryism, an attribute the judicious friends of the Duke and Sir Robert are most anxious to disclaim. There appears then no single reason but the one assigned—a desire to impress the agricultural interest generally (with a view, no doubt, to the elections) that their prosperity is to form an especial object of care under the new (old?) order of things. The secession of the Marquis of Chandos, after coquetting with the new Government, looks a little adverse to this hopeful speculation. No malt-tax or no Lord Chandos, is said to have been the condition; and Sir Robert preferred the millions to the Marquis. The noble lord has since expressed a hope (coupled, however, with the declaration that "he puts no confidence in any breast but his own") that Ministers would give up a part of that obnoxious impost. We should not wonder to see the matter pushed by county-meetings to petition for the repeal. Wherever it is an object to bring the candidates to a declaration of their intentions, and to compel them as it were to its support, this will be used as an engine of compulsion; and if the dissolution of Parliament be sufficiently delayed, it will be one of great force. But after all, can a tax yielding four millions, something more than one-fourth of the revenue *appropriated to the purposes of Government*, be conceded without the substitution of a property or income tax; and can any Minister be expected either to reduce establishments or to avail himself of an alternative already abundantly proved by the clearest induction from figures to be impracticable, without a most arbitrary and oppressive inquisition into private affairs, and a most unequal imposition of charge upon the subject? Sir Robert Peel has already declared his impression that, under the existing reduction of pa-

tronage, it is scarcely possible to carry on the King's Government. The Duke has put the question still more strongly, and demanded how it is to be carried on? Is the relinquishment of the impost at all probable, or even possible? Nor do we believe the *farmer* (the tenantry that is to say) would be at all benefitted in a pecuniary sense. The effect of protecting duties has been to elevate the rent of land, not the occupier's profits. *Probatum est*—there stands the fact; the landlord, not the farmer, has thriven; and so it must continue to be while the competition for farms is so urgent. Even under the present adverse circumstances, if a farm be vacant, numerous tenants are ready to compete for it; nay, we know that applications for occupations on the chance of their becoming vacant are frequently made to large proprietors and their agents.

In this state of things, the landlord would take advantage of a rise in the price of barley, and the benefits to the tenants would simply be found in the moral advantages upon the character of the labourer after the first burst, the first effects of the repeal of the duty. *Nothing short of a complete revision of the whole financial system of the country, having for its object the relief of industry from the fatal effects of taxes upon raw materials, and other misapplications or ignorance of the principles, can give relief.*

The prices have fluctuated little during the month, the principal feature of the markets being that of a difficulty to sell; flour having fallen three shillings a sack on the best households, and from sixpence to a shilling on ship qualities, forms the exception. This, however, is naturally followed by a reluctance to purchase wheat on the part of the millers, who will now, by the coming in of the water, and by steadier winds, be reduced to trade at a nearer approximation of the raw to the manufactured article than they have been. The supply of barley has been liberal, yet the Marquis of Chandos advised the farmers to thresh their barley, with a view to keep up the duty. The maltsters, taking advantage of this increased supply, have held off buying, except on lower terms; and even fine Chevalier parcels have been sold at a shilling decline. The Irish importations have been large; some few malting qualities have also arrived from Denmark. It is a curious fact connected with this trade, that the consumption of malt in London and its neighbourhood has increased during the last year, compared with 1833, one hundred thousand quarters. The ascertained deficiency of the growth will not, however, in all probability, suffer the price to fall materially. White peas are plentiful, and prices barely kept up; maple and gray scarce, and a little up.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Cultivation of Beet-root in France.—A branch of industry which Napoleon had striven to naturalize in France, but which only a few years ago was still almost insignificant, has lately risen into great importance—we allude to the manufacture of sugar from beet-root. If we are rightly informed, nearly three hundred manufactories of the kind already exist in the two departments of Le Nord and Pas-de-Calais. Supposing the average produce of each to be 100,000 pounds of sugar, the result would be 3,000,000 pounds annually produced in those districts alone.

The principal cause of this active extension of the manufacture of beet-root sugar is its advantageousness to agriculture. In most of the provinces of France the system of fallows still prevails; the land lies untilled one year in three. The cultivation of beet-root enables fallows to be dispensed with. After the sugar has been extracted, there remains so nutri-

tious a pulp, that in two months, without the employment of any other food, a great number of cattle may be fattened upon it. A single manufactory, of ordinary size, affords a sufficient quantity to feed at least a hundred bullocks and four or five hundred sheep, for the six winter months. This is already a considerable source of profit; and the manure produced by these cattle permits the cultivators, in addition, to till their land on the third year instead of leaving it fallow, which is equivalent to an addition of one-half to the extent of their land. A recent event has still further augmented the favourable prospects of the manufacture of beet-root sugar. This is a discovery for which M. Brume-Chevalier, a refiner at Lille, has taken out a patent. By M. Brume's process, the root, which had previously yielded only five per cent., now yields not less than ten per cent.

The French colonists, alarmed at the progress of this new branch of industry, are endeavouring to combat it with its own weapon. The agents of the various colonies are hastening to take advantage, for their own manufacture, of the "*système d'evaporation et de cuisson*," which has suddenly doubled the progress of the home manufacture. The house of Scipion Perrier, Edwards, Chaper, and Co., under the management of the nephew of the minister, Casimir Perrier, are so actively engaged in manufacturing the apparatus for the new process, that in two months they have sold to the amount of 1,200,000 francs.

The English planters and refiners will find valuable information on the process of M. Brume-Chevalier, in an article published in the last number of the "Portefeuille du Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers." The author of the article is M. Pouillet, Member of the Institute and Director of the "Conservatoire," one of the most distinguished scientific men in France.

A new threshing-machine, which is worked by manual labour instead of by horse-power, has recently been introduced into Lincolnshire, and found to possess all the advantages of the horse-machine. It employs eight men, four of whom turn two windlasses which supersede the horse-wheel; it threshes the corn quite as clean as the old machines, and in substituting human for brute labour it obviates the powerful objection to which the former improvement was obnoxious, of diminishing the employment of a redundant population. Such a machine has been used in the neighbourhood of Falkingham, and has given satisfaction to both farmers and labourers, the latter of whom can earn 3*s*. a day each by working at it.

NEW PATENTS.

To John Hearle, of Devonport, in the county of Devon, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in engine-pumps, applicable to ships, and every other purpose that a pump can be applied.

To Joseph Gibbs, of Kennington, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in carriages, and in wheels for carriages.

To Samuel Bagshaw, of the parish of St. James, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of an improved filter for water and other liquids.

To Peter Rothwell Jackson, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county of Lancaster, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in hydraulic presses and pumps.

To James Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, in the county of York, cloth-dresser and finisher, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery used for raising the pile of woollen and other cloths.

To Daniel Rutter Long, of Bath, in the county of Somerset, chemist, for his invention of a new mode of applying certain antiputrescent and flavouring substances to meat.

To Jean Michael Cramer, of Leicester-sq., in the county of Middlesex, mechanic, for his invention of an improved steam-engine.

To Charles de Bergue, of Clapham, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for spinning or twisting cotton, flax, silk, and other fibrous substances.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making paper, being

partly a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Edward Galley Giles, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements on apparatus for engraving on copper and certain other substances, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Samuel Garner, of Lombard-street, in the city of London, gentleman, for an improvement in the art of multiplying certain drawings and engravings, or impressions, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To William Crofts, of New Radford, in the county of Nottingham, machine maker, for his invention of certain improvements in certain machinery for making figured or ornamental bobbin-net, or what is commonly called bobbin-net lace.

To William Wells, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, machine-maker, and George Scholefield, of the same place, mechanical draftsman, for their invention of an improved apparatus or machine for cutting the pile or cords of fustians and other fabrics manufactured of cotton, wool, and other fibrous materials.

To Robert Whiteside, of Air, in the county of Air, wine merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in the wheels of steam-carriages, and in the machinery for propelling the same, also applicable to other purposes.

To Alexander Craig, of Edinburgh, for improvements in steam-engines, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To James Lutton, of Tudor Place, Tottenham Court Road, in the county of Middlesex, chair-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on castors for furniture.

To Robert Joseph Barlow, of Rudley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, for his invention of certain improvements in springs applicable to carriages, and other purposes.

To James Couch, of Stoke, Devonport, Captain in the Royal Navy, for his invention of certain improvements in ships' channels.

To Jacob Tilton Slade, of Carburton-street, Fitzroy Square, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for his invention of an improved metallic sheathing for the bottoms of ships and vessels.

To John Donkin, of Blue Anchor Road, Bermondsey, in the county of Surrey, civil engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery for making paper, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM NOVEMBER 18, TO DECEMBER 23, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 18.—H. J. Roberts, James-street, Lisson-grove, victualler. F. Frankland, Oxford-street, carpet-warehouseman. F. Vouthoir, Rue de Clery, Paris, merchant. J. Verey, Regent-street, hosier. W. H. P. Hatch, Regent-street, boot-maker. T. Theed, West-square, Southwark, picture-dealer. T. Dewhurst, Manchester, bookseller. J. Cook, Dartford, Kent, miller. G. W. Pattison, Cross-street, Islington, merchant. J. Halliley, J. Brooke, J. Halliley, and J. Halliley, jun., Dewsbury, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturers. G. Pugh, Sheffield, Yorkshire, laceman. J. C. Winson, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, blacksmith. T. Stanley, Leeds, Yorkshire, manufacturer. J. Duffell, Bring, Kent, grocer. G. Mickle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. J. Parmenter, Melbourne, Cambridgeshire, linen-draper. W. Smith, Birmingham, Warwickshire, victualler. E. Mathwin, F. F. Mathwin, and T. Mathwin, North Shields, Northumberland, chain-makers. R. Clewes and J. Clewes, Cobridge, Staffordshire, manufacturers of earthenware. T. Plunket, Wolverhampton, grocer.

Nov. 21.—S. Nix and W. J. Grinsell, Queen-street, Cheapside, wine-merchants. S. Solomonson, Bucklersbury, bill-broker. J. Miller, Red Lion-passage, Red Lion-square, tavern-keeper. W. Brooks, New-street-square, Fetter-lane, lamp-manufacturer. S. Cronshey, High-street, Putney, grocer. E. Etches and H. Etches, Hythe, Kent, linen-drapers. T. Field, Mornington-place, Camberwell New-road, flour-factor. T. Spencer, Church-street, Bethnal-green, shoe-manufacturer. A. Lambert, Church-street, Spital-fields, patent medicine-vender. G. B. Sawyer, Leicester-square, builder. T. Ward, Liverpool, hatter. T. Davies and W. Davies, Liverpool, merchants. W. Wise, Manchester, picture-merchant. A. Smetham, Taunton, Somersetshire, innkeeper. J. Robinson, Manchester, wine-merchant. T. Hidson, Mosele Wake-green, Worcestershire, factor. M. E. Burnard, Bideford, Devonshire, dealer.

Nov. 25.—J. G. Christ, Cooper's-row, Tower-hill, merchant. T. Thatcher, Fleet-street, seedsman. W. Roantree, Long-acre, coach-builder. T. Tayler, Fore-street, City, carpet-warehouseman. J. W. Layton, Kew, coal-merchant. J. Harwood, Over Darvin, Lancashire, cotton-cloth-manufacturer. J. B. Carson, Liverpool, wool-merchant. P. M'Ardell, Liverpool, shipwright. M. G. Spotswood, Oldham, mercer. R. A. Souter, Colchester, Essex, printer.

Nov. 28.—J. D. Smith, Norwood, Kent, stable-keeper. A. D. Small, Napsbury, Hertfordshire, dealer in cattle. G. Bell, Chertsey, Surrey, tailor. J. Winch, Stratford, Essex, coach-master. B. Bradley and R. Cattall, New Shades, White Hart-court, Lombard-street, wine-merchants. H.

P. Hunt, St. Mary-at-Hill, City, wine-merchant. J. S. Stevens, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, plumber. A. Bray, Red Lion-yard, Holborn, horse-dealer. M. Caldwell, Austin-friars, merchant. J. N. Hassell, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, mercer. J. Foster, Easingwold, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. A. Jones and J. Foyster, Halstead, Essex, ribbon-manufacturers. A. E. Abraham, Exeter, optician. J. Coates, Worcester, linen-draper. B. Raby, Preston, Lancashire, innkeeper. W. F. Haines, Leamington, Warwickshire, surgeon. G. Phillips and J. Whittow, Haverfordwest, linen and woollen drapers.

Dec. 2.—J. Atkin, Bridgewater-square, City, stationer. T. D. Smith, Norwood, Surrey, stable-keeper. W. Elkington, Birmingham, money-scrivener. J. Brown, Wapping-wall, victualler. R. Grey, King-street, Aldgate, ironmonger. T. Jones, Little Newport-street, trimming-seller. R. Moore, Brighton, hotel-keeper. J. Ends, Stonehouse, near Devonport, linen-draper. E. Blakeley, Bloomsbury-market, plumber. W. Ripley, Sheffield, joiner. W. K. Westley, Salford, Lancashire, flax-spinner. J. Boothroyd, Staley-bridge, Lancashire, stone-mason. S. Mason, Liverpool, victualler. E. Churchill, Cardiff, shoemaker. S. Ashworth, Houghton-hall, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. B. Crossley, Rotherham, Yorkshire, tailor. R. Belt, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. J. P. Hicks and C. E. Hicks, Eastingdon, Gloucestershire, clothiers. R. Bligh, Bishop-Auckland, Durham, surgeon.

Dec. 5.—J. D. Smith, Norwood, stable-keeper. J. Revett, Colchester, stage-coach proprietor. N. Taynton, Lincoln's-inn, law-stationer. S. W. Sustenance, Piccadilly, bookseller. R. T. Scarr, jun., Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, surgeon. J. Earp and T. Haimes, Brownlow-street, Holborn, tailors. T. Walker, Trowbridge, Wilts, cloth-manufacturer. J. Gibbs, Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, grocer. B. Crosby, Rotherham, Yorkshire, draper. J. Staig and J. Poulson, Wharf, City-basin, marble, stone, and granite masons. T. Alderson, Rufford, Lancashire, innkeeper. O. Hustler, Halstead, Essex, scrivener. J. Horton, Leeds, Yorkshire, joiner. R. Smalpage, Leeds, Yorkshire, tailor. J. Biddle, Birmingham, factor. B. Fieldhouse, Kinfare, Staffordshire, innkeeper. E. Halliley, Leeds, cloth-merchant.

Dec. 9.—G. Boyer, Leadenhall-market, leather-factor. W. B. Stuart, Mount-str., Grosvenor-square, tailor. J. Kingsley, Holme, Bedfordshire, sheep-jobber. J. Humphreys, Newgate-street, victualler. J. D. Smith, Norwood, Surrey, stable-keeper. A. Richter, Soho-square, bookseller. W. Poole and V. Thomson, Surrey Theatre Coffee-house, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road. J. Berry, Tabernacle-walk, Hoxton, draper. W. Bloxam, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. C. M. Payne and J. Jones, Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, silk-printers. T. Coleman, Darlaston, Staffordshire, nail-master. T. Alderson, Rufford, Lancashire, innkeeper. B. Fieldhouse, Kinfare, Staffordshire, innkeeper. T. Done, Audley, Staffordshire, farmer. W. Larke, Bungay, liquor-merchant.

Dec. 12—J. Vollans, jun., Leeds, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer. D. Bowen, Swansea, Glamorganshire, linen-draper. R. and G. Sharpley, Oxford-street, stationers. W. Broady, Leeds, wool-dealer. R. Kehoe, New-street, Bishopsgate-street, grocer. G. Shoobridge, Skinner-street, City, tailor and draper. S. Danford, Battersea-fields, money-scrivener. D. Haigh, Linthwaite, and J. Haigh, Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturers. H. Clark, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, linen-draper. B. Challinor, Derby, colour manufacturer. S. and J. Phillips, Liverpool, merchants. F. E. Bingley, Wakefield, printer. T. M. Myers, Liverpool, salt-broker. W. Pope and A. Cambridge, Liverpool, ship-builders. J. E. Devey, Hurcott Mill, Kidderminster, miller. J. Graham, Netland, Westmoreland, seed-dealer.

Dec. 16.—T. Wilkinson and E. Down, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, bill-brokers. J. S. Hutchinson, Montague-close, Southwark, leather-seller. E. Cocker, Wood-street, Cheapside, hardwareman. C. F. Oppenheim, East India Chambers, Leadenhall-str., merchant. C. Abercrombie, Liverpool, merchant. J. Glover, May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane, watch-maker. T. Wells, Binham, Norfolk, farmer. S. Thorpe, Nottingham, wharfinger. J. Wherrat, Portsmouth, tavern-keeper.

Dec. 19.—J. C. Clake, High-street, Shadwell, grocer. J. Kendrick, Sidney-alley, print and bookseller. G. B. Brown, E. R. Danson, and C. Duncan, New Broad-street, City, merchants. W. Casey, Cow-cross-st, victualler. T. Johnson, Petworth, Sussex, surgeon. J. Whitten, Liverpool, merchant. J. Croser, G. Walker, and J. C. Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance brokers. S. Tomlinson, Liverpool, corn-merchant. S. Jones, New Sarum, bookseller. E. Oakley, Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, linen-draper. T. Lane, Hereford, seedsman.

Dec. 23.—B. Morrison, New Gloucester-street, Hoxton New-town, and Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, carpenter and builder. R. Elford, jun., Twickenham-common, veterinary-surgeon and farrier. R. Fraser, Middle Queen's-buildings, Brompton, wine-merchant. T. Driver, Pemell's-terrace, Peckham, merchant and master-mariner. E. G. Wood, Liverpool, common-brewer. W. Chapman, Allensmore, Herefordshire, timber merchant. T. Pyke, Liverpool, corn-merchant. J. Raxter, Longham, Norfolk, builder and carpenter. W. Kadwell, Weston, Somersetshire, victualler.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

Some degree of inactivity is always observable in our principal manufactures at this season of the year; but the stagnation at the present time is more complete than is generally the case. Two or three causes may be supposed to have concurred in producing this effect; the most powerful, doubtless, is the reaction, which, to a greater or less extent, is ever the attendant upon a high degree of activity in any particular branch of trade or manufacture. For some considerable time past, the principal products of our manufacturing industry have been required and supplied to an extent that has called into full employment the various artizans in Cotton, Wool, and Silk; yet as the supply is never accurately adjusted to the demand, but, on the contrary, is always certain in the long run to go much beyond it, and as this state of things necessarily implies such a consumption of the raw material as tends greatly to enhance its price, it is impossible but that the rapid march of industry should be occasionally retarded to allow the demand to press again upon the supply, and to enable the increasing quantity of raw produce to operate as a check upon its price. Among secondary causes of the present depression, may be classed the prospect of an impending general election, which always interferes with the operations of trade, and, in so far as the business of Mercers and Drapers is concerned, the present Court and general mourning.

The Market for Colonial Produce has been languid for some time past; all transactions are now suspended on account of the holidays. The quotations of British Plantation Sugars are, for Jamaica brown, 52*s.* to 54*s.*; middling, 54*s.* to 57*s.*; good to fine, 58*s.* to 61*s.*; Barbadoes, 57*s.* to 63*s.* For Foreign Sugars there is some Continental demand, and orders have been received here to a considerable extent; the limitation of price has, however, in almost every case, prevented the execution of them. The Market for Refined Sugars is firm; sales are made of fine crushed, at 32*s.*

In British Plantation Coffee, the purchases of late have chiefly been confined to the demands for home consumption; the present quotations are, for Jamaica, triage, 59*s.* to 66*s.*; ordinary, to good ordinary, 68*s.* to 82*s.*; fine ordinary, 84*s.* to 94*s.*; middling, to good middling, 96*s.* to 114*s.*; fine middling, 118*s.* to 124*s.*; Dominica, fine ordinary, 82*s.* to 87*s.*; middling, 92*s.* to 96*s.*

In Spices, Pepper is in good demand, a parcel of Sumatra lately brought by public sale 4*d.* to 4½*d.* per lb.; Nutmegs are quoted 6*d.* lower, good quality bringing 6*s.* 9*d.* to 7*s.*; Mace and Cloves are without alteration.

Cotton, Silk, and Wool, manifest the effects of the present inactive state of the manufactories; the transactions are very limited at reduced prices.

Business on the Corn-Market is, as is usually the case at this season, extremely dull; Wheat is with difficulty maintained at the present prices, although the recent arrivals have not been large; very considerable quantities of Barley from Scotland and Ireland, and of Oats from the former place, have lately arrived, and have rendered sales in them very heavy. In Bonded Grain scarcely any business is doing in any description.

The English Stock Market has presented very slight variations during the past month: with occasional complaints of the scarcity of money the Market has been but little affected. Some very important alterations have, however, occurred in the Foreign Market, and particularly in Spanish Bonds, where the alternations of opinion as to the course likely to be pursued by the Committee of the Stock Exchange have led to considerable fluctuations. That opinion is now understood to be favourable to the reception of the Certificates of the new loan, and under that impression the Cortes Bonds have now acquired a degree of stability to which they have long been strangers.

The following are the highest and lowest prices at which business has been done in the principal securities during the month, and the closing quotations on the 27th.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

	Prices.			
	Lowest.	Highest.	Closing.	
Bank Stock	221½	223½	222½	3
India Stock, for Ac.	265½	268		
3 per cent. Consols, for opening	91⅝	92⅝	91⅝	2
3 per cent. Red.	90½	91⅝	90⅝	1
3½ per cent. Red.	98⅝	99½	98⅝	9
3½ per cent. (New), for opening	100⅝	100⅝		
Long Annuities	16 1/16	17⅛	16 1/16	17
Exchequer Bills, prem.	34	41	37	8
India Bonds	17	23	17	19

FOREIGN FUNDS.				
Belgian	97¼	98¼	97¼	8¼
Brazilian	77¾	79¼	78¼	9
Chilian	33¼	34¼	33¼	4¼
Colombian	30¼	32¼	32	¼
Danish	74¼	76¼	76	¼
Dutch, 2½ per cent.	53¼	55¼	54¼	¼
Ditto, 5 per cent.	98¼	100	99¼	¼
Mexican	41	42¼	41¼	2
Portuguese (New)	82¼	86¼	85⅞	6
Russian	105¼	107¼	107	¼
Spanish	51¼	56	53¼	¼

SHARES.				
Anglo-Mexican			7	8
Bolanos			130	5
Brazilian, Imperial			36	7
Columbian			11¼	12¼
Del Monte			29	30
United Mexican			4¼	¼
British Iron			32	3
Canada Company			44	5
Provincial Bank of Ireland			41¼	2¼
Greenwich Railway			11¼	¼

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The following is a list of the new Administration:—

Sir R. Peel .....First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Mr. Goulburn .....Secretary of State for the Home Department.
Duke of Wellington .....Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Lord Aberdeen .....Colonial Department.
Lord Lyndhurst .....Lord Chancellor.
Earl of Rosslyn.....President of the Council.
Lord Wharncliffe .....Lord Privy Seal.
Mr. A. Baring .....President of the Board of Trade.
Sir G. Murray .....Master-General of the Ordnance.
Sir E. Knatchbull .....Paymaster of the Forces.
Earl de Grey .....First Lord of the Admiralty.
Lord Ellenborough .....President of the Board of Control.
Mr. Herries .....Secretary-at-War.
Sir Henry Hardinge .....Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant.
C. W. W. Wynne .....Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Sir E. Sugden .....Lord Chancellor of Ireland.
Lord Granville Somerset .....Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests.
Lord Jersey.....Lord Chamberlain.
Earl of Haddington .....Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Sir George Clark, Bart.....
Sir T. Fremantle, Bart.....} Joint Secretaries to the Treasury.
Lord Mahon .....Under Foreign Secretary.
Right Hon. G. R. Dawson .....Secretary of the Admiralty.
Mr. Bonham .....Storekeeper of the Ordnance.
Sir J. Scarlett .....Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
Sir F. Pollock.....Attorney-General.
Sir W. Follett .....Solicitor-General.
Sir William Rae, Bart.....Lord Advocate for Scotland.
Lord Edward Somerset.....Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.
Colonel Perceval .....Treasurer of Ordnance.
Sir John Beckett, Bart. .....Judge-Advocate-General.
Mr. Winthrop Praed.....Secretary to the Board of Control.

Commisssioners for India—

First Commissioner.....Lord Ellenborough.
Second .....Right Hon. J. Sullivan.
Third .....Sir Alex. C. Grant.
Fourth .....Mr. Planta.

The additional Irish appointments are—

Mr. Serjeant Pennefather—Attorney-General.
Mr. Devonsher Jackson—Solicitor-General.
Sir William Gossett is likely to continue Under Secretary.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

Jamaica.—The House of Assembly met on the 7th October. The governor said he had called them early to insure their return to their homes before the holidays, to call their attention to the establishment of new assize courts, and ask for power to issue special commissions for the improvement of the militia. He also stated that he considered it quite impossible to carry on the new system of apprenticeship with the present number of magistrates, and that he had sent home strong remonstrances on the subject. The last part of the governor's speech is no less satisfactory than important: it is—

"When last I took my leave of you, I expressed my confidence that the gloomy anticipations of violence expected to be attendant on the late great change in the state of the labouring population were unfounded; so great a change as that which has lately taken place the annals of history do not recount. And, enabled as I am with truth to state that it has not been accompanied by the loss of one drop of blood, have we not cause, as I predicted, for mutual congratulations? That some inconveniences and irregularities have arisen from various causes it is impossible to deny, but I am glad to find they have in every instance, save one, been of minor importance."

On an answer to the address being moved in the House of Assembly, a long debate ensued, in which it was contended that a greater number of magistrates would only increase the difficulties and impede the working of the system. The result of the debate, however, is not given. A committee was, however, appointed to inquire into the causes of the general discontent among the apprentices, and forty summonses had already been made out. An almost universal determination on the part of the apprentices not to work for wages during their own hours is said to have been entered into.

From Demerara we learn that the Superior Court of Criminal Justice had concluded the trials of the negroes implicated in the disturbance at Essequibo, and the Governor had issued a proclamation approving of the sentences passed as follows:—Damon, of plantation Richmond, to be executed; Frederick, of plantation Devonshire Castle, to be transported for life to New South Wales, and kept to hard labour. Fothergil, of plantation Belle Alliance; Bob, of plantation Lima; and William, are all to be transported for fourteen years to New South Wales. Thirty-two other apprenticed labourers, sentenced to imprisonment and to be publicly flogged, the Governor had granted a free pardon to, in the hope that the fate of the above-mentioned five misguided men would be sufficient to uphold the supremacy of the law. Damon was executed on the morning of the 13th of October.

At St. Kitt's, the proclamation of the Governor had been misunderstood and riots succeeded, all the men-of-war on the station being obliged to go there.

At Tortola, two men had been arrested for the murder of one of their associates; and in the Danish colony of St. Thomas two were under sentence of death for setting fire to the theatre.

From Grenada, we learn that several men of colour had been exciting the negroes there to attack the white population, and had publicly insulted some of the magistrates.

EAST INDIES.

The provisions of the new charter, empowering all natural-born subjects

of his Majesty to hold lands, had been acted upon, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Agra having applied to the Commissioners to hold lands in his own name, to which request the Government had acceded. The injurious prohibition of Europeans holding lands would thus no longer oppose an obstacle to the improvement of the country.

CANADA.

Recent accounts state that a very serious run had been made upon the Montreal bank for a period of four days: it had, however, ceased; but not until the bank had disbursed specie to the extent of 20,000*l.*, and the parties connected with the bank had been kept in a state of activity during that period.—The fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence had generally failed during the past season, which was the case with all fishery ground, except that part of the coast of Labrador in the vicinity of Belle Isle.—The House of Assembly of Prince Edward's Island had been dissolved, and the writs for the new election were returnable for the 29th of December.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The great subject of interest in the French papers is the debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the late double changes in the Government.

The debate terminated in the adoption, by a considerable majority, of the *ordre du jour motivé*, by which its vote for passing to the order of the day is coupled with an expression of satisfaction with the ministerial explanations of the policy of the government, as finding nothing in that policy otherwise than conformable to the principles contained in its address.

Another resolution was moved by M. Sauzet, the Deputy from Lyons, whose name is remarkable for his eloquent defence of the Polignac ministry, as well as recently for its insertion in the list of the three days' Cabinet, though, like M. Bresson, his distance from the capital prevented him from taking any part in its councils—that the Chamber should pass simply to the order of the day. This was, of course, lost by the adoption of the first resolution. The numbers were, 184 to 117. Majority for Ministers, 67.

PORTUGAL.

The marriage of Donna Maria to the Duke of Leuchtenberg by proxy took place on the 1st ult. at the Cathedral, Lisbon. The Patriarch, assisted by the Archbishop of Lacedemonia, performed the ceremony. The Royal cortege left the Palace of the Necessidades at half-past 11 o'clock. The streets were lined with troops, and her Majesty was attended by all her Ministers, Council of State, Officers of the Household, all the Judges, and by Deputations from the Chambers of the Peers and Deputies. The Duke of Terceira was proxy for the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The crowds of people present amounted to upwards of 60,000; and all the balconies along the Carrera were filled with females, both on her way to the church and from the church. The Queen was exceedingly well received by the people. It was about four o'clock when her Majesty reached the Palace, after which she stood at one of the windows whilst the troops and National Guards passed in review before her. The town was illuminated in the evening. Baron Bernardo de Sa da Bandeira left Lisbon on the 29th Nov. in the Don Pedro brig-of-war. Count Ficalho left also in the Soho steamer. These noblemen are to meet in London and proceed together to Ostend, to meet the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and accompany him to Lisbon. The *Extraordinary Gazette* of December 1st announces the various titles and

honours conferred by the Queen. Every one of the Ministers has received the grand cross of one order or other, the Duke of Palmella that of the Tower and Sword. Several gentlemen have received the title of Honorary Councillors. Don Francisco de Almeida, who was until lately Portuguese Minister in Paris, M. Abreue Lima, who was in London, the Duke of Palmella's son, and others, have had the titles of Count and Marquis conferred on them. Count Ficalho has been made a Marquis. Barons Sa da Bandeira and Pico de Coleiro have been raised to the dignity of Viscounts.

M. Silva Carvalho has laid his budget before the Portuguese Chamber. It shows a somewhat large deficit, but there is every reason to expect that a sum will very shortly come in part payment of the debt due by the Brazils, which would reduce the deficit to something very inconsiderable. "Things, generally speaking," says the *Times*' correspondent, "look well; the people at large have great confidence in the good management of the finances by M. Silva Carvalho, as well as his well-known ultra-reform principles."

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCKSTER.

His Royal Highness William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, was in his fifty-eighth year, being born in January, 1776, at Rome, whither his father went shortly after his private marriage, on the 6th of September, 1766, with Maria, the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave—a match which so highly incensed his brother, George the Third, that he refused to receive the bride at Court, and was also the cause of bringing in and passing the Royal Marriage Act. Their union was not generally known until 1772, when, in consequence of the Bill just named, the Duke thought proper publicly to acknowledge the Duchess as his wife, and in 1776 returned to England, when, soon afterwards, a reconciliation took place between his Royal Highness and the King, and his children by the Duchess were acknowledged as his legal heirs. Of these but two survived—the late Duke, and his sister, the Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

The Duke completed his education at Cambridge, under Dr. Beadon; and had scarcely quitted college before he entered the army.

In 1805, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title; and, on the motion of Lord Henry Petty, (the present Lord Lansdowne,) who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, his allowance was increased to 14,000*l.* a year; and, greatly to his credit, his Royal Highness has always kept within the bounds of his income.

In politics, until within these few years, the Duke generally voted with the Whigs; and while the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline was pending, he uniformly acted in her Majesty's favour.

In 1816, the Duke married his first cousin, the Princess Mary, the fourth daughter of George the Third, and is said to have stipulated that it should by no means be expected to influence his political conduct.

Besides being a Knight of the Garter and a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, his Royal Highness was Ranger of Bagshot Park, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

The military career of the Duke was as follows:—The first commission of his Royal Highness was that of Captain in the First Foot Guards, with the rank of Colonel, and dated 11th of March, 1789. In March, 1794, his Royal Highness, then Prince William, went to Flanders to join his company in the first battalion, and on the 16th of April was appointed to the

command of a brigade, consisting of the 14th, 37th, and 53d regiments. On the 17th, he was employed in the column under Sir W. Erskine, who ordered his Royal Highness to attack the village of Vremont, in which he succeeded, and received the General's thanks in the field. His Royal Highness was immediately afterwards appointed to the command of the 115th regiment, (3d of May, 1794,) and had a letter of service as Colonel on the Staff, and to do the duty of a General Officer in the army, in which capacity he served the whole of the campaign. On February 16, 1795, his Royal Highness received the rank of Major-General. November 8, same year, he was appointed Colonel of the 6th regiment of foot. While Major-General, he was appointed (1799) to the command of a brigade comprising two battalions of the 5th and two of the 35th, forming a part of the Duke of York's army. On the 19th, this brigade was attached to the column commanded by Lieutenant-General Dundas. In the course of the morning, the whole of it was, by degrees, detached, excepting the first battalion of the 35th, with which, only 600 strong, his Royal Highness was called on to support the Russians. Finding that Lieutenant-General Hermann was made prisoner, and Lieutenant-General Geripsdorf killed, and that the command had devolved upon himself, the Duke determined to attack the village of Schorel, from which he found Major-General Manners' brigade was retreating, closely pursued by the enemy in great force. Prince William, covering the Major-General's retreat, ordered him to form in his rear, and with this reinforcement his Royal Highness advanced to the attack, carried the village and the wood skirting it, and, pursuing the enemy up the sand-hills, drove him back upon Bergen. His Royal Highness, on the 4th of October, made a rapid advance to Schermerhorn, Daendels having retired to Viemerut with the main Dutch army, 8000 strong, abandoning three guns, which were consequently taken by his Royal Highness's brigade. On the 6th of October, the Duke received orders to retreat, and falling back, took up his former position, in which he was attacked by General Daendels, with a force of 6000 men. General Dumonceau supporting General Bonhomme, was repulsed by six companies of the 35th, under Colonel Massey, directed by his Royal Highness. At this moment, Daendels, with 5000 men, advanced upon the left towards a small work which had been cut across to the depth of nine feet. His Royal Highness had scarcely 600 men to oppose to this corps; and being ordered to retire, effected his retreat without the loss of a single man, carrying off his guns, baggage, &c.

November 13, 1799, his Royal Highness received the rank of Lieutenant-General; April 25, 1808, that of General; May 26, 1809, appointed to the Colonelcy of the 3d Guards, now the Scots Fusileers. In 1816, his late Majesty, by special warrant, conferred on the Duke the title of Prince of the Blood Royal, on the occasion of the marriage of his Royal Highness with his cousin, the Princess Mary. He died on the 30th of November.

JAMES HEATH, ESQ.

James Heath, Esq., a Member of the Royal Academy, and for more than half a century one of the most eminent engravers in Europe, died at his house in Coram-street, aged seventy-eight years. He had long retired from the profession. Mr. Heath was the early associate and friend of Stothard, the artist: they may be said to have commenced their career of popularity and distinction at the same time. The old "Novelist's Magazine," published by Harrison, is adorned by the delicately-finished engravings of James Heath, from the imperishable drawings of Thomas Stothard. These two celebrated men were also employed by that munificent patron of the fine arts, the late Mr. John Bell, of the Strand, to furnish the exquisite embellishments to his splendid editions of the British Poets; indeed, it may be said that Mr. Bell was the first publisher who gave employment

to those two eminent artists. The "Death of Major Pearson," from a painting by West, and, as a companion to it, the "Death of Nelson," from a painting by the same artist; the "Dead Soldier," from a picture by Wright, of Derby; a whole-length of General Washington, engraved from American Stuart's well-known portrait in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne; and the portrait of Pitt, from the statue at Cambridge University, are a very few of the many lasting specimens of Heath's graphic excellence. In private life, Heath was esteemed and loved by the large circle in which he was known. He was a delightful companion, abounding with entertaining anecdotes and stories, relating to the eminent persons with whom he had associated. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Stothard, F. Reynolds, Morton, John Kemble, Miles Peter Andrews, Wroughton the actor, and, to the end of his life, Jack Bannister, (who, we rejoice to say, survives him in excellent health,) were his attached friends. Although his engravings were highly prized in all the principal cities of Europe, we question if his visit to the Continent extended beyond Calais, on an occasion when Jack Bannister was his companion, and who often tells a humorous story of an occurrence that happened to them at Dessein's Hotel. Heath was a widower when he died. He has left behind him three children,—George, serjeant-at-law; Charles, the eminent engraver; and Mrs. Hamilton, who is understood to be almost equal to her brother as a professor of the graphic art. Godefroy, of Paris, who engraved the celebrated "Battle of Austerlitz," from the splendid painting by Gerard, was a pupil of Mr. Heath.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

[We extract from the "Athenæum" the following brief obituary of this estimable and amiable man; adding our own testimony to that of our contemporary, as to the moral worth, kindly manners, and high talents of Mr. Pringle.]

Mr. Pringle was born in Tiviotdale, a romantic pastoral district in the south of Scotland, of which he has left some pleasing remembrances, in the poetry which from time to time he gave to the public. Mr. Pringle applied himself early in life to literature, as a profession; and was concerned in the establishment and early management of *Blackwood's Magazine;* shortly after, however, he chose to follow the fortunes of his family, who became settlers in South Africa. There, after a time, Mr. Pringle entered into some literary speculations in Cape Town, which, however, he was speedily forced to relinquish by the government, at a pecuniary loss of little less than 1000*l.* Upon the failure of these speculations, Mr. Pringle returned to England; and his services were soon after engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within these few months, when the object of the society was accomplished; and the duties of which responsible office he discharged, not merely as one expected to labour for hire, but as one whose heart was in the cause of humanity and justice.

Mr. Pringle is also favourably known to the public as a sweet and graceful poet. His "Ephemerides" abound in graphic pictures of African scenery; and are rich in evidences of the kind and Christian spirit which accompanied the writer, in all that he did or wrote. As the Editor of "Friendship's Offering," too, Mr. Pringle brought to his task a sound judgment and a refined taste. The last work in which he was engaged, and which he finished only a month or two ago, was the revision of his volume, entitled "African Sketches," with a view to a second edition, which, we believe, will soon appear.

Early last summer, the rupture of a blood-vessel confined Mr. Pringle to a sick bed, and greatly reduced the energies of a naturally strong constitution; and towards the autumn it became apparent, that, for the preser-

vation of life, a removal to a warmer climate was indispensable. Mr. Pringle's circumstances not permitting a trial of the south of Europe, he again turned his thoughts towards the Cape; the necessary preparations were hastily completed; the passage-money paid; and it wanted but three days of the time appointed for sailing, when a diarrhœa began to show itself, under which the powers of nature, already enfeebled by confinement, speedily sank, and on Friday morning, the 5th inst., he died peacefully, and without a struggle; exhibiting to the end that moral courage for which he had ever been remarkable, and supported by the recollection of a well-spent life, and by the hopes that spring from religion. Few men were richer in friends than Mr. Pringle; among their number we might enumerate most of the literary men of the day, and very many of those public men, who have made philanthropy the beacon of their political career; and although Mr. Pringle discharged during many years, with a fearless and honest zeal, the duties of an office which exposed him to the bitterness of party spirit, no man perhaps ever had fewer enemies, or descended into the grave with fewer animosities.

THOMAS SAY.

We learn from the National Gazette (U. S.), that this distinguished American naturalist died on the 10th of October last, at New Harmony, State of Indiana, in the forty-seventh year of his age. We copy from that paper the following particulars of his literary and scientific labours:—

"To his native genius, supported by untiring zeal and indefatigable research, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is indebted for its opening reputation. Mr. S. was among the earliest members, if not one of the founders of this institution. His original communications to the society alone, in the most abstruse and laborious departments of zoology, crustacea, testacea, insecta, &c., of the U. S., occupy more than 800 printed pages of their journal. His essays published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, in Silliman's Journal, &c., are equally respectable, perhaps equally numerous. His contributions to the American Encyclopedia, though highly valuable, are not so generally known. His separate work on American Entomology and another on Conchology have met with the approbation of the learned. With the brilliant results of his laborious exertions as naturalist to the two celebrated expeditions by the authority of the U. S. government, under command of Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Long, the reading public is already familiar. Some years previously, he accompanied Mr. M'Clure and other kindred spirits on a scientific excursion to the Floridas. The pages of the Academy's Journal were subsequently enriched by the fruits of this undertaking. These expeditions, with occasional excursions, made with similar views, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, constitute the only interruption to a laborious course of studies, steadily and unostentatiously pursued in his native city, in which many departments of natural science were successfully cultivated and extensively enriched by his observations and discoveries. Our lamented friend had recently devoted much of his time to the publication of his work on American Conchology, elucidated by expensive plates. He might have continued thus usefully employed for many years, had not the climate on the Wabash proved injurious to his health; he repeatedly suffered from attacks of fever and dysenteric affections, by which a constitution originally robust and inured to hardships materially suffered. A letter announcing the sad catastrophe, which deprived society of one of its worthiest members, and science of one of its brightest ornaments, informs us that Mr. S. suffered another attack of a disorder similar to that by which his constitution had already been shattered, about the 1st of October: on the 8th, the hopes of his friends were

flattered by a deceitful calm; on the day following, these hopes were chilled, he appeared sinking under debility, when on the 10th death came over him like a summer cloud. He died intestate and without issue, but left with his wife verbal directions relative to the final dispositions of his library and Cabinet of Natural History."

N. G. DUFIEF, ESQ.

Nicolas Gouïn Dufief was born at Nantes, and it is supposed in the year 1776. He was the son of the Count and Countess Dufief, the latter of whom acted so conspicuous a part in defence of the Royal Family at the commencement of the French Revolution.* M. Dufief, though then only about fifteen years old, served under the same standard, and received certificates of his zeal and fidelity. The ill success of the Royal cause ruined the hopes and resources of his family, and rendered his personal exertions necessary for his support. He proceeded to the West Indies, probably with no very definite views as to his future course, and from thence to Philadelphia. While preparing to commence the study of the English language, under a tutor, the sudden appearance of the yellow fever scattered the population of Philadelphia, and M. Dufief sought a retreat from contagion at Princeton, in New Jersey. Here he again turned his mind to the study of the English language, but a preliminary difficulty presented itself. In the urgency of his flight he had left his grammars behind him: to recover them was impossible, for all communication with Philadelphia was cut off, and none were to be had in Princeton. After spending several days in listlessness and vain regret, he determined, with characteristic energy, to attempt the acquisition of English through the medium of the books in his possession. Princeton possessed a seminary of some eminence, but none of the teachers were sufficient masters of French to be of any service to M. Dufief in his studies. In a few months, though entirely unassisted, he had made considerable progress, and, animated by his success, he persevered until he finally attained a mastery of our tongue, by a method essentially the same as that which he afterwards propagated with so much zeal and success. After extensively diffusing his system in the United States, he came to this country, in which he resided until his death, which took place at his house at Pentonville, on the 12th of April last.

The principal works he produced were, "Nature displayed, in her Mode of teaching the French Language," in 2 vols., 8vo., of which the 12th edition was lately published; a work for the study of the Spanish language, on the same principles; and his invaluable "French Dictionary." He also published, in America, an "Essay on the Philosophy of Language;" and a powerfully written pamphlet in reply to an attack made upon him by an American. During the latter period of his life, he had been preparing two or three other important works, by which it is understood he expected to effect no inconsiderable improvement in the present principle of tuition, but we have not heard what progress he had made.

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* She was in more than one hundred battles fought by her relative, General Charette; and though often at the head of the columns of the Royal army, never received a wound. Her interposition tended to save the lives of many, who, by the law of retaliation, would have been sacrificed. She was obliged ultimately to seek refuge in the Island of Jersey, with the two brothers of the subject of this memoir. On the return of the Bourbons to Paris, this lady was invited to Court, and invested with the riband of the order of St. Louis; being the only female on whom it was ever conferred.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, Lord Ernest Bruce, youngest son of the Marquis of Allesbury, to the Hon. Miss Georgiana Beresford, eldest daughter of Viscount Decies. The Duke of Wellington gave away the bride.

The Rev. H. Hutton, LL.D., and grandson of the late Charles Hutton, LL.D. and F.R.S., to Ann Rachel, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Cantley, Rector of Moulsoe, Bucks, and Whatcott, Warwickshire.

At Upton, Bucks, Sir William Cootes Seton, Bart., of Pitmedden, to Eliza Henrietta, second daughter of the late John Lumsden, Esq. of Cushny, and relict of the late Capt. J. P. Wilson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

At Stepney, George, fourth son of the late J. Harkness, Esq., of Ratcliff, to Agnes Jane, youngest daughter of the late G. Buchanan, Esq., of Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

At Chilthorne Domer, Somersetshire, the Rev. John Carlyon, of St. Merin, Cornwall, to Eliza Jesse Mary, youngest daughter of the late G. Kingdon, Esq., of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire.

In London, George Manning, Esq., eldest son of Henry Manning, Esq., of Wonford House, to Emma Jane, daughter of the late Wm. Fowler Jones, Esq., of Ashurst Park, Kent.

At Meerutt, in the East Indies, John Rose Holden Rose, Esq., Lieutenant in the 11th Light Dragoons, and youngest son of H. L. Rose, Esq., of Bath, to Emily Hall, eldest daughter of Major J. N. Jackson, C.B., and Deputy Quartermaster-General.

Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., to Miss Spalding, daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Died.]—In the 57th year of his age, Charles Parbury, Esq. of Leadenhall-street, and Seymour-place, Euston-square.

G. Martin Leake, Esq., Chester Herald of the College of Arms.

At Thames Ditton, Surrey, Mr. L. B. Seeley, of Fleet-street, in his 69th year.

At Dublin, Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Fitzgerald, formerly M.P. for Clare.

At an advanced age, John Woods, Esq., of Chilgrove, an old and respected magistrate for Sussex.

At Dominica, in the 31st year of his age, in consequence of injuries received in the late hurricane, Edmund Plunkett Burke, Esq., First Puisne Judge of the island of St. Lucia, and late of the Inner Temple, London, and Caius College, Cambridge.

The Hon. and Rev. Pierce Meade, in his 58th year.

At Trinidad, of over fatigue in discharge of his duty, Capt. Lewis James Hay, youngest son of the late Lewis Hay, Esq., of Edinburgh, and Chief Magistrate of the port of Spain.

In South-street, Park-lane, the Right Hon. Elizabeth, Lady Kilmaine.

At Humeerpore, East Indies, Richard Milbanke Tilghman, Esq., Commissioner of Revenue and Circuit, and Agent to the Governor-General in Bundelcund.

The Countess Maria Theresa Macnamara, Canoness of the Royal Chapter of St. Anne of Bavaria, daughter of James Macnamara, Esq., and niece of General Harold, late in the Bavarian service.

R. J. Powell, Esq., of Hinton, Herefordshire, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county, and Deputy Steward of the city.

At Norwich, W. Simpson, Esq., a magistrate, and many years Treasurer of the county of Norfolk, and Clerk of the Peace of the city of Norwich.

At Bryanston-square, T. Pringle, Esq., for several years Secretary to the London Anti-Slavery Society, aged 46.

At Peterborough-house, Fulham, Sir C. E. Kent, of Ponton-house, near Grantham, and of Fornham, in Suffolk, Bart., in the 50th year of his age.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The Bank of England's liabilities and assets on the average of the quarter from the 26th of August to the 18th of November, were as follows:—

Liabilities.	£.	Assets.	£.
Circulation,	18,694,000	Securities,	27,138,000
Deposits,	12,669,000	Bullion,	7,781,000
	£31,363,000		£33,919,000

Royal Musical Festival.—Mr. Parry has published an official account of the splendid musical festival held in Westminster Abbey, dedicated by special permission to their Majesties. After giving the various preparatory arrangements, a copious description of the Abbey is inserted, together with a detailed account of the performances, the names of all the vocal and instrumental performers, stewards, &c., together with the words of the vocal pieces, and a variety of other matter connected with the festival. The number of persons present

at the rehearsal and performances were—

First rehearsal . .	1,400
Second do. . .	2,500
Third do. . .	2,800
Fourth do. . .	2,770
First performance . .	2,409
Second do. . .	2,581
Third do. . .	2,577
Fourth do. . .	2,669

Besides their Majesties and suite, the dignitaries of the Church, the directors, public press, &c.

The receipts were—

	£	s.	d.
His Majesty's donation . .	525	0	0
Received at the four rehearsals	4,972	5	0
Ditto at the four performances	16,516	10	0
	22,013	15	0

The expenses were—

Erecting boxes, galleries, platforms, seats, orchestra, staircases, organ front, music-stands, retiring rooms, external barriers, covered ways, &c.; also the decorations, including materials	5,704	6	1
Principal vocal performers, semi-chorus and chorus . .	3,786	4	6
Instrumental performers . .	2,217	13	6
Erecting the organ, printing, copying and hiring music, porters, &c.	611	17	6
Printing books, bills, circulars, tickets, advertisements, doorkeepers, ticket-takers, messengers, postage, stationery, gratuities, &c.	613	13	2
Total, deducting 498*l.* for books sold	12,933	14	9

Leaving a surplus of more than 9000*l.*, which was divided among the Royal Society of Musicians, the new Musical and Choral Funds, and the Royal Academy of Music.

Enlargement of the Smithfield Market.—At a Court of Common Council, Mr. Warren Hall presented the Report of the Committee of City Lands regarding Smithfield Market. He read many extracts from it, from which it appeared that the Committee recommended the enlargement of Smithfield, on its northern side—that the expenses would be 70,000*l.* and 20,000*l.*, and that it was expedient that the enlargement should be adopted forthwith. He urged the amendment as a most requisite enlargement and improvement. He concluded with moving that the Court do agree with the report. It was resolved that the report, as far as regarded the expense, should be adopted, but that the site of the alteration should be reconsidered.

DEVON.

Plymouth Breakwater.—Our readers are probably aware, that in consequence of a disagreement between the Government officers and the contractors for the Plymouth Breakwater, the progress of this important national work has been suspended for the last two years. We understand, however, that, under the recommendation of the law officers of the Crown, the points in dispute have recently been referred to the arbitration of Lieut.-Col. Fanshawe, of the Royal Engineers; and we therefore hope that the work will be resumed with as little delay as possible.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

HAMPSHIRE.

A meeting of the London and Southampton Railway Company took place for the purpose of receiving the first report. The report having been read, it appeared that the receipts had been 30,145*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* of which 30,031*l.* has been received as deposits on shares, and the remaining 114*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* as interest on Exchequer Bills. The payments, including 10,466*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* for Parliamentary and law expenses; 4930*l.* for engineering and on account of works in progress; and 4236*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* for salaries and other expenses, amount to 20,730*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.* The balance in hand consists of 426*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* in the hands of various bankers; 5168*l.* 15*s.* in Exchequer bills; and 11*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* in cash. The claims unliquidated are 8000*l.* for law costs; 1280*l.* to the engineer, and 3000*l.* in various other ways. From that part of the report addressed by the engineer of the directors, it appears that the works are proceeding in a satisfactory manner. In order, however, to prosecute them with vigour and effect during the winter, it is proposed to make a further call of 3*l.* per share.

WALES.

Newly Discovered Copper Mine.—We are happy to learn from an intelligent correspondent, that there has lately been discovered on the property of Lord Dinorben, in the parish of Llanwenllwyfo, Anglesey, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parys and Mona mines, a very rich vein of copper. It is in many parts almost in a pure state; and much purer than even the copper used in the coinage of 1799; consequently a question will arise for the consideration of geologists and others who feel pleasure in investigating these matters, whether the secondary stratum in which it is found, must not, at some remote period, have been acted upon by great and

powerful heat, so as to dislodge the ore from the stone, and run it in a state of fusion into the form in which it is now found. This discovery is very seasonable, as the Parys and Mona mines, which have so long been a source of immense wealth to their proprietors, and of profitable employment to many hundreds of poor families, were become nearly exhausted; at least so far as they had been explored. We trust, however, that this discovery will be not only of advantage to the proprietors, but also to the labouring population.

WARWICKSHIRE.

It appears that the imports of cotton into the port of Liverpool during the month of October amounted to 20,758 bales, of which 10,108 were from the United States. The quantity taken out of the market during the last month was 56,050 bales, and the stock remaining on the 31st Oct. was 149,000. This was considerably under the stock remaining on the 31st of October last year, which was 237,500. The imports into Liverpool during the first ten months of the present year, ending the 31st Oct., were 771,611. The imports during the same period of 1833 were 734,021, and the total imports during the year, 843,879. The total sales at Liverpool, during the last month, were 118,000, of which 37,000 were American, and 12,000 American had been burnt. Of Surats, 4500 had been taken on speculation. During the first three weeks of the last month business to a considereble extent was done, at an advance of $\frac{1}{8}d.$ to $\frac{1}{4}d.$ per lb., but during the last ten days of the month the demand had been very limited, and the market was an eighth per lb. lower than the above quotation.

The report of the fifth half-yearly meeting of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company has been published, from which it appears, that compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year, the increase in merchandize conveyed along the line has been 7727 tons, and in passengers, 20,255 persons; and that a profit on the half-year's business has accrued of 34,691*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.*, which enables the Company to declare a dividend, for that period, of 4*l.* 10*s.* per 100*l.* share, leaving a reserved fund of upwards of 4000*l.*, to meet contingencies.—The total expenditure on the construction of the railway and works is stated at 1,132,075*l.*, and the net profit between July, 1833, and July, 1834, at 75,575*l.*, being at the rate of 6*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* per cent. per annum.

YORK.

Hull and Selby Railway—We are glad to learn that the subscribers to the projected Hull and Selby Railway continue to increase, shares being taken to the amount of upwards of 127,000*l.*, including fifty shares subscribed for by the Corporation of the Trinity-house, and thirty shares by R. Bethell, Esq., M.P. Nearly 5000*l.* was obtained at Beverley a few days ago. It is exceedingly desirable that all friends to a measure so highly calculated to promote the prosperity of the town, should come forward to take shares without delay. The plans, &c., have been deposited with the respective Clerks of the Peace, as required by law.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

Ancient Coins.—As one of the workmen employed by Mr. Farrar, of Grove House, Pudsey, was removing the rubbish out of the interior of a house he is rebuilding, he found a piece of money of Queen Elizabeth's coinage; in consequence, Mr. F. was induced to institute a further search, when, on removing a little earth adjoining the very small part (about three yards and a half in length) of the old building, which he had not thought it necessary to take down to the foundation, he found a quantity of ancient coins; and, perceiving a small aperture in the wall close by, he was also induced to remove a part of that wall, when he found a considerable quantity more, making altogether about 360 pieces. As far as he has been able to ascertain the dates, they are, with very few exceptions, and those certainly not more recent, of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and the early part of Charles I. They are in a very good state of preservation, and are twenty of them half-crowns, the rest shillings and sixpences.

The "Advocate and Herald" states that the number of members of the Temperance Society in England and Wales is 101,448; of which there are in Lancashire 27,546, in Yorkshire 10,633, in Cornwall 10,539, in Middlesex 7,053. The next in point of number is Gloucestershire, 4,075. The counties highest in numbers from that downward to where they do not exceed 1,000 are Durham, Somersetshire, Cumberland, Cheshire, Devon, Warwick, Wilts, Sur-

rey, Kent, Northumberland, Essex, Derby, Berkshire, Stafford, Worcester, and Bucks. In Wales there are 1,795, and in Jersey 1,025 members. The increase reported during November last is 2,628, and within the same period nine new associations.

Election Statistics.—The report of the Committee on Election Expenses, under the above head, shows the following results:—

	Registered Electors.	Membs. retd.
In England, 40 counties have	344,564	144
And 185 cities, boroughs, and towns have .	274,649	327
Total number for England	619,213	471
In Wales, 12 counties have	25,815	15
And 14 districts of boroughs have . .	11,309	14
Total number for Wales	37,124	29
In Scotland, 30 counties have	33,115	30
And 76 cities, boroughs, &c. have . . .	31,332	23
Total number for Scotland	64,447	53
In Ireland, 32 counties have	60,607	64
And 34 cities and towns have . . .	31,545	41
Total number for Ireland	92,152	105

Giving in England and Wales, 656,337, and in the United Kingdom, 812,936, registered electors, in 1832; and taking the total number of representatives at 658, the proportion will be, on the average of Great Britain, 1,303, and in the United Kingdom, 1,235 electors to one representative.

Taking the gross population of the forty counties in England (exclusive of the population of the cities, boroughs, towns, and universities which are represented) at 8,336,263, and the number of electors 344,564, there will be one elector in every 24 of the population; whilst the gross population in the 185 cities, boroughs, and towns, being 4,754,742 and the number of electors 274,649, there will be one elector in every 17 of the population.

In Wales, the county population is 609,871, and the electors are 25,815, so that there is one elector in every 23 persons; whilst in the fourteen districts of burghs, the population being 196,311, and the electors 11,309, the proportion is one in seventeen.

In Scotland, the county population is 1,500,107, and the number of electors 33,115, which will give one elector in every 45 persons; whilst in the burghs, the population being 865,007, and the electors 31,332, the proportion is one in every 27 persons.

In Ireland, the population of the 32 counties is 7,027,509, the number of electors 60,607, and the proportion is one elector in every 115 of the population; whilst the 34 cities and boroughs with 31,545 electors, and a population of 739,892, give a proportion of one elector in every 22 persons.

NOMINATION OF SHERIFFS FOR 1835.

Bedfordshire—Charles James Metcalf, of Roxton; Richard Longuet Orlebar, of Hinwick; and William Astell, of Everton, Esqrs.

Berkshire—Charles Archer Houblon, of Welford Park; Bartholomew Wroughton, of Wooley Park; and Philip Pusey, of Pusey, Esqrs.

Bucks—Sir William Lawrance Young, of Prince's Risborough, Bart.; the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, of Hall Barn, Bart.; and Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, of Shardoes, Esq.

Cambridge and Huntingdon—John Fryer, of Chatteris; John Bates, of Benwick; and Henry Haynes, of Whittlesea, Esqrs.

Cheshire—William Astley, of Duckenfield; Thomas Swettenham, of Swettenham; and Joseph Leigh, of Belmont, Esqrs.

Cornwall—Charles Prideaux Brune, of Place Padstow; John Buller, of Morval; and Thos. James Agar Robarts, of Landhydrock, Esqrs.

Cumberland—Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, of Hutton Hall, Bart.; Richard Fergusson, of Harker Lodge; and Thomas Irwin, of Calder Abbey, Esqrs.

Derbyshire—Ashton Nicholas Every Mosley, of Congreve Hall; William Bache Thornhill, of Stanton; and William Tarbut, of Oyston Hall, Esqrs.

Devonshire—Samuel Trehawke Kekewich, of Peamore; Henry George Cary, of Tor Abbey; and George Arland Barber, of Fremington, Esqrs.

Dorsetshire—John Samuel Wanly Sawbridge Erle Drax, of Charborough, Esq.; Sir Henry Digby, of Minton Magna, Knt.; and Joseph Weld, of Lulworth, Esq.

Essex—Thos. Wm. Bramston, of Skreens; Geo. W. Gent, of Moyns Park, Steeple Bumpstead; and William Whittaker Maitland, of Loughton, Esqrs.

Gloucestershire—Sir Michael Hicks Hicks Beach, of Williamstrip, Bart.: Henry Wenman Newman of Thornbury Park; and Sam. Gist Gist, of Dixon House, Esqrs.

Herefordshire—John Blecke Lye, of Hereford; Richard Webb, of Donnington Hall; and David Ricardo, of Brinsop Court, Esqrs.

Hertfordshire—William Robert Baker, of Bayfordbury; William Franks, of Woodside; and William Blake, of Denesbury, Esqrs.

Kent—John Ward, of Holwood, Esq.; Sir Edward Cholmley Deering, of Surenden, Bt.; and William Wells, of Redleaf, Esqrs.

Leicestershire—Charles Neville, of Holt; Thomas Frewen Turner, of Cold Overton; and William Herrick, of Beaumanor, Esqrs.

Lincolnshire—Thomas Earle Welby, of Allington Hall; Charles Chaplin, of Blankney, Esqrs.; and Sir Montague Cholmeley, of Easton, Bart.

Monmouthshire—George Rooke, of Llandogo; Charles Marriott, of Dixton, Esqrs.; and Sir Samuel Fluyder, of Trustrey, Bart.

Norfolk—Anthony Hammond, of Westacre, Hudson Gurney, of Keswick; and Robert Fellows, of Shottisham, Esqrs.

Northamptonshire—Lewis Loyd, of Overstone, Esq.; William Harris, of Wootton House, Esq.; and William Willes, of Astrop, Esq.

Northumberland—Bertram Midford, of Midford Castle; Thomas Riddle, of Felton Park; and William J. Charlton, of Hasleyside, Esqrs.

Nottinghamshire—Henry Saville Foljambe, of East Retford; George Walker, of Eastwood; and Christopher Neville, of Thorney, Esqrs.

Oxfordshire—John Fane, of Wormsley; Thomas Stoner, of Stoner; and Joseph Warner Henley, of Waterperry, Esqrs.

Rutland—Godfrey Kemp, of Belton; S. Stokes, of Caldecott; and Richard Wade, of Uppingham, Esqrs.

Shropshire—Sir Ferdinand Richard Acton, of Aldenham, Bart.; Thomas Beale, of Heath House, Esq.; and Sir Baldwin Leighton, of Loton, Bart.

Somersetshire—William Manning Doddington, of Horsington; Thomas Leir, of Weston; and James Bennett, of North Cadbury, Esqrs.

Staffordshire—Thomas Hawe Parker, of Park Hall; Edward Monkton, of Somerford; and Thomas Higgens Burne, of Loynton Hall, Esqrs.

County of Southampton—James Barlow Hoy, of Midenbury; Henry Weyland Powell, of Lyndhurst; and Wm. Hughes Hughes, of Bellevue, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Esqrs.

Suffolk—Richard Sayer, of Sibton; Thomas Halifax the elder, of Shimpling; and John Gibson, of Ipswich, Esqrs.

Surrey—James Broadwood, of Lyne House; Charles Barclay, of Bury Hill; and William Henry Cooper, of Paine's Hill, Esqrs.

Sussex—Charles Dixon, of Stanstead Park; John Davis Gilbert, of Eastbourne; and John James King, of Coates, Esqrs.

Warwickshire—Samuel Tertius Galton, of Leamington Priors, Esq.; the Hon. Charles Bertie Percy, of Guy's Cliff; and John Ward Boughton Leigh, of Brownsover Hall, Esq.

Wiltshire—Henry Seymour, of Knoyle; Walter Long, of Chalcott House, Esqrs.; and Sir Frederick Hutchinson Harvey Bathurst, of Clarendon Park, Bart.

Worcestershire—Sir Edward Blount, of Morley Hall, Bart.; Sir Offley Penbury Wakeman, of Perdiswell, Bart.; and the Hon. William James Coventry, of Earls' Croome.

Yorkshire—Richard Henry Roundell, of Gledstone, Esq.; Sir Thomas Aston Clifford Constable, of Burton Constable, Bart.; and William Rookes Crompton Stansfield, of Eshalt Hall, Esq.

WALES.

Anglesey—Norris Matt. Goddard, of Tyny Pwll, Esq.; Wm. Hughes, of Plas Llandyfrydog, Esq.; Robert Jones Hughes, of Plas Llangoed, Esq.

Breconshire—Sir Edw. Hamilton, of Trebinshun, Bart.; John Lloyd, of Dinas, Esq.; Joseph Bailey, of Glanusk Park, Esq.

Cardinganshire—Thomas Davies, of Nantgwilan, Esq.; Francis Thomas Gibb, of Hondrefelin, Esq.; John Lloyd, of Allityrodyn, Esq.

Carmarthenshire—Edward Rose Tunno, of Llangenneck Park, Esq.; Jos. Price Gwynne Holford, of Kilgwyn, Esq.; John Wm. Lloyd, of Wanyrallt, Esq.

Carnarvonshire—John Morgan, of Weig, Esq.; Wm. Watkin Edward Wynn, of Blaenycwn, Esq.; Robert Morris, of Perthilwydion, Esq.

Denbighshire—J. Heaton, of Plas Heaton, Esq.; Sir Robt. Cunliffe, of Acton Park, Bart; Samuel Sanbatch, of Hafodunos, Esq.

Flintshire—Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, Bart.; the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, of Gredington; Charles Blaney Trevor Roper, of Plasteg, Esq.

Glamorganshire—Charles Morgan Robinson Morgan, of Rupera, Esq.; Wyndham Lewis, of Greenmeaddow, Esq.; Daniel Jones, of Bupert, Esq.

Merionethshire—Richard Garnons, of Hendre-Manor, Esq.; Wilson Jones, of Dolfriog, Esq.; Sir Wm. Wynn, of Hendre-gwullian, Knight.

Montgomeryshire—Hugh Davis Griffiths, of Llechwead Garth, Esq.; Robert Peet, of Llandrinio, Esq.; Sir Offley Penbury Wakeman, of Hem, Bart.

Pembrokeshire—Nicholas Roch, of Cocheston, Esq.; William Bowen, of Milton, Esq., Richard Llewhellin, of Tregnint, Esq.

Radnorshire—Thomas Williams, of Crossfoot, in the parish of Chlow, Esq.; William Pugh, of Llanbadarn Vynid, Esq.; Edward Rogers, of Stanage Park, Esq.